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McLELLAN'S

JOURNAL AND MEMOIR.

JOURNAL

OF A

RESIDENCE IN SCOTLAND,

AND

TOUR THROUGH ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY,

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

WITH A

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

COMPILED FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE LATE

HENRY B. McLELLAN.

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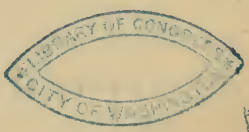
BY I. McLELLAN, JR.



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1834.

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TO

REV. JOHN CODMAN, D. D.

This Volume,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF ESTEEM,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

A

PREFACE.

If any apology is required for the publication of this volume, we think it may be found, not only in the affection which the friends of the subject of this memoir felt towards him, and their sense of his estimable character, but also in the intrinsic interest of the journal itself. We hope, however, that much will be pardoned to private affection, if it has erred in thus endeavoring to preserve some relic of one so early removed from life. It was hoped that an exhibition of the spirit and temper of one who in the course of a very short life endeared himself to so many both here and in a foreign land, would be useful. And it was at the earnest desire of many of these friends, who wished that the image of one so happy in his moral and intellectual structure, might for a while be preserved from forgetfulness, that we were chiefly led to this publication. We have believed that this work will be received with interest by the religious world, and be especially useful to young students in theology. Many such have been nearly connected with Henry in the bonds of friendship

and scholarship, and with them at least we trust it will find favor. The life of a retired young man passed in literary and religious study, and closing before the full bloom of manhood had been attained, cannot, it is true, present many incidents of general interest. Yet to many, such an exhibition is agreeable, as presenting the gradual unfolding of a tender mind, deeply imbued with the love of literary and sacred study, and holding forth a fair promise of usefulness, were the flexile shoot ever permitted to acquire the fulness and strength of maturity.

The materials for this work have been most abundant. Though the author died so young, he left behind manuscripts which would fill volumes. From these, it has been a task of no little difficulty to make selections, and from these we have generally been able to give only short extracts. The journal kept in Edinburgh, and during the tour in Europe, which forms a large portion of the volume, was written during the haste of travelling, without any view to publication (with the exception of two or three chapters written after his return,) and without revision from the author. The editor has used great care in the selection and arrangement of these papers, and retained only those parts which seemed to him to be the most interesting. The writer was brought much into contact with gentlemen of high literary standing while abroad, and his sketches of his frequent conversations with them are very full and minute. These we have retained with little alter-

ation, as they frequently relate to this country, and as they serve to show in what estimation we are held by men of high standing and intellect abroad, and may correct also some erroneous notions that prevail here in regard to them.

Notwithstanding the severe and oftentimes coarse manner in which we have been treated by British travellers, and which has produced much ill feeling on each side of the Atlantic, it will be perceived that a most kindly and cordial sentiment towards this country prevails, among many of our well-informed transatlantic brethren. It will also be seen that a great proportion of them are entirely ignorant of the real state of things in this country. The bitter sarcasms, gross misrepresentations, and coarse invectives of some few individuals, have no doubt had their intended effect in producing abroad much contempt for our laws, manners and institutions, and corresponding resentment and dislike on our part; yet still it will be perceived that such works are not received without some distrust abroad, and that many are shrewd enough to detect the cheat, and independent enough to think and judge for themselves. Such works serve only to widen the breach already existing between us and the mother country; and while they sharpen the sight of each to detect the deformities of the other, render them equally blind to each other's perfections. We are not a little surprised that the work of Col. Hamilton contains such severe strictures upon this country. We had anticipated dif-

ferent treatment at his hands. Henry had the honor of a personal acquaintance with him, and his impressions (as we infer from allusions to him in his letters) of him were, that his work on this country would be decidedly favorable to us. We have in our possession a letter from him to Henry, in which he alludes to gentlemen of this city in the warmest terms of commendation; and yet we should infer from his work that to his eyes this country was to him "barren all, barren all." We should almost have hoped that his many personal friendships would have softened his political enmities.

We have believed that the Journal of the residence in Scotland will not be uninteresting to the general reader. For no people do we feel a higher respect and more sincere affection than for the noble and warm-hearted Scotch. Their great novelist has made us acquainted with them all, from the Pentland Frith to the Mull of Galloway. The pulse quickens, and the heart warms at the very mention of the silver Tweed, Loch Ketturin, Loch Awe, Loch Fyne and Loch Tay, Ben Venue, Ben Nevis, Ben Voirlich, and all the wild hills of the Grampians! Henry was among them during an interesting period, when the great question of Reform was agitating every bosom in Scotland. It was the all absorbing topic of interest and conversation; and whatever is said in relation to its operation upon men, proceeding from one who could regard it dispassionately, cannot be without interest. He was also fortunate in

visiting France at an interesting period. Political convulsions were also agitating that country, and he had a favorable opportunity of comparing a monarchical government with that of a free republic, in the tumult that attended and followed the funeral of Gen. La Marque.

The tour in Italy, also, we hope will be read with pleasure, by the many admirers of that land of song and glory. Though no longer an independent and gallant nation, the memory of its past magnificence so strikingly contrasted with its present degradation, renders it an interesting spot to the scholar and the philosopher; and though often described by modern travellers, we can always recur to it with unabated interest. We have omitted however, in the part of the journal which relates to that country, numerous passages descriptive of its ancient and modern palaces and cathedrals, and many minute criticisms of paintings and statuary. We now leave the work with the public, only regretting that it had not been entrusted to abler and more experienced hands than our own.

EDITOR.

Boston, March 1, 1834.

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MEMOIR

OF

HENRY BLAKE McLELLAN.

Every day of human life brings with it a new sorrow, every week a fresh affliction. Our condition and allotment is a constant succession of change, where adversity and death quickly efface the brighter characters of joy and pleasure; although, to the Christian, "all things work together for his good." The unseen but fatal shaft is forever falling among the multitude of men, and those who escape it for the time, are too apt to congratulate themselves on their happy fortune; they almost believe themselves to bear a charmed life, and scarcely appear to notice who are the victims, or soon forget the solemn warning. The vanities of the world spring up in their bosoms like weeds, and soon choke the good fruits of the salutary and solemn lesson planted there by a bereaving providence. But it is not well or natural thus to suffer the memory of our friends so soon to be obliterated in our hearts. There is a pleasing sorrow in recalling to mind even the look, voice, or gesture of the departed; there is a melancholy pleasure in the remembrance of his virtues; there is unmingled blessedness in the belief that he was a follower of Jesus, and is now gone to be forever with the Lord.

As often as the sad privilege is afforded us of recording the departure of a christian friend from the trials of this world, we shed a new ray into the gloom of the grave, and fix more legibly upon the tomb, the Christian's motto, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

In speaking of that christian friend, who is the subject of these remarks, we feel that we shall do no violation to truth or propriety, when we speak of the goodness of his heart, the purity of his life, the cultivation of his mind, or the fervor and sincerity of his devotion. The near relationship subsisting between the writer and the subject of this memoir, renders the task of recording his worth one of peculiar delicacy. Yet he humbly hopes and believes that his affectionate regard will be so regulated by a just moderation, that he shall not be betrayed into unwarrantable praise. It is our design simply before we present his journal, to speak, with the privilege of a brother, a few words concerning his character and history. Our notice will be succeeded by a sketch of some traits in his religious experience. This will be followed by extracts from his letters and religious papers, with accompanying remarks.

The subject of this memoir was born at Maidstone, in Essex county, Vermont, the 16th of September, A. D. 1810. He was the son of Isaac and Eliza McLellan, of Boston; and a grandson of the late General William Hull, of Newton, Mass. After a preparatory course of study at the Latin school in Boston, he entered Harvard University in 1825, and received his degree in 1829. Since his decease we have received a letter from one of his classmates, who speaks of his college life in the following terms. "His whole college career was independent, manly, honorable: he withstood the temptations of the place with a

determined principle, and yet I never heard of an individual refusing him the praise of perfect generosity, ready sympathy, and open-heartedness, qualities which they are too apt to attribute exclusively to the dissipated and lawless. He made many friends; he improved in knowledge of the world and mankind, and he cultivated the belles-lettres departments of literature."

We had much conversation with him several months before he left college, on his choice of a profession, and he always appeared extremely solicitous to make a judicious selection. He fully felt the importance of the decision, which was to determine the character of his future life. He felt that he was about to enter upon new scenes; with new trials to encounter, and new temptations to overcome.

The choice of his profession was directed, under God, by the Rev. Mr Green, then pastor of the Union Essex street Church, in this city, by whose advice it was that Henry first studied at Andover. Mr G. esteemed that to be his best course, in the hope, (afterwards, through the great mercy of God, happily realized,) that it might prove the means which the Holy Spirit would use, to lead him to a consecration of his life to the service of his Saviour. Accordingly, though not then indulging a christian hope, he went to reside at Andover for a time, with a view merely to the pursuit of theology as a scientific study. There, we have reason to believe, the Holy Spirit met him, convicted him of guilt, and brought him to a penitent acceptance of that Saviour, who is "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." There, we trust, he was led to that surrender of himself to Christ, and that consecration of life to his service, for which his beloved pastor hoped and prayed. It was a blessed

change to himself and to all who knew him. The kindness of his heart, and the sweetness of his disposition continued to endear him more and more, during this regeneration in his feelings, to his old friends, while the change added many new christian friends to the number. Amiable as he was before, this religious change made him still more amiable and affectionate. He did not think a severe and repulsive demeanor to be an indication of religious feeling. He believed that real religion, in regenerating the feelings, infuses into them a happy expression. He thought it a duty always to appear with christian serenity and cheerfulness. When we look around upon the circle of his and our youthful friends, we cannot perceive a more buoyant spirit than his, or a disposition so overflowing with cheerfulness and good-humor.

Henry was a severe applicant to study, being fully impressed with the value of his time, and the importance of a careful preparation for the great duties of the profession, to which he was about to devote himself. Endowed by nature with a sound and vigorous mind, he improved it by studies well chosen, and diligently pursued. At the same time his attention to religious exercises and studies was most devoted; and the ardor of his piety became more and more fervent, as his letters written at that time sufficiently show.

After he had spent two years in study at Andover, he expressed a wish to complete his course at some foreign seminary, believing that his mind would be improved and enlarged by study and observation abroad, and his future usefulness thereby be increased. After much deliberation, and advice from his friends at Andover and at home, he concluded to go. Accordingly he sailed from New York on the 16th of September, 1831, (his birth-

day,) and arrived safely at Liverpool in October, and immediately re-commenced his studies at the University at Edinburgh. He attended the course of lectures there, during the following winter. In the spring visited the Continent, and travelled through France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, returning again at the close of the year to Scotland, where he passed another winter. Of the kindness and hospitality he everywhere met with, especially in Scotland, he constantly spoke in the warmest and most heartfelt terms. His journal overflows with acknowledgments of the great kindness and hospitality that were heaped upon him. Even in the delirium of his fatal sickness, his thoughts and affections returned to those scenes so dear to him. The names of his many friends there were often on his dying lips. If many of them who have written to, and concerning him, were of his own immediate family, their language could not have been more endearing and affectionate. Indeed he often remarked that Dr Chalmers, Professor Wilson, and many distinguished and excellent men, treated him rather like a son than a stranger from a strange land.

Henry left Liverpool for New York, on his return, on the 18th of April, 1832, and reached his home in Boston, on the 12th of June. A great portion of the two months that intervened between this period and his sickness was spent in visits to Andover, Cambridge, and with his esteemed friend, Dr Codman of Dorchester. His leisure hours were employed in study, and in preparing for the press a work on Scotland, which, so far as completed by him, forms the commencement of this Journal. The remainder of his diary kept by him in Edinburgh, and the journal of his tour on the continent, which composes the greater part of this volume, bears throughout evident marks of a hasty pen. It is clear that these notes did

not receive from him a second perusal; as words in them are often omitted, which on a careful re-perusal would have been supplied. Incomplete sentences have frequently been met with by the editor, which would have been corrected by him, had the author given his notes a second reading. To show in what haste the journal was written, we copy a short extract from one of his letters to his friends. "I suppose you have received my poor journal. I am almost sorry that I sent it, for what criticisms must it not undergo! But you must not forget that it was often the work of a hasty minute, and often written after the weariness of study, at the midnight hour. But such as it is, keep it; it will serve hereafter as a kind of text-book to remind me of hours and friends that will be to me no more, except in memory. It will serve as a nucleus around which many conversations may cluster, during that period which I hope to pass in your society, before commencing the active and responsible duties of my profession."

Also at the close of one of his journals, he writes thus: "I hope, my dear parents, that you will be able to read these rude notes, from which, together with what I have in my possession, I hope to collect matter sufficient to make a little volume for your amusement, should God ever permit me to return and form one of your happy circle; for which cause, if for no intrinsic merit which this unshaped mass, hurriedly written, often after the midnight hour had elapsed, possesses, I hope you will preserve these pages.

"P. S. You will perceive I have not maintained the purpose with which I originally commenced this journal. I began it for myself, but decided to finish it for you, and therefore departed from my original design."

Henry's illness commenced during the early part of

August, about eight weeks after his return. He was at first but slightly indisposed, and continued so for a few days, without any material or alarming increase of his malady, till at length, very suddenly, the symptoms of the typhus fever of the severest character, manifested themselves, in all their prostrating virulence. He was favored with a sound constitution, which for a time resisted that most powerful but insidious disorder; but finally, after an illness of four weeks, his strength gave way, and in the twentythird year of his age, he breathed his last. During his illness, he labored under an almost constant delirium, the common attendant of his disease, which rendered him almost insensible to the kind offices and sympathies, that tend so much to smooth the path to the grave. Indeed he never fully regained his reasoning faculties, after the fever seized him. Yet his death was most peaceful, without the racking pains that often attend the separation of soul and body. His poor weak tenement of clay had been too rudely shattered to its foundations, to be ever again re-established; and he passed away from life, as it were like one who sinks at night, after the fatigues of a long and busy day, into a profound and tranquil slumber. But his friends humbly believe, that though unconscious of his state, he was not unprepared for his departure.

They believe that his emancipated spirit is now rejoicing in the holiness of Heaven. And while they have mourned over their heavy bereavement they have felt this a comfort in their grief. The idea of his happiness in Heaven, has mingled itself constantly with a sense of their loss. It has made them feel that there is a blessed consolation, in mourning the departure of a christian friend and relative, who forms another tie to Heaven, and whose removal should quicken them to new exertions, to follow in

the blessed path again opened to their view. Considering this event as Christians, they feel that Henry was prepared, by the grace of Christ through the Holy Spirit, for a higher sphere of action, for holier and more extended employments. Into the company of the redeemed they believe that he has entered ; and for him, who can regret the exchange ?

A very intimate friend of Henry, Professor Smith, of Waterville College, writes as follows, concerning some traits of his religious experience. Another of his friends has kindly assisted us in the arrangement of his religious papers.

" I was acquainted with Henry from his childhood. We received at the same school the rudiments of knowledge ; at Cambridge we pursued together our higher studies, and our professional course was spent at Andover, until, in the close of the second year, he left me for his European voyage. We often conversed on our destination to labor in the cause of the church ; and, so far as I know, it was to myself first of all, that he unbosomed the history of the commencement and progress of his faith and piety. I shall never forget the afternoon, when he freely opened to me the state of his religious feelings. Although I had often prayed for him, and sometimes conversed with him on the importance of personal piety, I was by no means prepared for so joyous a developement. It was near sunset, in a cold November day. The advance of autumn had shed a melancholy hue over everything around ; but the clear sun and the pure sky were as enchanting as in mid-summer. It was a pleasing emblem of the emotions expressed by Henry. There was visible in his mind a feeling of sorrow and gloom, that he had so long deferred attention to the grand object of existence ; and yet a grateful joy, that he was

now delivered from the bondage of sin, and introduced into the liberty of the sons of God. We conversed awhile on religious things with a sympathetic joy known only to the soul that has felt it — an emotion very natural, when it is remembered that this was our first interview after his conversion. I had not imagined before, that he had experienced the renovating energies of the Holy Spirit. We read together a few verses from the word of life, which to him also had now become a mine of wealth. Before we parted, we knelt down together to give thanks to the Father of Spirits, for the hope we now cherished that we had been alike washed from our pollution, and that our sins were forgiven through the blood of his Son.

"From that afternoon, I watched with great interest the progress of his religious life. I had become well acquainted with the peculiar mould and conformation of his natural character, and I felt desirous of knowing what effects the change he had experienced would produce, in modifying the developements of such a mind.

"In drawing Henry's portrait, as a Christian, it will therefore not be amiss for me to enumerate what always seemed to me some of his peculiar traits of character — the influence of religion upon which, I wished to discern. These were energy, decision, self-confidence, manliness, thought, and perhaps I should add, kindness, respect to those older than himself, and filial affection. My acquaintance with him both before and subsequent to his conversion will perhaps enable me to state some of the leading points of his christian character with a considerable degree of accuracy.

"The influence of religion on Henry — both in mind and conduct — internal and external, — was very great. Although he naturally possessed a kind and affectionate

spirit — evinced especially in the family circle and to the watchings of parental solicitude, — yet even that circle and those parents could not but feel that, through the agency of divine grace, 'all things had become new.' When the native depravity of the soul is subdued by the operations of the Holy Spirit, and the teachings of him who was 'meek and lowly in heart' begin to exert an influence upon the mind, even the loveliest of our race grow lovelier; the kindest, more kind; and the best, more worthy of our admiration and esteem.

"The first characteristic of Henry, as a Christian, which deserves to be mentioned is humility. I name this first in the catalogue, because I place it uniformly, in my contemplations, at the head of the christian graces. Others are necessary, to sustain the servant of God in the duties of his station, and to make him a pattern worthy of all imitation; but this so truly breathes the very spirit, and bears the very likeness of the Redeemer of men, that it seems the sweetest and brightest of the train. To a person who knew but little of our departed friend, and who should only meet him in casual, literary, or even theological conversations, this trait might be less obvious. But there is an hour, when the soul throws off her reserve; when the watchfulness and accuracy of gait and position, which are necessary before the world, are laid aside; when man appears just as he is in reality. It is the hour of communion with God. In the prayers of Henry in our social circles, all marked the deep, chastened lowliness of feeling — the self-abasement — the sense of unworthiness — the entire and absolute reliance of spirit on God, which he ever manifested. His manner, his words, the very tones of his voice were all those of the humble suppliant, conscious that he has no claim upon God for blessings, but meekly entreating for them, in the name of

his Son. This characteristic was the more remarkable, because there was, both in the appearance and conversation of Henry, an unusual dignity, which to those least acquainted with him, seemed to express too much of stiffness, to be lowly. But let a Christian — let any one witness him in his moments of intercourse with God, pouring out his warm desires into the ear of his Father in heaven ; and I am sure this feeling would vanish, like the mists of the morning.

" His humility was also observable in his investigations of christian doctrine. Ever distrustful of himself, he was ready to yield himself up, to be guided by those who had more experience than himself. And, although it would be wrong to charge him with a servile submission to the opinions of other men, yet his fellow students at Andover will long remember the peculiar deference and respect, with which he viewed the sentiments of his instructers. This was, indeed, in some sense, to be expected. Before his conversion, he had paid but little attention to religious discussions.

" Another characteristic of Henry was firmness. This was, indeed, a conspicuous element of his mental constitution before his conversion. But afterwards, it led him finally and conscientiously to pursue what seemed to be the path of rectitude, whatever might come in his way. This trait is the more to be valued for two reasons — first, that it is so uncommon, even among Christians, and secondly, that it is vital to advancement in piety. Without a firm and steadfast determination, in the strength of God, to make progress in piety, in despite of whatever arises to retard the soul, no man will ever become eminent in holiness. We never accomplish any valuable undertaking, unless we first settle it in our minds, that we will effect our object, and then enter

perseveringly on the course we have thus marked out. Such seems to have been the order of Henry's emotions; and pursuing this train, he stands out from the world as an example to be imitated.

"As a result of the preceding item, it deserves to be noticed, that his growth in piety was uncommonly rapid. His incipient faith was, emphatically a commencing with the first principles of the doctrines of Christ. But that progress, once begun, was a progress towards perfection. For some time before his tour in Europe, and with some trifling exceptions, after his return, we were necessarily separated. I could not, therefore, judge so easily of the attainments he made after he left the divinity school at Andover. But since his death, on meeting with the covenant between himself and God, which he wrote at Edinburgh, I was astonished to find he had gained, every way, such maturity. The clearness of thought, the richness, simplicity and propriety of language, which characterize that article, are worthy of one, who had been 'walking with God' many years. His letters from the continent, especially those of a religious character, which he had designed only for the sanctuary of a mother's heart, breathe the same spirit of growing piety. He evidently spent much time, while in Europe, in devout self-examination, meditation and prayer. His Bible, with its 'pencilled passages' on almost every page, bears witness to the thoughtfulness with which he perused it. Or perhaps we may regard his pencillings as signal-posts, which he set up to remind him afterwards, that he had discovered there 'a pearl of great price' — a mine of precious treasure — a medium of unusual and blissful intercourse with his Father, God.

"That he was able, not only to stand unshaken in his faith, but even to advance so rapidly in piety, amid all

the temptations of foreign luxury and foreign refinement is as cheering as it is astonishing. It is a cause for devout gratitude to that God, whose arm was thus extended for his support, and whose light was shed down for his guidance. In his case, we have abundant illustration of the truth, that holiness depends not on external circumstances. Every Christian is under infinite obligations to be *eminently devoted to Christ;* and he is inexcusably guilty for not being so. It is personal piety alone, which will avail to sustain us in the hour of nature's sorrow. And on personal effort and exertion, as inwrought and guided by the Holy Spirit, does it depend, whether every man shall be '*perfect* in Christ Jesus.'

" It is matter of sincere regret that Henry enjoyed the light of reason only for very brief intervals during his illness. But we have abundant joy in knowing that a man's piety is far more safely tested by a holy life, than by a triumphant death. Occasionally during his illness, he seemed to wake from his wanderings; and then religion was his theme — self-examination, self-abasement, and firm confidence in the Redeemer. In his delirium, too, it was frequently apparent, that although reason had forsaken her throne, yet that poor straying mind had fixed itself in the contemplation of holy things. At one time, he imagined himself conducting a religious meeting. At another, he uttered the most fervent and well-ordered prayers. And once, he seemed to suppose himself engaged in conversation, face to face, with that Saviour, 'whom having not seen, he loved.' All this sufficiently proves that he had a 'ruling passion;' and that it was 'strong in death.'

" It is a providence too dark to be unravelled, why he should be taken from earth, when at the morning of his

usefulness. He was expecting, just about the time of his death, to have received licensure, that he might go out before the world, as the accredited messenger of the

of hosts. But he is not the only one, whom God has thus early summoned away to another world. We would bow to the divine will, in humble submission ; and feel assured, that when our Father takes away his people from the imperfect services of earth, it is only that he may employ them in the purer and more perfect services of heaven."

We venture here to insert these humble tributary verses, trusting that the sincere feeling which dictated them will in some degree excuse their imperfection.

How oft the jocund merriment of the soul
Is overcast by sorrow's stormy gloom !
How oft is pleasure's brimming chalice drugged
With misery. And grief's regretful tear
On glory's golden altar shed ! the sob
Is oft the echo to the singer's mirth,
And pain's half-smothered groan falls on the ear
Like a reproach, when hearts and hopes are high,
And man's rejoicing voice exults triumphantly.

The verdant wreath that nods on Spring's white brow,
And the thick garlands that old Autumn hangs
High in his dim and awful palaces,
Teach lessons to the pride and pomp of man.
Those leaves on which the yellow sunbeams pour
Their blushing hues, and which the seraph Night
Forever succors with her nourishing dews,
Have but a brief existence — they all lay
Their pomp aside, and pine, and quickly pass away.

Time's flying wheel leaves little trace behind !
The stars and yellow moon do fade away !
Day sinks in darkness, darkness into death,
" Death into silence." The rich pearl of life,

Soon moulders in its blackened urn, the tomb.
E'en while you mark the wavering flame that lights
The snowy whiteness of consumption's cheek,
Death checks life's scanty current in its way,
And the pure spirit leaves its tabernacle of clay!

E'en beauty mourns in her decaying bower,
That time upon her angel brow should set
His crooked autograph, and mar the jet
Of glossy locks. Lo! how her chaplet green,
The hoar-frost and the canker-worm destroy.
Decay's dull film obscures those matchless eyes,
Tinct with rich azure, like two crystal wells
That drink the blue complexion of the sky;
For in the church-yard's shadowy chamber beams no mortal eye.

Life's golden cord is loosened, and the bowl
Broken at the well! — Oft the idle wind
That laughs along man's morning path, doth chant
A mournful dirge above his midnight grave;
And the gay flowers, that charmed him in the Spring
Keep their lone watch beside his marble urn,
Long ere the Autumn-time. Few are the days
Allotted us to live! — We yield our breath,
And soon our mourning brethren join with us in death.

Soon the pale scholar learneth that the star
That lured him onward leadeth to the grave;
And that full many a dull and sombre stain,
Is with life's gayer tissues deep inwrought.
And thou, my brother, o'er thy human lore
Hath ceased to cast the student's thoughtful eye!
Thou saw'st the sparkles in life's golden cup,
And fain wouldst of its various sweets have quaffed,
But never lived to taste the poison of the draught.

I oft have sat, at that still hour, when slow
From her dim hall, the purple twilight came
And shut the shadowy landscape from the view,
To mark the picture thy warm fancy drew

Of coming life — its triumphs and its joys.
Alas, fond dreamer, all thy earthly hopes
Are buried low beneath the church-yard stone,
The crumbling mould is now thy narrow bed,
And the tall church-yard tree waves mournfully o'er thy head.

And can it be that on life's flinty way
No more thy happy voice shall cheer me on!
Yes, the kind tones are smothered in the grave;
The gentle heart hath ceased fore'er to beat;
The healthy cheek hath lost its ruddy bloom;
And the pale brow hath yet a paler hue;
The beaming eye is darkened in decay;
And the pure breath hath left its mortal frame,
As from the extinguished hearth-stone fails the living flame!

Thy parents hoped through many a long bright year,
To walk with thee adown the vale of time,
And from thy filial love support receive —
They hoped around the cheerful winter fire,
To hear thee tell thy foreign wanderings o'er,
By Tweed's green shores, and down the golden Rhine;
They hoped to hear their youthful preacher raise
His suppliant voice within the house of prayer,
And lead unto their God, the erring sinners there.

I lately mused beside thy peaceful grave,
In Auburn's sweet and consecrated shades;
'Twas Autumn, and a mellow sunset cast
Its trembling smile along the golden woods,
And silence waved her tranquillizing wing.
There rose the beech-tree in its dying pomp,
The maple and the sumach clad in gold,
The sycamore, in princely garments drest
And the pale silvery birch, kissed by the glowing west.

As there I mused, methought how fit a spot
To rest, when life's brief fitful fever ends!
There can the living stand with chastened minds,
And in the vast cathedral of the woods,

Pour forth their sorrows o'er the dead around.
As the dry leaves fell thickly round my feet
They seemed fit emblems of man's dying lot;
And solemn thoughts of mortal's common doom
Sank deeply in my heart, beside man's silent tomb!

As long I traced the tablet o'er thee raised,
The big tear came unbidden to mine eye,
And thoughts of other times swept o'er my mind.
I thought, dear Henry, of our boyish years,
When life to us seemed all a merry day,
— One round of joy, from morn till closing eve.
Youth's rosy bloom, and childhood's gay delight,
Each careless ramble, and each rural sport,
Thronged in successive crowds, in memory's busy court!

"Friend of my youth! with thee began my love
For sacred song; the wont in golden dreams.
'Mid classic realms of splendors past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams,"
Now though thy mortal harp no more shall sound,
Nor yield response to my fraternal strain,
Yet sweet the thought, that in a better world,
Thy sainted spirit strikes the seraph lyre
In worship of thy God, with all the angelic choir!

Few things, in the dispensations of God, seem more mysterious, than the removal of his servants from places of great usefulness, or in the prospect of occupying such stations. He is constantly warning them, that he can act without them, and making them feel that he does not *need* their service, "being able out of stones to raise up children unto Abraham." The highest degree of usefulness, or the best preparation for it, is therefore no security against an early and speedy removal. God not unfrequently selects his instruments, prepares them for labor, and then — lays them aside. He means to

teach them their dependance on him, to draw them from self-confidence, and to prevent them from looking to his instruments rather than to himself. He expends time, treasure, and the discipline of grace and providence apparently in fitting an individual to labor successfully for his beloved Son in a dying, sinful world, and then, oftentimes suddenly, he takes that individual to praise him in the world, where there is never death, nor sin, nor sorrow.

Sometimes, as in the case of young Barr, God removes a missionary, just upon the eve of embarcation for his work of love and self-denial. Sometimes, as in the case of the lamented Dr Cornelius, he puts his churches into mourning for the sudden loss of one, whose presence seemed almost indispensable for the advancement of his kingdom. And these are not mere local, unusual portions of his dealings with the children of men. Wherever the gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost has been transforming lost sinners into living stones, polished after the similitude of a palace, and fitted for God's temple above, we behold these movements and manifestations of his sovereign glory. The death of Kaahumanu in the Sandwich Islands, or of Gregory Wortabet, or the persecuted, probably martyred, Asaad Skidiak in Syria, was a movement of God's providence, quite as much enveloped in mystery as the unexpected departure, in a christian land, of men amidst a life of such usefulness as that of Evarts or Cornelius.

The unexpected death of Henry, so soon after his return from Europe, in health and animation, and full of christian hope, and just as he was entering on the delightful work of the ministry, is certainly an event hid in clouds and darkness. Expectations were fondly entertained, by those who knew and loved him, that God

would make him an instrument of great usefulness; and earnest prayers were offered for his success in the work of preaching the gospel. When we think we are earnestly praying to the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest, it seems strange to us that the great Head of the Church should regard our prayers in a way so inscrutable.

> "And he, I trust, has answered prayer,
> But it has been in such a way
> As almost drove me to despair."

The experience of the writer of that hymn, in the steps which the Lord took to humble him, and make him more a subject of grace, accords with all that we know of God's dealings both with churches and individuals; this designs are always full of mercy to all that love him, though the ways he takes to accomplish them, often to our feeble view, seem directly opposed to their accomplishment; his ways are not as our ways. By our sins we turn good into evil; but God turns evil into good, and causes the very clouds that we dread, to pour down blessings; we shall see it, by and by, in great clearness, though now it looks dark.

The language of Henry's beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr Green, in the following extract from a letter written not long after the death of the former, will be read with deep interest. Speaking of his early and unexpected departure, he says:

"He was a youth whom I greatly loved and very highly esteemed, and from whom I anticipated no small amount of usefulness in the church and the world. The last interview I had with him was at Stoneham, during the latter part of July. It was our first and only meeting, after more than two years' separation; and it was on the Sabbath day, and in the grace of God. I trust our next meeting will be in the upper

sanctuary, to spend an eternal Sabbath in praising the Lamb of God, who was slain for us. His step was then firm and manly, his countenance glowed with the freshness of youth, his eye beamed with intelligence and affection, and his interesting conversation gave me pleasing evidence that he had returned from his tour in Europe with a heart as firmly as ever devoted to the great and glorious purposes, to which he had for several years devoted body and soul. His amiable and affectionate manners won more strongly upon my heart than ever before, and I could not forbear to bless God for the prospective usefulness of this dear young brother. Dark and mysterious dispensation! I hear you exclaim. Yes, dear madam, it certainly is to us very dark and mysterious. When God would represent in vision to Ezekiel his providential dealings with his afflicted people, there was not only a wheel within a wheel, but the wheel was so *high* that it was *dreadful*. 'His ways are far above, out of our sight.' It is his purpose we should here live a life of faith, not of sight; that as our affections fasten to the earth, they should be again and again broken off; that as we begin to build our tabernacles here, and dotingly gather up our comforts, as the heart is most prone to do, we should hear the monitory note often sounded 'arise, and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted.' Such have been the dispensations of God towards patriarchs, prophets, and holy men and women of all ages. Why should we complain of that discipline, which has the most direct tendency to purify us from sin, and transfer our affections to heaven, where all is enduring, perfect and glorious, and where we, if the children of God, shall soon be safely at home in our Father's house? No, heaven is so desirable and glorious, and earth so empty, let Him strip and chastise as seemeth him good, provided we and ours may hereby be rendered meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Thus, amid sharpest sorrows we may 'joy in God, and rejoice in the God of our salvation.' God grant this to be your blessed experience. 'Nature will have its first burst of sorrow,' but there are afterwards the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. Rev. Leigh

Richmond buried a beloved son, whose death was blessed to the conversion of a number of his youthful companions. Of these converts he used to say, 'they were flowers which bloomed around the grave of his dear Willy.' Oh! may the grave of your loved Henry be surrounded with such flowers, and may all his dear brothers and sisters be among them. What more delightful monument could he look down upon from the abodes of blessedness! What expression of loving remembrance so acceptable to his holy soul! I believe he was faithful to them while living, and should any of them remain unimpressed and unconverted, their meeting with him will be solemn and heart-rending, at the all revealing day."

It was in accordance with Mr Green's suggestion and advice, that Henry first studied at Andover; and that movement seems to have been used, in the wisdom and goodness of the spirit of God, as the means of leading him to the knowledge and love of his Redeemer. It was certainly a very critical season in his life, when he first visited the institution. It was during the last senior vacation at Cambridge, while yet a member of the University, "having no hope, and without God in the world"; with many prejudices, (of which he speaks in his letter to the committee of the church of which he was afterwards a member,) undetermined in the choice of his profession, and exposed to innumerable temptations. In this situation he spent his first month at Andover. "It is his hope," Mr Green wrote, in a letter of introduction to one of the Professors, dated July 20, 1829, "and the fervent prayer of his pious friends, that the holy influence of your seminary may be blessed to his everlasting good." It was not long before this hope, through the great mercy of the Lord, was realized.

In a letter to the faculty of the Theological Seminary at Andover, written on occasion of leaving the institu-

tion for a foreign residence, Henry himself mentioned, particularly, the lectures he attended during his first visit to Andover, in the collegiate vacation referred to above, as the means, which "led him to pause" in his life of impenitence, and "seek there a knowledge of Jesus." At that time his convictions of guilt and danger led him to commence the *form* of secret prayer, though without the spirit of a penitent. He satisfied himself for a while in this way, "persuaded of the importance of religion, and determined to pass a year at Andover, in hopes it might be blessed to him." It was a great mercy that he was not left at that time to embrace and hold fast a delusive hope of piety. A visit to Brunswick proved the insincerity of his prayers, and the inefficacy of his resolutions. They were all broken up, overcome, abandoned, forgotten. It was a forced religion, without the consecration of the heart to God, and it could not stand against change of place, gayety, temptation. On his way back to Boston, however, his convictions seem to have returned with much force, and again he resolved to reside some time at Andover. There, after a short interval, he for a season indulged a hope, the truth and stability of which further experience and conversation with his pastor at Boston, and with other christian friends, led him greatly to doubt, and at length to relinquish entirely. In great anguish he found himself a lost sinner, and then, in all probability, was he first brought, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to cast himself for pardon, submissively and unreservedly, on the mercy of a crucified Redeemer. Then Christ became precious to his soul. Then, as in the presence of that Saviour, whom now the Holy Spirit was disclosing in his loveliness, he began to study with an eye single to the glory of

God, and to look humbly forward to an employment in the "ministry" of reconciliation.

It is in March, 1830, that we find his affectionate pastor, whose hopes and prayers had doubtless followed him in all his course, and were now so sweetly and graciously fulfilled in his conversion, addressing him in answer to a letter on the subject of uniting with the church.

"Your letter gave me much pleasure. The Lord has various ways, by which to bring his chosen vessels into his service. I trust he has had his eye upon you for good through all the gay and changing scenes of childhood and youth, and has ever designed that you should become a faithful and devoted laborer in his vineyard. I called at your father's house this morning, and perceived your mother's heart was full, when speaking of you.

"I should think well of your making a public profession of your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as soon as may be convenient, and intended writing you, or conversing with you on the subject ere this. You are aware of the solemnity and responsibility of such a transaction; but when grace reigns in our hearts, we feel as though we could not be bound by obligations too close or too strong to a being so lovely and glorious as Christ. A deep and affecting view of the depravity of our hearts, as it is less likely to be counterfeited by the great adversary, I consider one of the best evidences that we are indeed born of the Spirit. 'The son of man hath come to to seek and to save that which was lost.'

"May the Lord replenish your heart daily with fresh communications of grace, and enlighten your understanding that you may know what is the height and depth, the length and breadth of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. You are contemplating a great work; but if the Lord has called you to it, he can fit you for it."

From Henry's letters it is evident that he felt the

responsibility and solemnity of the transaction he was contemplating. He approached it with humility and fear, sensible not only of his unworthiness to be permitted to enter into covenant with the Most High God, but feeling that this step was intimately connected with his purposed consecration of himself to the holy work of the gospel ministry. He offered himself to the church, trusting in Jesus, and asking the prayers of his friends, who loved the Saviour. In one of his letters at this time, he says : —

"The solemn responsibility which I am to take upon myself, and for which I must answer before the throne of the Most High, makes me feel that some delay in my situation, is not only proper, but imperiously demanded. Without a heart renewed by the grace of God, I never would enter upon the holy ministry ; never as one blind, would I attempt to lead the blind. Unworthy I know I am ; how unworthy God and myself only know ; but as a sinner, who has felt and known the power of a Saviour's dying love, as a sinner, who through God's mercy, notwithstanding the multitude of my transgressions, as a weak, dependent, and grateful creature, I do one day hope to preach Christ in truth and plainness to immortal souls."

In another letter in regard to the same subject, he says : —

"I feel that it is a most important step ; may God guide me right in this solemn consecration. It is indeed to me a most solemn act, for if God grants unto me life and health, and should permit me to enter upon the sacred duties of the ministry, I myself shall be called to break the bread of life at the table of the Lord. Pray for me then that I may go with clean hands and holy affections, trusting in the Lord Jesus to purify and direct me. Pray for me, for by this step I take upon me the seal of the covenant, and if my heart is not surrendered to the Lord, if he does not teach me and lead me in the paths

of righteousness, wo is me for my own sins, and for the errors which I should inculcate, and for the neglect and loss of immortal souls."

With this anxious and trembling sense of his weakness, and unworthiness, there could not but be mingled in his bosom thanksgiving and praise, as he looked back on all the way through which the Lord had led him. It was a review adapted indeed to call forth the most ardent feelings of gratitude. The Lord had snatched him as a brand from the burning, had turned his feet into the path of life, had directed him to a course of sacred study, and made it delightful to his soul, had granted to him the tokens of his own love, given him the spirit of adoption, and blessed him with a sense of pardoned sin, and with his face toward the ministry of reconciliation, he was now about to be admitted to all the privileges and consolations of the children of God. He had already met the "shining ones" at the foot of the cross, and they had given him the robe, and "the roll with the seal upon it," and had "set the mark in his forehead," and he had already experienced, though but just at the commencement of his pilgrimage, the delight with which the "Lord of the way" is wont to refresh the spirit of weary pilgrims. He was now to be admitted to what Bunyan calls the stately Palace Beautiful, to partake of the supper and holy conversation of its inmates, and to have shown to him all the rarities of the place. Blessed indeed it is, to be a pilgrim under the care of Immanuel, and to be travelling through his territories towards the heavenly Jerusalem! The pilgrims of that way are happy beings.

"I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days."

And such was now his lot, through the gracious providence of God, whose mercy had brought him from the

City of Destruction and caused him to enter the strait gate, and the narrow way which leadeth unto life. "This occasion," he remarks in the letter last quoted, referring to his expected admission to the church, "cannot but excite within me the most lively gratitude. When I reflect upon my unworthiness, and see by what a train of providences I was inclined to connect myself with this institution, I cannot but exclaim, 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies towards me?'"

The following letter to the committee of the church, previous to his own admission as a member, and dated in April, 1830, contains a brief but interesting record, in his own language, of the discipline by which God brought him, through the influences of the Holy Spirit, to repentance. We have anticipated, in our remarks, the relation of some of the incidents mentioned in it, yet it will not probably be any the less interesting on that account.

"From my early youth until late in my senior year at Cambridge, I was perfectly regardless and thoughtless upon the subject of religion. My attention was first excited during the dangerous illness of my beloved father. By his earnest desire I was prevailed upon to promise that I would daily read a chapter in the Bible. By this exercise my attention was forcibly directed to a view of my own sinfulness. I determined to attempt prayer; far from soothing my mind, its influence was only more to excite. Whilst my promise bound me to my Bible, I determined to drown my anxiety and thought, by plunging myself into the centre of brilliancy and pleasure.

"About this time I was invited to make a visit to Andover. I did so, and many prejudices were removed, and the conduct and piety of the young men made a deep and favorable impression. By some circumstances which your committee will detail, I was led to pass my last collegiate vacation there. I at that

time engaged in prayer, and though not in a proper manner, yet with a certain kind of pleasure to myself. I was persuaded of the importance of religion, and determined to pass a year at Andover, in hopes that it might be blessed to me.

"Invited by a friend to visit B. at this season, I for a moment hesitated; but as I felt a confidence that I should not fall back, I decided to go. I was mistaken; I was overcome, my resolutions abandoned, my determinations forgotten. Upon my way to Boston, my past life with fearful vividness came up before me; the very 'hair of my head stood up,' and terrible convictions of my sin, in spite of opposition, were presented to my mind. I was again resolved to visit and remain for some considerable portion of time at Andover.

"My project was put into immediate execution. After a short time, in view of the character of God I had great delight. I then had convictions of my sinfulness, (though not piercing) I felt my need of a Saviour, and shortly *thought* that I indulged a stable hope.

"A visit to Boston, conversation with Mr Green and with Christians, and longer experience, led me to doubt the truth of it. I determined to dedicate a week to prayer and reflection. I did so. I felt that I was deceived; I passed days of pain, and anguish, and tears. It was then that I felt from the bottom of my soul, that in me was no goodness, and that without a Saviour, death was certain. It was after this season of sorrow and darkness that the sun of righteousness seemed to pour forth his rays into my astonished and rejoicing soul. Since that, though at times I have felt great coldness, yet I have, I humbly trust, increased in love towards my divine Lord and Redeemer, in love to my fellow men, and in desire to promote by every exertion, as a humble instrument, the glory of God."

The time spent at Andover passed pleasantly and profitably from its very commencement. The studies of the seminary, which at first he found delightful to engage in simply as a scholar, increased in interest, we need not say, when his soul was brought under the regenerating

power of the Holy Spirit. It was no longer as "a stranger and sojourner," that he engaged with the other students in their theological pursuits, but as one of like heavenly sympathies, "as a fellow citizen with the saints, and of the household of faith," as one kindred with them in Christ, consecrated to his service, and studying with his love as the delightful, hallowing, absorbing motive. Now, the study of the Bible was precious to him, because it was the word of God, and the spirit of God was with him, breathing upon its pages, bringing its truths to sight, disclosing in it a Saviour's loveliness and glory, and making his words indeed "spirit and life" to the soul. He knew the value of his inestimable privileges, and studied to improve them with direct reference to his future usefulness. His letters indicate increasing growth in grace, and fixedness of holy purpose, and they breathe the most affectionate solicitude for the spiritual welfare of those dear to him. His appeals to his unconverted friends were earnest and faithful.

The following extract is from a letter written probably (for it is not dated) very shortly after the commencement of his studies with the class at Andover, and presents an amusing picture of the difficulties he had to encounter in becoming acquainted with Hebrew.

"Time permits me to write but a few lines; were it otherwise my eyes and feelings would scarce prompt to do more. Seven hours on Hebrew is enough to cut the eyes to pieces; as for the brain, five would suffice for that; it is really worse than riding a rail with weights on the feet. For about a week we shall be compelled to make every exertion, then we shall sail in smoother water. In our studies thus far, we have been surrounded with clouds and darkness. Hebrew is entirely unlike our western languages. No analogies are to be discovered, nothing to lean upon, nothing to assist the trembling step. Difficulties meet you on every side; the hydra's

head is cut off, but two spring from the wound; one rule leads to at least half a dozen others. Do you meet with a dot, or vowel, or metheg, or tone accent, pages at least must be read before it is understood, then read and re-read before it can be stamped upon the memory. For a long time you travel, as it were, over a hard country 'blindfolded,' staggering under a load which each moment accumulates in weight, when, thump — you hit some object, off goes the 'blinder,' down goes the burden, and you find yourself in a new and pleasant country. The new beginner in Hebrew, like the noviciate in masonry, must consent to be led by a rope with bandaged eyes, or else cannot expect to become acquainted with the secrets. When the first stage of the language is passed everything is exceedingly simple; we now begin to enjoy its beauties."

The following passage, from a letter also without definite date, seems to have been written soon after he had "made the trial" of Andover as a residence, and while experimental religion was yet new to him, though in it he had begun to "see men as trees walking."

"Andover is in every way pleasant to me; that I have made this trial is to me a source of great satisfaction. Oh! that it may be to me a blessing! Before coming up here, the importance of religion was a subject which I had indeed speculated upon, but which I had not deeply felt. The truth of the doctrines of religion, my head had sanctioned, but my heart did not acknowledge. But now I do feel that to speculate upon and to believe, is not enough; we must practise, and feel, and fear, and hope.

"These words may appear strange to some who will read this letter, and were I some months since to have read these inditings of my own hand, I should not have known their meaning.

"In the present age, religion is often termed 'fanaticism;' and he who dwells upon it and puts it in practice, 'a fanatic.'

And what are these principles that the world declaims against, of which fanaticism is made up?

"First, an acknowledgment of a naturally depraved disposition.

"Second, that a mediator is necessary to shield us from the penalties due for laws a thousand times broken, and a full confidence in Christ as that mediator.

"Third, entire repentance for all sins, both those of thought and those of deed.

"Fourth, love and implicit obedience to God.

"Fifth, constant prayer for the blessing and presence of the Holy Spirit.

"Such are the feelings of which fanaticism is made up; analyze it, and hold up any individual feeling, and the lip of the scorner is still; for the truth of each is too palpable, but unite them, and like the man in the fable, he will answer yes to every question, till you come to that which is formed from all together, and that he will stoutly deny.

"But let us drop the word, for it is no fanaticism to serve God. These feelings do not constitute fanaticism, but religion."

The following paragraph from a letter dated the 27th of July, 1830, would convey to a stranger rather a dreary impression in regard to the nature of our climate. He observes, "Everything here is quiet; our duties occupy all our time and demand our attention, so that we have little opportunity for news-gathering. *This evening I have a comfortable fire*, and imagination carries me back to the days of December; indeed, as this day I went over to lecture, enveloped in the folds of my heavy cloak, I could scarce realize that leaves, and birds, and flowers, and fruits were around me." We need not remark that it is a rare thing, even at Andover, for a fire to be "comfortable" at the close of July, and that there, as elsewhere, this is the warm month when one

might live in "the green-wood glade;" the month when

"Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires,"

and the land is full of "beauty, fragrance, herbs, and flowers, and fruit." Nor need we say that Andover is one of the pleasantest summer retreats to be found in all New England. For the theological student, especially, whose heart is in his holy pursuits, it is a sweet, congenial residence. The glory of God in his works, combines with the glory of God in his word, to elevate the soul perpetually to heaven. It is a fit place for a life of praise, of penitence, and prayer; and the wonder is, that where all surrounding influences are so blessed, any individual can pass months and years in that sacred retirement and in such heavenly occupations, without becoming an eminent saint. But to all these things, the special, uninterrupted, unwearied influences of the Holy Spirit must be added, or they are lifeless to the soul; and even then, with all the united power of providence and grace, alas! what a work of difficulty, patience, and forbearance does God find it to win us to himself. It is a work of unmingled and astonishing mercy.

"In Andover," Henry thus writes to one of his brothers, "there is much of natural beauty to sooth the feelings, and much to awaken and nourish the imagination. I now see a thousand spots, which exerted a powerful influence upon your taste; the scenery of Andover is peculiarly calculated to chasten, and yet at the same time invigorate the mind. Who, that has any love for nature, does not stand with delight upon the high hill that bends over the silver waters of the Shawshene, and admire the God that framed so beautiful a picture?"

The following is from another letter to a young friend, and apparently written from his own experience.

"There is no joy like that which he feels, who can go to the feet of Jesus and say 'thou art mine, and I will trust in thee.' To see in him the reconciled face of God is inexpressibly sweet; to remember that all who love and trust in him, are to enjoy his presence forever in the abodes of bliss, to hear his precious words fall from his own mouth, is indeed enough to make us exclaim with Paul 'Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.' And what a glorious privilege it is, that we, unworthy and sinful as we are, should be permitted to do anything for the glory of our Redeemer; that we are permitted 'not only to believe, but also to suffer for his sake.' God be praised, he has given us a 'cross to take up;' a very little return for all his love and kindness to us. If we have an earthly friend to whom we are tenderly attached, how constantly do we watch his desires, to gratify them, and mourn if there is no little thing which we can do for him. How ready should we be to watch and to do for him who is 'our all in all.' I do rejoice, and daily more so, that God has graciously placed me, where I have heard the name of Jesus, and been excited to some little desire, in view of his love, of advancing his glory."

To the same individual he thus writes, on another occasion, when the attention of his friend seems to have been powerfully awakened to the things of eternity:

"I received your letter with very great pleasure. It is with high satisfaction that I learn that you are engaged in the Sabbath school. You will find it to be a very interesting exercise; and you must also remember that it is a very responsible one. You are teaching souls, and you are teaching them those things upon which their eternal welfare depends. I entreat you then, my dear friend, that you will carefully reflect upon those important truths, which it will be your duty to communicate. Be not a 'blind leader of the blind,' but remember that one day you, and those whom you instruct, will be called to stand together before the tribunal of your God, you to answer for the manner in which you have

taught, they for the manner in which they have improved. Feel then your weakness, and enter upon the execution of your duties with a prayerful heart. Go not to amuse, go not merely to instruct the understanding, but go to plead to the heart, go with the tidings of great joy, preach 'Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, to the Greeks foolishness, but to those who believe, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' On this subject I have one thing more to say; never go to the Sabbath school, until you have entered your room, and there alone called upon God to bless and direct you. If you are not willing to do this, go not at all; the service of an unwilling heart in the eye of the Lord, is vile.

"If I was pleased to hear that you had connected yourself with the Sabbath school, still more was I, of your attendance upon the inquiring meeting. It has filled my whole soul with joy. It does indeed seem as if my prayers had been heard in heaven; may God bless to you those exercises. I hope that you possess character enough, not to be laughed out of the performance of duty. The Christian must disregard the finger of scorn, and instead of being intimidated by, or angry with, must pray for the scorner. You think that the life of a Christian is a difficult one. And so it is; 'strait is the gate, and narrow is the way,' and he that would enter upon it must be ready not only to pass by the flowers, but to trample on the thorns. It is difficult, but it leads to Heaven, and to everlasting happiness. Methinks the road, however hard and perilous, which should lead to a crown and a kingdom, should not be deemed very trying. But if there are difficulties, there are joys also, in the life of the Christian, and these far outnumber every trial which is to be encountered. These joys, the world knows nothing about; but the pearls are precious still, though the swine know it not, and trample on them. For my own part, were the spirit within me to be annihilated, at its separation from the flesh, to know of no eternity, no heaven of reward, yet still, casting aside all the vanities which are held in such high esteem here below, I would exclaim, Let me be a Christian, and I'll give up all that the world deems desirable. But when the world's sorrow commences, that of

the Christian ends. He has fought the fight of faith, he has run the race which was set before him; and in company with angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, with the sound of the heavenly music in his ears, with the thought of eternal happiness in his heart, with gladness he ascends to the regions of love, where he is to enjoy the face of his God and Redeemer forever. I would advise you to get Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; you will find it an admirable guide, as well as a very interesting work. Read also Baxter's Saint's Rest. This is a most valuable little book. I let no day pass without reading more or less of it."

To the same friend, at another time, he writes thus, on the subject of coming to the Saviour.

"He not only is willing to have you come, he not only stands ready, but he beckons to you, he entreats. But listen to his own words. 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price.' Do you not hate sin enough then to loath it; and are you not willing to go to Jesus, when these are his terms? What more would you have him say, that he has not said? 'Come without money and without price.' Just go then with your wants, sink down and tell him of your weakness, remind him of his promises, and he will hear; if the word of a sinner like myself can be believed, you may be certain that he will hear. Go with a humble, child-like belief, reposing full confidence in him, as able and willing to save, and his words, 'whosoever believeth on me shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life,' shall be verified to the saving of your soul. Then shall you go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; 'the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you with singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.' May God so deal with and bless you."

The following passage from a letter to his parents seems to have been written on his twentyfirst birth-day.

"This day commences a new portion of my existence. The days of youth have ceased, and if never before, the obligations and duties of manhood are mine. I pray God that I may be assisted faithfully to discharge them; that no tears may embitter the happiness of those whose interests are so closely connected with my own; to whose affection I owe so much gratitude, whose tender care I can never adequately repay. A year has now passed away since God by his wonderful and most merciful providence directed my unworthy feet to this holy hill; to privileges undeserved, to the fountain of sweet waters that flows from the throne which is in Zion; from the bondage of corruption to the liberty purchased by precious blood. In God is my confidence, to uphold, strengthen and direct in all my purposes and plans; to render the weak resolution strong, the wavering counsel, sure."

Not long before Henry's foreign journey, he wrote, in one of his letters, the following passage, in relation to the burial-place on Mount Auburn. The coincidence of that passage with the event of his death was certainly most striking; and the sentences possess a peculiar interest, when we remember that he himself was the first member of the family laid to rest in that Rural Cemetery, and that there he is now, according to his own wish, "sleeping his long, cold sleep."

"You speak of the Rural Cemetery at Sweet Auburn. I am pleased with the project. It will undoubtedly succeed. I am happy to learn that father contemplates taking a spot there; with those pleasant places my college days are tenderly connected, *and I would love there to sleep my long, cold sleep.* To such a place there is a permanence which is wanting to the common church-yard; the bodies there deposited rest quietly forever; besides, to such a spot we are led by our best sympathies to shed tears, or scatter flowers. I am glad too that my dear father is about to make arrangements for our common burial-place, that as we have been united in life, we may not be separated in death."

In connexion with the passage referring to the Rural Cemetery, where the remains of Henry now repose, there is another passage of interest found in the journal of his private experience at Andover, in which he records the forebodings of his own early death. It is a very striking, and solemn paragraph, and when we think of its remarkable coincidence with the after reality, in the event of his sudden and unexpected departure into the eternal world, it wears the aspect of prophetic truth. The following are his words. "Whether it be falsely and without cause, I know not, but certain is the fact, *that I do feel that my life is not to be a long one.* What causes are operating I know not, or whether any; but whether the imagination has started it into life, or whether the soul has a certain indefinite kind of warning, like that which stirs the animal world into fear before the terrible convulsions of nature — the chillness of death's presence — the forerunner of his icy touch — by whatever influence caused, whether a false presentiment, or real existence — such is the feeling. Fully confirming the enormity of my sins, and that all my days have been evil, I would humbly rely upon Jesus Christ for forgiveness, hoping that my unworthiness may be hidden in his atoning love. And O! thou most Gracious God! wilt thou grant that I may ever stand prepared for the coming of the Son of man, for no man knoweth the hour of his coming."

Most interesting it is to find this sad presentiment united with a prayerful spirit, and a humble reliance upon Jesus, as an atoning Saviour. The ominous feeling does not seem long to have weighed heavily upon him; if it had, he would scarcely have planned his visit and residence in Europe. Such auguries certainly tend to make the mind indisposed for projects that would take

much time, or incur danger, in their execution. They also lead the pious heart nearer to God, and cause a more trembling sense of dependence upon him; and perhaps for this very purpose God himself often impresses them upon the minds of his children. Be this as it may, such presentiments are not unfrequent, and they are a deeply interesting subject of thought, both for the penitent and the impenitent; the prepared and the unprepared. There is but a step between us and death at any time, and we "*know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.*"

Some who in their voluntary blindness and pride have neither known God, nor cared respecting the solemn realities of revelation, have been disposed to say with Wallenstein, that

> "There exist moments in the life of man
> When he is nearer the great soul of the world
> Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
> The power of questioning his destiny:
> And such a moment 'twas, when in the night,
> Before the action in the plains of Lutzen,
> Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
> I looked out far upon the ominous plain,
> My whole life, past and future, in this moment,
> Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
> And to the destiny of the next morning,
> The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
> Did knit the most removed futurity."

Though it may seem like a digression, we shall be pardoned, it is so interesting a subject, for presenting here one more extract from Coleridge's exquisite translation of Schiller's Tragedy. It is from the first scene, solemn and ominous, of the fifth act.

> "*Countess.* — Dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
> A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

" *Wallenstein.* — There is no doubt that there exist such voices,
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in today already walks tomorrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac armed himself therewith,
His quiet mind forsook him; the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris."

How is it that premonitions of future events are always melancholy ones? When pleasant occurrences are expected, we call them anticipations. Premonitions of eternity, even heathen philosophers have experienced, and remarked upon; they seem lines, that cannot be effaced, of *the law written on the heart.*

The subject of a voyage and residence abroad seems to have been one of much prayer and contemplation with Henry for some time before his determinations were made in regard to it. The plan was to him delightful; he appears to have adopted it not without anxious deliberation, self-examination, and frequent counsel with his pious friends and instructers.

" Life is full of light and shade. You observed that I must not fix my mind too strongly upon going to Germany, lest I should be disappointed. I hope that I shall not be so engross-

ed with the desire, that convictions that it would not be my best course, would be disregarded by me. My wish is, most certainly, to be useful. The only question is, what would conduce to render me most so; whatever would, I hope will be discovered, and however it may militate with my feelings, be pursued. I had much rather suffer disappointment now, than feel regret for an evil and unalterable course. My strong inclination is for Germany, but I am determined to listen with candor to every objection urged against it; and if on the whole I consider the reasons against it to preponderate — then farewell to the bright expectations and thoughts in which I have indulged."

After he had fully decided to leave the Seminary at Andover, with the intention then of spending the next two years in Germany, he addressed the following letter to his reverend instructers. It exhibits in a very pleasing manner the feelings of gratitude, deference, and affectionate esteem, he had been wont to cherish towards them.

To the Faculty of the Andover Theological Seminary —

Respected and Reverend Sirs, — Personal interviews with most of your number having afforded me an opportunity of expressing my views, feelings and designs respecting any farther continuance in Andover, and of unfolding to you my future plans, it will be unnecessary for me again particularly to enumerate them.

"But as it was then rather a matter of contemplation than of actual decision, and as it was not addressed to you in your collective capacity, having now fully decided to pass my next two years in Germany, it seems proper that I should formally announce it to you. In doing so, permit me the privilege of a few words, that the conditions of our separation may be distinctly understood. In the first place then, I do not request a dismission on account of any dissatisfaction. I have now completed nearly two years under your kind watch and instruction; looking back over this period, I can truly call

it one of the happiest portions of my life. The instructions which I have enjoyed, I am sensible, I cannot prize too highly. I came with high expectations, nor have I been in the least disappointed; candidly do I acknowledge that if ever the active principles of my mind have been brought into exercise, cultivated, directed and disciplined, it has been since my residence in Andover. Nor is this all. It was on this consecrated hill that first my thoughts were seriously turned to the great interests of my soul. It was chiefly the attendance of lectures in this place during my collegiate life, which led me to pause and inquire whether those fears, which as they throw their shade over my mind, I had called the tremblings of superstition, might not be based on real danger, and demand thoughtful attention. The powerful and unanswerable arguments of one of your number on fundamental points decided me, in connexion with my own feelings, to seek here a knowledge of Jesus. I humbly hope that since that time, by your advice and instructions, I have received right views of our blessed Redeemer, and that these, with attentive and prayerful reading of the sacred scriptures have been sanctified to me by the Holy Spirit, and that through the grace of God, though utterly unworthy, I may hope for an interest in the merits and sufferings of our ascended Lord. This claims a gratitude of which I hope I am not entirely destitute. And whilst I thus remember the privileges and benefits, which in common with many others I have enjoyed, it affords me peculiar satisfaction to recollect those acts of kindness and courtesy, which as an individual I have experienced from your hands. You have thus, if you had not in any other way, secured that which great men most often fail in, affection as well as respect. It is scarce necessary then to repeat, that I leave not from any dissatisfaction.

"In the second place, I leave from no difference in sentiment. This is perhaps involved in what I have already said. In all that is important, indeed in most respects in what is not, I can heartily concur in your opinions. I have listened to them with candor and eagerness, and have embraced them

because I have considered them agreeable to reason and the infallible testimony of scripture, and because they corresponded to my desires and the best feelings of my heart.

"But I will not more enlarge, as I have already freely spoken with you. I say briefly, therefore, that the advantages which I have been led to anticipate in Europe — perhaps in connexion with some native curiosity — chiefly govern me. What these advantages are, it would be unnecessary for me to suggest to you. Those which I shall especially seek are connected with church history and the Archaiology of the scriptures; these, with Professors Tholuck and Neander's courses upon the New Testament, embrace the objects of my desire; some other things will of course fall in with them, which I need not specify; to their pursuit I shall devote two years.

"I am fully sensible that the adoption of such a measure demands caution, full examination, and humble prayer. If I have remembered the two former of these, I hope I have not forgotten the latter; that with a mind free from bias, I may seek after the will of our Heavenly Parent is my earnest desire. After all, I may be mistaken, (if so, it has been a deliberate mistake,) in selecting the course upon which I have decided; but as far as I am acquainted with my own heart, I have been actuated by sincere desires to extend the field of my usefulness and bring fresh glory unto him who is plenteous in redemption. I go therefore, relying on that grace which is sufficient for the time of need, praying, that the tears of regret may not sadden this life, nor the horrors of the backslider crown my dying hours, for inconsistencies or fatal errors — against all which may that blessed Being who heareth prayer graciously deliver me.

"Once more therefore, rendering to you my hearty thanks for the repeated and undeserved kindness which I have received at your hands, and requesting an interest in your supplications at the throne of grace, that God may watch over, protect, and deliver me from dangers and sin, and save me in the end with an everlasting salvation, I come to present to you

the appropriate vouchers, and soberly to request an honorable dismission from your watch and care, and such testimonials of my character during your supervision, as are customary on like occasions; as circumstances demand that the relations, which have so long and so pleasantly subsisted between us, should for the present, if not evermore, be discontinued.

With great respect, I remain,
Your obedient servant, and
Younger brother in Christ,
HENRY B. McLELLAN.

AUGUST 2, 1831.

The following certificate was given to him at his departure.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER, AUG. 4, 1831.

Mr Henry B. McLellan has, for nearly two years, been a member of this Institution. During this time he has been diligent and successful in his studies, and amiable and exemplary in his deportment. He leaves the Seminary with the sincere love and confidence of the Professors; and is hereby affectionately recommended to the friends of learning and religion, wherever he may go.

In behalf of the Faculty
LEONARD WOODS.

We have seen how highly our departed friend valued the christian privileges, which the Lord granted him, in his residence at Andover, and with what grateful emotions he remembered the counsels and kindness of his instructers. His diary shows that while at that institution he was not only pursuing his studies with industry and success, but that he was steadily advancing in the Divine Life, and becoming experienced in the christian conflict. It seems to have been kept at irregular intervals, but the following pages exhibit an interesting picture of his mind and heart, communing in secret with God,

and contending against sin. We see from them that he knew the depravity of his own heart, and mourned over it, and strove against it, and trusted in the Holy Spirit to conquer it; that he felt his weakness and unworthiness, and fled, trembling, to the Lord, relying only upon Christ crucified, for justification, and redemption, and resorting to the fountain of his blood, for his soul's purification and the remission of sins. The expression of his feelings has so much sincerity, simplicity and beauty, that even the reader, whose heart will not respond to them, can scarcely peruse these fragments without pleasure. They are interesting as being the early christian experience of one, who had long "lived without God in the world," and who therefore, when his heart was brought back to God, loved his Saviour with the deeper love, and welcomed with the greater earnestness, the humbling, but precious doctrines of the cross — humbling, and *for that reason* precious, to every disciple of the Lord. The very first paragraph in the journal of his feelings, refers to "the coldness of rationalism," now strongly felt, in contrast with the mercy and preciousness of Jesus. The mercy and preciousness of Jesus! This it is, that is disclosed in the experience of every child of God; — a revelation of the efficacy of Christ's blood, and of his power, loveliness, and glory, as the soul's only Saviour. In the Lord's infinite mercy it was evidently granted to the subject of this memoir, and thenceforth Christ crucified possessed his heart. His language was,

"There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;

And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. This is the language of every heart that feels its own sinfulness, and loves the Saviour. It is the language of contrite, affectionate, and confiding piety; and such is the piety exhibited in the following extracts. They commence, as in the journal, without any determinate date.

Wednesday. — Religion is indeed a reality! I once had some doubts whether it really was so. God be thanked! I am now established in my opinion! I now see, I now feel the coldness of rationalism; strange that man can be satisfied with such a shadow. Could man but know the weight of his sin, he would acknowledge that nothing but a cross could support, nothing but blood cleanse. God be praised that although I am the vilest of the vile, yet Jesus is ever ready to receive and pardon the contrite of spirit. How could I have spurned such love away. Thou who hast promised that those who ask shall receive, wilt thou hear? wilt thou forgive? I know thou wilt, for thou wert willing to die that man might live.

Thursday. — I have just read the 88th Psalm. It seems to meet my feelings exactly, my soul is full of sorrow. My heart is bowed down with grief; O! may the Lord accept the offering of a contrite heart. Wo be to me this night, for I do not feel so blest with the Lord's presence as heretofore! What new sin has made my guilty heart an unfit habitation for his love? Before I taste of sleep I must be assured that he has not departed

altogether. I rejoice! the prayer of the humble, God answereth; I rejoice! It was myself that was absent, God was ready to hear.

Friday.—"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" Why should I sigh at sorrow, when it draweth me nearer to thee, my Lord? It is good to be afflicted that we may receive comfort. As water is sweet to the thirsty one, so is thy presence to me after many groans. As my finger traces these lines, I feel forcibly the meaning of certain texts that were once hidden to my perception. Indeed the whole of the sacred volume is changed in my eyes; where once I passed with indifference, now living characters catch my attention, each subject, exciting interest by its importance; gratitude by its nature and promises. Would that all the world could see the same; were a new sun to rise from the horizon greater surprise could not affect them.

Saturday.—I can safely assert, that the Lord aboundeth in tender mercies; wo were to me if it were not so! I have been drowned in a sea of sorrows; let these walls witness; let these tears testify. Terrible convictions of my guilt have overwhelmned me. I have called to the Lord all the day, and now he hath heard me. I hope that I am in some measure fitted to enjoy the holy exercises of the morrow; may I be brought yet nearer to God, than I have ever yet been, and may my heart be filled with true love, that surpasseth all things. Grateful indeed should I be, that the eternal "I am" condescends to dwell where but late a thousand evil spirits were fostered in pollution. Who hath loosed my pinions, that I fly, and shake my wings in the brightness of the heavens? Not I, for earth seemed pleasant. Who hath broken

my chain? Not I, for I knew not that one bound me. Oh! how many are bound that know it not. Blessed be God who hath opened my eyes. Blessed be Jesus who died for me. Blessed be the holy spirit that awakened me.

Sunday. — A sharp sword has been drawn across my heart; who but Jesus can staunch the blood? Oh! my need of a Saviour! May God look upon me according unto his tender mercies. I have this day read the Bible with great interest. For these three years, if God in mercy spares my life, I am determined to devote all my attention to the Scriptures, to understand their meaning and feel their force. May the Holy Spirit ever rest upon me when I gaze upon the inspired page. I have labored long this day before the Lord; I am about to go out amongst temptations, and may I then reap the fruits of my exertions. Thou art my shepherd. Oh! let me not wander. I go with fear and trembling, yet with hope. Under the shadow of thy wing, danger there is none; nor ever is thy wing so ready as when danger is near; thou present, and "in vain the charmers may charm, charm they never so wisely." After all, temptation like other things is relative; we make it strong, or break its power, according to the connexion in which we view it.

Monday. — When most I strive to banish sin from my heart, I most feel my sinfulness and weakness. *The heart is like a deep well, the waters are stirred, but it requires a piercing eye to discover what it is that stirs them. Oh! let me not think it an angel, if it be but a serpent.* I see that a foul spirit may for a time move us, as well as a holy one. I trust that God in his mercy will open mine eyes to see clearly.

What promises does the Bible unfold. Mercy is written

on every page. Were God to judge with man's feelings, what would be my condition? When I cease to entreat thee, oh! my God, when my gratitude ceases, then may I die. I entreat of thee, my judge, that however I may be looked upon whilst I tread this earth, that thou wilt not desert me. Though I be overwhelmed, desert me not. If I have sinned, thou hast said that repentance is pleasant to the Lord. Intercede! intercede for me! For a few days my pen stoppeth, let it not be so with my heart; alas! when will it be clean?

May I walk in a discreet and prudent manner amongst my friends. Let me not offend by stiffness, neither let me yield to gain favor, where to yield is wrong. Above all, let me continue earnestly in secret to plead before thy face.

Sunday. — I feel great gratitude, that through God's assistance I have in some measure resisted the temptations with which a visit to Boston is full. Thanksgiving was indeed to me a day of rejoicing. Heinous indeed have been my sins since the last anniversary day of joy! but I trust that my heart has been awakened to a sense of guilt and that I have stood a humble suppliant at the throne of mercy. Never was there a more stubborn heart than mine. God knoweth that it hath been crumbled to pieces as the stone under the hammer. Who can stand before the living God?

It is my great desire and earnest prayer to grow in grace. I seem to make some slow advances; may God favor the means which I employ.

Friday. — My own weakness and the necessity of an entire dependence upon God, seem each day more manifest. Great, indeed, is the privilege to lean on Christ, yet how do we seem to disregard it. Pride! selfish, stubborn pride! alas! we are as unwilling to have it

broken, as it is difficult to break. I thought mine never would be so. How ignorant was I! God understood better the workmanship of his hand. Thy searchings, oh God! are deep; and thou knowest the hidden things. Through Death have I been led to thee. God have mercy on me! I know that thou wilt, for great is the manifestation of thy goodness and tender mercy to man. Must the repentant sinner die? Why then died Jesus? Why his blood, his groans, his agony?

Thursday. — Every day God's mercies are more manifest to me; his character appears more lovely, mine own more vile. With these views, most delightful it is to feel that there is a living way by which we are permitted to come near to him. Never did the character of Jesus seem more glorious, or his offices more necessary to me, than upon this evening. How blind have I ever been; but thanks to God, light, light indescribably bright, now comes pouring in upon my soul. I feel that the Lord is with me, even I, who but a few days ago was the most vile of sinners. Well do I know that the cry of the contrite escapeth him not. No pen can tell of the kindness of the Lord God Almighty.

Sunday. — How short is time. How much to accomplish — how soon to be finished! Each day I must endeavor to live, as if it were my last. Each petition must be uttered, as if the next was to be before the judgment bar of God. I am a sinner: I have lived a sinner all the days of my life; and even now that I humbly hope that my heart has been changed, I have to struggle continually against the lures of the tempter. It is a glorious contest, and I trust that my Lord and Saviour, will be as near to me while I strive in his service, as was Satan while I contended for him. Much is to be done, to break down what I have built up, and to build anew; fortu-

nately it is a pleasant labor, no, exercise rather. What will happen to me tomorrow, I cannot tell; but in this I am determined, that whether I live, or whether I die, in whatever manner it may be, my trust in God shall remain unshaken, for he readeth the "heart," and knoweth the things therein. Happen to man what will, yet God is just.

Suffering is the lot of man. It is the sinner's curse; the righteous make it the spring of much enjoyment. I hope that I may consider this a test of my own condition. Hard must be my heart, if I can call upon thee, O my God, only in affliction's dark hour. No! —

> "I'll think of thee in Spring's green time,
> And in the fruitful Summer's prime,
> And when the Autumn leaf is red,
> And when around the Winter's snow is spread."

Let not my prayers cease with my sorrows; thou knowest that my heart is full of gratitude for all of my blessings, and very numerous are they. I am surrounded with privileges, and each moment I see in thee new kindness and loveliness. When I ponder upon thee O God, I am filled with astonishment, especially that I have so much neglected thee. Henceforth ever let praises dwell upon my tongue, and may I strive ever to be near to thy footstool. Pour, I intreat thee, oh Holy Spirit! more light into my still clouded soul; let each dark recess of that long-closed cavern be illuminated, and may all the evil spirits that have done foul work there, be banished and purged by the burning of sweet incense; let it become a habitation for holiness. The serpent creepeth in the dust, and satan dwelleth where sin is. *Let then my*

heart be made an habitation unpleasant to him, and he will fly from it.

How much does man need the direction of heaven, how little he thinks of it, how seldom seeks it. If he desires an object, he is ready to strive with man, with danger, with difficulty; nothing is too arduous to attempt, no sacrifice too great, no pain too dreadful; everything in the natural or moral world, whatever agent it be, that can advance him to his purpose, must be made to coöperate with his own untiring energies; and yet the assistance of God, the creator, the preserver of all things, the exercise of his power alone is unlooked, unsought for. Oh never let this be the case with me, my most "Bountiful Benefactor," but, may my every desire and endeavor begin, and centre in thee. Then, and then only shall I be truly blessed. Who, by attempts the most unceasing, can ever approach near enough to thee; and yet how feeble our exertions! O! quicken my spirit, give it heavenly wings, that leaving this polluted body, it may receive new light, and life, and love, by a distant vision of thy nameless, inconceivable perfections. Oh, when shall I see the Lord?

I would ever live with God and with eternity in mind. And even with these ever before us, still how do we find our hearts full of pride and selfishness! We should mourn, that these will grow in our hearts, in spite of all that we can do to destroy them; alas, many instead of attempting to tear up these poisonous plants by the roots, *nourish them with care, and bring them into the very parlor, to fill the air, which is breathed by those they love, with death.* Oh God! assist me to pluck up these heart-destroying passions, for how can I dare approach thee,

and ask forgiveness, and food, when I am ready to throw it before the altars of these "vile ones!" How can my soul reach to thee, with wings fouled by such communion, and with a chain to weary its flight! O God, cleanse me "from secret sins."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Humbly O God! would I approach thy footstool; justly canst thou spurn me away, yet consider me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies.

"Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood."

I am every day more convinced of the depravity of the human heart. Even when prayers have been most earnest, and God has appeared most gracious, and Jesus most lovely; when the world seemed to have lost its hold upon our affections, and the spirit, loosed from its dungeon, like a bird has soared up to heaven, how slight a dart has brought it back all bloody to the earth. The infirmities of the Christian, tend to keep him continually at the feet of the "Lamb that taketh away sin." And it is not until he feels that these are great, that he realizes that the Lord God is "merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."

Oh! how little do I love and serve God, compared to what I should do, when I think of the exertions that man is ready to make when some great plan fills his mind. I feel humbled and ashamed that I do strive so feebly in a

cause, in view of which, all others sink to nothingness. How little did those great spirits of evil, before the majesty of whose minds the world has trembled, hesitate at sacrifices the most trying, which the accomplishment of any great object demanded. Often these objects have been such, as the Christian should shudder at. Yet he is not willing, or at any rate, rarely makes endeavors, as long continued, to go perseveringly forward, though he strives for a heavenly crown. Hard indeed is the warfare, but it is a glorious one. How consoling it is to the Christian, to feel that he liveth and moveth in the eye of the pure "God," who is ever ready to hear all that call upon him in humbleness of heart. May my soul ever lean upon thee my Lord and Redeemer, feeling its weakness; lest when the body is divided asunder, and the spirit stript of its covering, stands in naked deformity before thy "Judgement seat," strength and courage desert it together. Oh! let not that terrible day be terrible to all.

Once more a visit to B. has, I trust, been profitable to me. Through God's assistance, I was enabled to resist many temptations. My confidence in prayer is much increased by the opposition which it has enabled me to overcome; the scorn which it leads me to disregard. The last Sabbath of the year has come, and is nearly passed away. I have endeavored to reflect seriously upon the events which are stamped upon its retreating face. How much have I there found which has demanded regrets most bitter, how much that calls forth joy unspeakable.

The last evening of another year is almost gone. Change is stamped on everything. How different is the position which I now occupy, from that which but a year ago I held. Looking back, how is my mind filled with sorrow at the many dark spots in this year's history. Regret crowds after regret upon the arena of thought; each in sadness, bringing sacrifice for some remembered sin. Yet to grief alone my spirit bends not. Deep are my obligations to the Almighty; for his loving kindness has been great to my most unworthy, and rebellious soul. Though each day I do sin in the eye of the Lord, yet his hand I humbly trust, has in some measure drawn me from the loathsome pit and "the miry clay." "The living way" which the mercy of the Lord has established for the contrite in heart, has been opened to my eye, and the voice of the Lord has been loud to call me. I seem to have been led away from a precipice, from the brink of which, I was eagerly looking to a phantom before me, ignorant that beneath lay a gulf, the depth of which no eye could measure; into which, a step would have plunged me. When I think of it, my mind grows dizzy. See! there a poor wretch falls; his mangled body bounding from precipice to precipice, still falling while eternity continues; never-ending misery increasing, as he goes each moment more distant from his God — his God no more. Alas! many are rushing madly to the same awful abyss, as though it were a pleasant leap. Oh! God have mercy on them! In that crowd, where a moral delusion seems to paralize the nobler faculties of the soul, rushing on to destruction, I recognize the faces of many dear to my heart; let me not hear the cry of joy changed to that of wo, nor see them descending, whence outstretched hands, nor tears can call them back.

Jesus have mercy upon them ; thou who alone canst save, have mercy on them !

I entreat thee, oh ! my God, that thou wilt continually increase my faith. Let my whole trust be in thee. I am as the worm of the dust, very vile and unholy in thy pure eye ; in my weakness I am as the flower of the grass, that the wind scattereth ; yet if I was left to myself I should strive to rise to the highest heaven, on mine own wing, for such is the way of man. Oh ! God, cast me not down altogether, if I do in my foolishness forget thee ; chasten me not beyond my strength, but assist me to keep in the right path. Make me as a child, ever dependant ; as a son, ever looking to thee as a father. In prosperity, or in affliction may my heart fly alike to thee ; may ever the language of my heart be, " Thy will be done."

O ! God make me to love thee more ; may my whole heart be filled with thy Holy Spirit ; quicken my affections, enliven those powers which thy grace has called into exercise, upon which as wings, the soul rises to thee. Enable me to cultivate whilst on earth a heavenly spirit, that, even here below, I may have a foretaste of those joys which there abound, and may so be urged to strive more diligently to render " my calling and election sure." Thou knowest my weakness, O ! God, grant, oh, grant thine assistance. Grant, for in sorrow I come to thee, and confess with a contrite heart, that mine iniquities have been, and are as a garment upon me. Yet thou knowest that my soul is clothed in sackcloth, and ashes is sprinkled over it. But praised be thy mercy, Jesus

can cover a sea of sins; and the words of his love are, "come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In the hour of sorrow it is pleasant to approach thee, O thou merciful God, and lay before thee our distress, and confess to thee our weakness, and place our dependence upon thee. Thou alone canst see the secret things within us; to thy eye only would we raise the veil that curtains the "altar of tears." Sad, O! God, is my spirit within me, and full of uncertainty; and my troubles are many. More are they than the waves of the ocean, and more stormy; *others see from a distance and say, "lo! how calm;" but thou seest the foam and hearest the roaring thereof. As the sun upon the waters stilleth it, even as the child is stilled by its mother's voice, so doth thy presence calm my soul, even the depths of it. Blessed, O God, is thy name. My soul leapeth to worship, and all within me crieth holy! holy!*

Is it possible! What is man that he should boast him of tomorrow! Is it possible that from among my class, from off my very seat, unwarned, a classmate has been hurried to eternity! How am I warned to have my loins girded about me, and my lamp trimmed. God seems to have set his seal upon us, and written "Thou art mine." How are we warned by it to devote ourselves more solemnly to the service of God, and to have less regard to the things of time and sense! I hope that I have been suitably impressed by it. I pray that its influence upon my character and prayers may be deep and permanent. May I be certain upon what I rest, what is my depend-

ence! Is it any thing which I have done, or said, or thought? Alas! far from being able to bring one good thing before the Lord, all that I have purposed of myself has been evil. Oh! my Redeemer, be thou my trust! May I look to thee with the unwavering eye of faith; quicken I entreat thee, that spirit within me, and may I dwell much with thee. I do determine never to lay down on my bed at night, never to engage upon any duty, never suggest, or enter upon any plan, without first looking to thee. O! assist me, assist me; I know my weakness. Lord on thee I do believe. Help thou my unbelief!

Once more the expectation of mingling with my family, gives joy to my heart. In looking forward to happiness, I cannot but look back with gratitude, that surrounded by so many privileges, my life has been spared to me. O that my spirit might be guarded by a heavenly influence now that I am again to stand in the midst of temptations and dangers.

O! God, strengthen me to bear whatever it may please thee to inflict: and let no repining complaint be mingled with my bitterness. So unexpectedly! enable me to endure with fortitude, and wilt thou sanctify it and all adversities to me; and may they tend to wean me from the false pleasures and vanities around me scattered.

How do the infinite perfections of my God exceed the love I bear towards him! Oh that love was written deep on my heart, that its impression might be left on every

action — seen in every motive. What is man unless the spirit of God operates on him to will and to do? Cold and insensible; forgetful of mercies, regardless of love, blind to danger, deaf to intreaties, even as a sleeper without consciousness, as one bound by pleasant dreams.

"Lord who is it?" How important a question. "Is it I?" Thou canst preserve, thou canst purify, thou canst fill with the spirit of love, *O then let not the "sop" fall into my hands, though I am an unworthy sinner.*

Thursday, April, Fast-day. How great is the change between this day and the same of last year. How sinful have I been since then, and by what a wonderful chain of providences have I been led to fly from the position which I then occupied; what a day of prayer, and mingled sorrows and rejoicing it should be to me. How my heart should melt with contrition and love. O that I were full of groans! O that my heart were blistered with pain! O that I were abased in the dust! Why have I pride when so much has been done for me? Why so little love when Jesus bled for just such sins as I am full of? O, I am lost in wonder that Jesus should have died for such as me.

O my God, when I consider thy character, I am astonished that such an insignificant being as myself should be permitted to fall down and worship and adore thee. O that the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit might so dwell in, and operate upon my soul, that with affections purified, I might constantly love and serve thee, and have that intimate communion with thee which so fills up the

measure of my joy ; and which constitutes the employment of the angels and saints made perfect, and makes heaven desirable and glorious.

I am ashamed to review my life — how much mercy, how little gratitude. Drawn up from the dust, to the dust I as often descend; truly I am an unprofitable servant, if servant I dare call myself. How truly unworthy am I of all the choice blessings so liberally bestowed — ungrateful, cold-hearted, and perverse. I am almost disposed to doubt whether for God and my Lord and Saviour I possess any true love ; *I am afraid that " Thy will be done," is but the answer of a heart that feels not loss.* Can it be that I desire to be thine, body and soul, that thou art to me the " chief of ten thousands and altogether lovely," when I do so turn my heart to the things of the world, which thou abhorrest with perfect hatred ? O thou perfect, and ever-active, and ever-present, pure, and " Holy Spirit ;" O thou infinite and all pervading essence, read and subdue and melt my iron heart !

It is, I know not how long, since I have recorded my feelings on these pages; I hope however, not because the fountain of love has been dry. A great deal has transpired since ; I have enjoyed many privileges, I have received many mercies, experienced many preservations, one wonderful preservation ; but all the blessings and loving kindness of God has not restrained me from a great multitude of heinous, and aggravated sins. Indeed when I recollect the past, I am constrained to inquire with fear and deep anxiety " Do I love the Lord or no ?" O may Jesus be revealed in the fulness and brightness of his

excellence, with all those graces which fill up his character, and especially as the bleeding "Lamb of God," to my waiting eyes. In him I would desire to behold those riches and that beauty which I am so prone to seek in the brilliancies and false pleasures of a deceitful world. O! may I see thy face and be satisfied; and find in thee, for this world and the next, my all in all.

With this last paragraph, the private journal of Henry, before he left this country, closes. It exhibits interesting and delightful proof of his heartfelt acquaintance with Jesus, his sorrow for sin, his trust in the blood of atonement, his spirit of self-examination, his happiness in communion with God, his earnest desire after holiness, his love to the Saviour, his reliance on the Holy Spirit, and his advancement in the Divine Life. The closing page of it, in all probability, was written not long before his departure to Europe. Our remaining extracts from his papers will consist principally of portions of letters addressed, during his absence and journeyings in Europe, to his beloved friends at home. They exhibit pleasing evidence of growth in grace, a sense of the many dangers with which he was surrounded, watchfulness against temptation, habitual reliance upon Jesus, and communion with God.

If the perusal of Henry's private journal at Andover gives interesting evidence that the grace of God was with him there, and that daily he was living in sweet communion with his Saviour, his letters from abroad do likewise afford very delightful proof that he was uninterruptedly growing in grace, amidst all the dangers, and changes, and temptations of his foreign re-

sidence and travels. They show that he preserved a deep sense of those dangers, and was watchful against temptation, trusting in the Lord Jesus alone for strength to overcome it. They show that he kept constantly in view, amidst his journeyings as well as his studies, the object of his life, and the responsibilities of the holy vocation, to which he was looking forward. They exhibit humility, gratitude for mercies, and privileges, and friends, a great sense of unworthiness in the midst of them, and of God's exceeding goodness in continuing them. They exhibit a constant, affectionate, and prayerful remembrance of home and its inmates. His character naturally was full of social and domestic tenderness; but after he became a child of God, — father, mother, brothers, sisters, home, — names always of sacred endearment to a filial and affectionate heart, — seemed to him dearer and more sacred than ever. His letters breathe a holy anxiety for the spiritual welfare of all his kindred.

Cœlum, non ansimum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt; — *they change the climate, but not their disposition, who travel beyond sea.* The maxim is true of the Christian in a higher sense, than Horace meant it. External changes do but fix the attention of the "stranger and the pilgrim" more steadily on God. "All countries are my Father's lands," he says, "and in all countries still I am his child." And yet every christian knows, and some by distressing experience, how difficult it is to maintain unbroken and fervent communion with God, amidst journeyings among strangers, change of residence in many places, or much attention from many friends. These things lead often amidst scenes

> ——— where Satan wages still
> His most successful war;

and happy is he that endureth temptation among them; for there is danger lest the soul, losing for a time both its sense of God's omnipresent inspection, and that sense of responsibility which the presence of those who know us, inspires, may fall into a worldly, barren, prayerless state, if not into the indulgence of gross sin. Henry seems all the while to have felt, whether travelling, or among friends, that he was still

"The traveller betwixt life and death,'

having the work of his Lord to accomplish, and amidst innumerable perils advancing to eternity. That he advanced in the knowledge and love of Christ, during his absence from his native land, is most pleasingly evident. "The splendor and activity of every thing here," he writes in one of his earliest letters from Edinburgh, "wonderfully tend to impress me with the vanity of all else than the '*unsearchable riches of Christ*,' and my constant temptations make me know his preciousness. I think that I begin to love him with a simple and more ardent affection. I feel more and more need of being remembered (at the throne of grace) by my christian friends, lest I should by any means fall short of the hope of glory; lest I should desert my best, my dearest friend." "How delightful it would be," he writes in another letter, speaking of a national fast in Scotland, "to see one of the revivals, which are shedding such a lustre on the churches of our land. May God graciously continue them, and kindly permit me to live once more under their gracious sunshine; and O! the privilege to labor in the midst of them, unworthy as I am of such a distinguished honor." "To be a minister of the gospel, to proclaim salvation through Jesus Christ! O my father! my father! what a blessed hope! what honorable duties,

what sweet exercises! — It is when I think of this, and the great work of saving souls, and bringing honor to Jesus, that I feel humbled, — that I mourn I am so weak and unworthy, — that I feel new desires for grace and knowledge."

In another letter, at about the same period, from Edinburgh, he writes, "You say, dearest mother, that 'all are well and in prosperity;' — how much joy does this pour into my heart! I too, by God's great mercy, am well, I hope, in some measure, in spirit, as in body. You say father is well and in good spirits; you cannot think how happy this makes me. I see him before me — I put out my hand — I almost take hold of him; and then sometimes, when I pray for you all at home, I feel as if his breath fell softly on me, as it used to do when I was near the sofa, kneeling by him; and I am led to think, that perhaps at this very time, the Spirit of God is gently falling as dew over the opening flower, upon his spirit. — You 'are all well.' To me, this is better than a book well written. May God supply you with every needed grace, from the fulness of his treasures, and give you many tokens of his love."

After speaking in one of his letters of an accident which had cost him "weary days and sleepless nights, with unmitigated pain," but from the severe effects of which he was now almost recovered, he continues thus:

"I was about to say that I should unfortunately miss one or two of the lectures by my mishap, for they commence this week; but I retract, for when I begin to repine, when my desires for intellectual advancement begin to excite a kind of impatience of this long restraint, then do my better feelings exclaim,

'I see a hand you cannot see;
I hear a voice you cannot hear:'

for fully sensible am I, that this is the Lord's doing, and that in my great waywardness and loftiness of mind, he hath chastened me, though in much tenderness. I can truly say, that it is well that I have been afflicted, for it has brought my mind nearer to that state of soberness and humility, so necessary in the approach to holy studies. Besides, I think amidst all my pains, I have had some reasons to rejoice in precious visits from that Divine Saviour, so inestimably dear to the broken and contrite heart. The 'unsearchable riches of Christ,' are indeed too deep and full, ever to be exhausted; yet full and free as they are, they never satiate. How unlike the fading glories of earth."

About this time Henry received a letter from his former companion at Andover, now a beloved missionary of the American Board, Rev. W. Schauffler. This letter is dated Dec. 25th, 1831, at Havre de Grace, the writer's "first resting place in Europe." "It is late," he says, "and I am to set out tomorrow morning, at 5 o'clock, for Paris, but I must not go before telling you that I am on dry ground, and not at the bottom of the ocean." The letter is written in Mr Schauffler's energetic strain of deep devotedness to Christ, and will be read with delight by all who knew him. We give the greater portion of it. After stating that they had "a truly terrible passage" from America, he continues:

"But through all this we have been carried by Him, to whom all power in heaven and earth is given, and to Him shall everlasting thanks be given. We have had Christmas today, which has called to my mind and heart, many a delightful and sacred recollection, and has given me scope for profitable reflection during the day. 'God manifested in the flesh.' The great 'mystery of godliness,' how broad and deep! It makes one humble and proud at the same time; it is the centre and star of all theology and

religion, and I confess freely that where this mystery is wanting, I would not give much for all the rest, as to the saving efficacy of it. How glad I am that God has not sent me to preach works, but grace and faith in and through his Son. What a dull, heartless business it would be, brother, if we were sent to preach mere morality! But we have something to say that is higher; not the works of man, but the work of God for man; something soul-stirring, that goes through marrow and bone, as the Germans say.

"I had a thousand things yet to say, but it is getting so late that I *must* close, though I regret to send to you so much white paper. You have already long ago settled down in your studies, and I hope soon to be settled, though but for a short season. You are in *good* company, I hope, and I long to hear of you. I will wait for a letter and then answer more fully. Formal letters you may not expect of me; I write as I think and talk, and you know that is plain. May God bless and prosper you, and may he have mercy on me also. Let us cleave to Jesus Christ, the friend of sinners, the Lord of glory, the ruler of heaven and earth, God over all, and blessed forever. We can get no better friend in life, and death, and in the depths of the wild ocean. The world knoweth him not, because they feel no need of him; but *we* both need and know him, I hope. Let us pray for each other, but chiefly ask for me, when you remember me, that Christ may become all in all to my poor, perishing soul. I perish without him. Blessed be his name forevermore, that he came into the world 'to save that which was lost.'

"Let me hear from you soon.

"Wishing you every needed grace out of the fulness of the Lord, I remain,

"Your brother and fellow-pilgrim,

"Wm. Schauffler."

The following extracts from letters to his parents, written, the first in February, the second in March, 1833, from Edinburgh, evince increasing humility and love to Christ.

"I have this moment had the sweet satisfaction of receiving a letter from our beloved home. It has rendered me happy, grateful; it animates me in well doing; it makes my heart flow with new desires to God; it fills me with new solicitude to live, to labor, to spend and be spent, to die to his glory. Your remembrances are very sweet and precious to me. I trust that your prayers are refreshing me, for I begin to feel stronger desires to live to God; not a sentimental, meagre, fruitless life of cold speculation and profession; but through the grace of God a diligent, active, prayerful, earnest and useful one. If ever I have possessed the honest wish to be kept from sin, to be cleansed from all pollution of spirit, to be reserved and prepared for the great work, — still more now! If ever I have felt the need of your prayers, for those earnest entreaties which take hold of that which is within the veil — still more now! If I have ever been sensible of the force, and malignity, and hatefulness of indwelling sin,— still more now! But God be praised if I have ever been able to repose a confidence in Christ, a reliance on the well sustained energy of the spirit, a faith in the mighty efficacy of prayer, I think it is now. Do not cease to pray for me, that though I live in the flesh I may yet war with the flesh, so that every thought may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Pray that I may be kept in this very short, but awfully dangerous pilgrimage, that to live may be to fulfil the engagements of a servant to God; to die may be to receive the rewards of a child of God."

In the next he writes thus:

"It is certainly the case, that the prospect of preaching the Gospel of Christ never appeared more delightful and honorable, in the best sense of the word, than it does at this moment to me. Never have I enjoyed higher conceptions of the sublimity of the christian enterprise to which the pulpit introduces the faithful servant of the Lord. But just as these contemplations take a more elevated range, just in that proportion do I the more clearly see my deficiencies, and tremble lest I should come short, not of your expectations, which I

fear I shall, for you build your hopes too high; but of that perfection and faithfulness which is to be expected in an ambassador of Christ. Nevertheless I am comforted and sustained by the cheering assurance of our blessed Lord, 'In weakness thou shalt be perfected, my strength is sufficient for thee.' But my weakness is so great that I do strongly feel the need of all your prayers, that in meekness and gentleness of spirit, in purity and diligence I may adorn the doctrine of Christ in all things. Never have I had such faith in prayer as now possesses my heart, nor ever have I felt greater desire and need of it; therefore do remember me often in your prayers that I may improve all my high privileges."

During the same month in which this letter was written, March, 1832, and not long before leaving Edinburgh for his travels in England, France, and Italy, Henry seems to have solemnly renewed his covenant with God, under a deep and penitent sense of his own weakness and unworthiness; trusting in Jesus for "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption," and casting himself, as a perishing sinner, entirely on God's free, sovereign, unmerited mercy, through the atoning sacrifice of his incarnate Son. We find among his papers the following covenant, prayer, and resolutions, drawn up in reliance on the Holy Spirit, and with special reference to present and expected circumstances of temptation. His trust was in the blood of Christ, and this paper shows with what trembling earnestness he desired to be guided by the will of his Divine Redeemer. It shows how deeply he felt the need of his Redeemer's presence, and of watchfulness over his own heart and conduct, that he might be kept from things that savored of death, and would draw him away from his God. These are the rules he prescribed for himself in his journeyings, and in the practice of them he was kept by the grace of Christ, according to his supplications.

"I love my shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep."

How blessed to be under the care of such a Redeemer! — to have for our shepherd the being who both created and died for us; and through whose precious blood all that love him shall be brought home to glory! He is a covenant-keeping God. Our departed friend we believe has found it so in a better world, and is now looking back from Heaven on all the dealings of amazing mercy, with which his Lord led him in his earthly pilgrimage.

"Edinburgh, Sunday, March, 24th, 1832.

"Under a strong conviction of my past ingratitude and manifold transgressions against thee, my God and Saviour, and with a deep sense of my dependence upon thee, for present sanctification and counsel, as well as for future support amidst diverse and multiplied temptations, and with a grateful and reverent acknowledgement of thy past mercy and present goodness, I, as a frail mortal and contrite sinner, would desire to make with thee a solemn covenant. In doing so, I would desire to recognize the covenant relations in which I already stand to thee, once solemnly entered into, before God, angels, and men; at the same time confessing with hearty contrition, that oftimes hastily, unadvisedly, and too often deliberately, in defiance of thy law and wrath, I have trampled upon, as well as forgotten it. In establishing this once more in my heart and rendering it, with thy holy word, the rule of my life, oh Lord, through the blood of Christ have mercy on me. And now, graciously by thy Holy Spirit direct me in the expression of my feelings, and deepen the determinations here recorded, of walking henceforth in the light of the Gospel of Christ, and by the indwelling of the spirit to thy glory.

"I do rejoice to acknowledge thee as the author of that blessed revelation, which introduces the hope of glory to a ruined world, and in which thou standest brightly and glori-

ously displayed, as God the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, one God.

"I do gladly record my full and cordial belief and hearty acceptance of the Old and New Testament, as an entire and perfect revelation, receiving it, as completely expressing thy will and purposes towards man, and gratefully acknowledging it to be suited to my condition, and necessities, and fears, and hopes. I confess myself to be the lost, ruined, guilty, and infirm creature to which its admonitions and promises are so pointedly and pressingly addressed. To be, as there represented, under the bondage of the prince of the power of this world, trembling under the righteous wrath of the Almighty Father. I confess myself with shame and the deepest confusion of heart, by my manifold iniquities and perversities of feeling and conduct, to have so broken the pure, and righteous, and perfect law of God, as to have removed all hope of peace and pardon, except by such a sacrifice and propitiation as is there recorded, to the everlasting glory of God's perfected attributes, even the forgiveness wrought out by the incarnation and death of Jesus Christ, the dear Son of God, whom thankfully I recognize as Prophet, Priest, and King. And looking with wonder and fear at the corruptions of my nature, and its obstinate alienation from God, I do most sincerely believe in God the Spirit, as most mercifully suited to my distempered moral condition, and as affording the only cheering hope to my mind, of attaining unto a tried and unwavering perfection. And so believing, I would render praise to this one God, humbly by him and through him seeking grace to live henceforth and forever to his honor, as thus displayed to man, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

"And, oh God! that I may the more entirely regard thy law always to keep it, and yield perfect obedience to thee, I do most humbly pray that thou wilt strengthen me to maintain the resolutions beneath recorded; that getting the better of these my besetting sins, and successfully struggling against the trials to which the present circumstances of my life particularly expose me, I may, in due time, be prepared for the faithful discharge of the interesting and solemn duties to which I

would wish to aspire, by thy grace, with a trembling, yet unceasing desire. For this end do I sincerely promise,

"I. That I will more diligently regard thy word and providence; and cease not by prayer and supplication to draw more frequently and more sincerely near to thee. And especially that in the daily walks and intercourse of life I will endeavor to avoid those objects and subjects which savor of death, and which cause the heart to wander far from God and the Saviour. And farther, that as far as it is consistent with circumstances and propriety, to render divine truth, wisdom and mercy the subjects of my conversation and thoughts, and always to look for the hidden connexion of God with all things, thus to make every study, prospect and pleasure ultimately subserve his glory.

"II. That for this purpose I will more faithfully attend to every study, conversation, and duty, that my privileges may not be in vain in the Lord.

"III. That I will carefully and prayerfully avoid everything which tends to excite or cherish the fell passions of my corrupt nature. I do, oh God! make a covenant between my eyes and all other senses and thee, that through them sin may not have dominion over me. Do thou graciously ratify it.

"IV. Determine to visit no object from mere curiosity, until fully satisfied that its influences on my mind will be beneficial.

"V. Determine by the grace of God to subdue my pride— 1. To disregard the looks, whether of praise or scorn, of men. 2. To hold all flatteries, except the return of a good conscience, worthless. 3. Not to be led into useless expense, by the fear, or unsuitable and unwarranted expectations of society. 4. To dare to do right, according to the standard of the Bible and example of Christ, with independence and simplicity, and without a ridiculous pride of heart.

"VI. To speak cautiously, yet firmly, on all topics. To listen attentively to all opinions as in the presence of God.

"VII. To be watchful in trifles.

"VIII. To think more of eternal objects

"IX. To restrain my appetites.

"X. To be more attentive whilst at church. To unite more feelingly in every exercise. To exclude every worldly thought. To abstain from all idle curiosity.

"XI. Each day remember in confession each specific sin of thought, or word, or deed."

In May, 1832, Henry was in London, and among other similar blessings, enjoyed the inestimable privilege of spending much time with Mr Coleridge. Of a parting interview with him he gives the following brief but interesting account in one of his letters. In the journal will be found a more particular description of his acquaintance with Mr C.

"Of all the men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Mr. S. T. Coleridge, in whose company I spent much time. With all his talent and poetry, he is a humble and devout follower of the blessed Jesus, even as 'Christ crucified.' I wish I had room for some of his conversation. When I bade him a last farewell, he was in bed, in great bodily suffering, but with great mental vigor, and feeling a humble resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. As I sat by his side I thought he looked very much like my dear grandfather, and I almost felt as if one spoke to me from the dead. Before I left him he said, 'I wish before you go, to give you some little memento to call up the hours we have passed together.' He requested me to hand him a book from his book-case, with pen and ink, then sitting up in bed he wrote a few lines and his name, kindly and most undeservedly expressing the pleasure he had had in my company. He will not live long I fear; but his name and memory will be dearer to the ages to come than to the present."

Shortly after this he was in Paris, but walking with God, in the midst of the "violence" and distractions and iniquities of that crowded city; watchful he was over his own heart and mindful of his beloved friends, and seek-

ing the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, if we may judge from the imperfect notes, which he seems to have used as a help in meditating on the word of God, and in prayer. The following is a portion of those notes :

"Proverbs 2. Thanks for this portion of Divine truth, because of the assurance that God will instruct those who 'recieve his words, and hide within them his commandments.' Blessed be God, he hath sealed his promise by a seal which neither the prince of this world, nor any other power can break.

"Supplication, that wisdom may enter my heart, and knowledge become pleasant unto my soul. That the Holy Spirit may ever be present to check and combat the unholy, corrupt, and uninstructed propensities of my nature. That I may be permitted daily to say, 'how pleasant is thy light to my eyes.' That all my faculties may be strengthened, the better to serve and glorify thee. Rule my habits of mind, — my address, utterance ; every thing that contributes to render thy people, and especially thy ministering servants useful.

"Thanks, for past instructions and privileges — for preservation, especially for the slumbers of the night and the bounties of the morning.

"Confession and humiliation.

"Wonder at God's long suffering, especially for particular forbearances.

"Desires and promises, supplications for the day, for friends, &c.

"In like manner, I entreat thy merciful remembrance for my dear family and friends. They are now present before thee. Thou art acquainted with their necessities. If they joy in prosperity, thou knowest it ; if they sorrow in adversity, their mournings are not hidden from thee. Their joy thou canst confirm ; thou canst continue or even increase their prosperity. Their sorrows thou canst mitigate ; drying up all their tears. Thou canst remove the causes of sadness, and make all things go well with them. Unto whom but thee shall I commend them ; all my hope is in thee. Lord overrule all thy

providence for their advantage, and of thy rich mercy distribute unto them benefits. Preserve those who enjoy the blessings of health. Console, heal, or assuage the pains of the sick. Let sickness be to them a cause of gratitude, by the truths it may lead them to reflect on, and the 'everlasting life' to secure. If it be thy will, O heal them! If thou hast otherwise ordered, render them submissive, and prepare them for all thy will. Be thou their God. Sanctify to their improvement, the providences of each day, that knowing thee, their Saviour and their God, they may be prepared for all things. Continue health to my dear parents; let their days be many and pleasant in the land of the living; bless them in all things, especially let them receive comfort and honor from the children of their love; plenteousness of gratitude for their kindness, and care, and wise governance, from earliest youth; thus make their latter days their best days. I commend to thee my brothers and sisters. Preserve them from the evils and defilements of the world, &c."

The following extract is from a letter to his parents, written at Rome. Speaking of the sickness of a friend, he says:

"Thus God by tribulation purifies his people as gold tried in the fire seven times. How deep must be the mystery of sin, when the earth is visited with so many evils because of it! How infinite its malignity, when the son of God only could expiateit — the spirit of God only purge us from it, and that, by how many means, and how long time — precepts, commandments, promises, warnings, stripes, and all that circle o blessings and goodness, which we are continually disturbing by the force of our evil nature. With such a nature I do not wonder that besides Christians, there should be two classes of persons who should take such opposite measures to quiet the fears of a guilty conscience; the one, those who attribute to God an indiscriminate mercy, that is to say, a mercy not under the restraint of justice; the other, arraying him with a justice that may be softened down by penance and bodily privations — a

mercy that may be purchased by largesses and monkish externals. How excellent and consoling on the other hand is it, to confess ourselves to be what we are before him, guilty sinners, under the burden of a fearfully corrupt nature — receive with joy his blessed revelation, accept with gratitude his promises of pardon and salvation to the repenting sinner, who believes in his dear Son's death and merits — looking also to that same promise for the sanctification of our undying spirits. This is what our nature demands — it is what God in his revelation has given. But whilst it is his blessed spirit that sanctifies our souls, by his power overcoming every difficulty, how beautifully and naturally does he seize on the circumstances around us to achieve that purpose. With what energy does he use them. What power he gives to christian friends and christian communion. And this in no country more than in America. What privileges you enjoy there. I do not mean simply over France and Italy, where these things are unknown; nor over Switzerland, Germany, and Prussia, where their weakness is deplorable; but even over England and religious Scotland. Because in every part of the world, except America, the *world and church* are so closely united, and their elements so mixed up together, that no strong and collective outgoing can be made by the one on the other. Indeed, over a large part of Europe there is but one party, and that is lost in the pursuit of pleasure and indulgence. In Italy, the priests are paid to manage the matters of the hereafter, whilst the people are lost as well to morality, as to religion. However, corrupt as the moral sentiment is, I confess that one sees little, except in the paintings and statues, that would shock his decency. This is owing to the worst of vices being so common, that they may be indulged in without notice. Moral corruption therefore has so nearly reached its limit in this country, that we may soon hope to see a change marked with happy results; however, this cannot be anticipated whilst the sway of the priesthood holds it with such a grasp. Let us rejoice then that France is so nearly free from their trammels and so open to receive the word of the living God."

The commencement of the following extract from a letter written while at Rome, makes one think of the feelings of Goldsmith's "Traveller," in the remembrance of a brother's home.

> "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
> Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,
> Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

"I am truly weary of living so long away from such friends as can only be found at a father's fireside. But that time will at length, I trust, arrive. Surely God has been very gracious to me since we parted, and my confidence is still in him. I have often thought of the prayer and vow of Jacob; had I made it, and I believe it has not unfrequently been the feeling of my heart, its obligation should be very binding on me. 'If God will be with me, and keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God.' And thus far has he not kept me? I long once more to be in Scotland, and particularly at home, that I may be with those who love and fear him. At present I find little social christian enjoyment. Since I have been at Rome there has been no Sabbath service, it being too early in the season. Of course the Catholic services are nothing — rather they are sufficient to make the feeling heart bleed. Today, for instance, in a chapel near St John Lateran, I went to see one of the comfortless ceremonies of the Romish church. On entering the door, five flights of steps rose steeply up before us, perhaps thirty to thirtyfive to each flight. Those on the sides were of travestine marble; the central flight was of white marble, planked over, yet in such a manner as to show the steps beneath, which were evidently much worn away. These steps are said to be the same that stood before the door of Pilate in Jerusalem, and which our Saviour ascended previous to his crucifixion. This belief of course attaching a sacredness to them, has been improved by the priests to an idolatrous

purpose, so that every day crowds may be seen ascending them on their knees, to which a great merit is attached. When I entered, a priest stood at the door with a tin or iron box, with paintings of the Saviour and Virgin on it; with this he followed me, ever and anon giving it a loud rattle, at the same time begging me to give him something to support the chapel. There were crowds of miserable devotees ascending these stairs when I entered. Passing up on their knees, they kiss the marble through holes made for the purpose, and having kissed a picture of our Saviour at the top, they descend by some of the other stairways. I went up by one of these, for to have stood on the principal one, would have been esteemed little less than sacrilege. Arriving at the top I had a view of the poor sufferers working out their weary penance. Many were very old and weak, and their wrinkled brows grew damp as they drew their stiff limbs up the stairs. Is this, thought I, the 'light yoke and the easy burden,' for which the hard endurances of the Mosaic ceremonies were to be exchanged? How many thirsty souls are seeking relief at their broken cisterns all in vain. Or if over their hard penance or amongst their gilded altars, a broken spirit catches here and there a glimpse of the Saviour's presence, yet with the most extended charity, we must believe that this is but too seldom."

The time was now drawing near when Henry would be permitted to retrace his steps homeward. He had wandered long and far enough to be weary of wandering, to see much of the world, and to feel more and more deeply, that though in all the world there is no place like home, yet here or there, at home or abroad, the Christian is a stranger and a pilgrim. He had seen the world in many aspects, splendor, and misery, gayety, folly and sin; folly and sin in all; yet here and there a spot cultivated by God's grace, and made sweet and pleasant for the child of God to dwell in. He had enjoyed many and great privileges, especially the friendship and instruction of Dr Chalmers, in his theological studies; and now

with a heart full of hope, he looked forward to the period when the mercy might be granted him to consecrate his acquisitions to Jesus, in the blessed employment of proclaiming salvation through the blood of his Lord. Still, he could not leave Scotland without regret, much as he loved his own home, and longed to be restored once more as an inmate in its domestic circle. For in Edinburgh particularly, he had formed the most pleasing and affectionate christian acquaintance, had experienced great kindness, and to some, the piety and amiableness of his feelings, conversation, and deportment, had endeared him even as a brother. They speak of him as such.

"Were I not about to leave Edinburgh," he writes in April, 1833, "for a dearly loved home, I should do it with deep regret. For I have experienced here the most affectionate and polite attention on every side. It sometimes makes me feel very sad and humble to think how undeserving I am of it. I think, mother, you would have wept, if you had witnessed the touching kindness of some of my parting scenes. Really, it is quite incomprehensible to me, that they should have entertained so much regard for a stranger of so little merit as myself. I am persuaded that no little of it is to be ascribed to the prayers put up for me from a distant land."

In the same letter, speaking of the death of a lamented christian friend, he says, "I remember him well, especially the love he bore the church. We have sustained a deep loss by his removal, but I trust he has found it a rich gain. He has received a heavenly crown; and well, in a world of temptation and trouble like this, might his friends around him rejoice, when on the verge of that eternity, where the mimic happiness caught from earthly things is torn from the heart, he could say "*all is peace.*"

My dear parents, if we can only say, ' all is peace,' then may we put death under foot, because we cannot do so, unless Christ has destroyed his sting; and the sting of death is sin, and the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Had Henry's life been continued in this world, and had he been permitted in God's great mercy to bear the sacred office to which he so humbly but ardently aspired, doubtless it would have been his supreme delight to preach *Christ and him crucified.* That would have been his theme. He could say with his beloved brother Schauffler, that he was thankful that he was not sent to preach works, but grace. His own delightful experience of the preciousness of the doctrines of redemption he could contrast with his former experience.

He wrote a sermon on the atonement (probably it was written while at Edinburgh, and perhaps was among his first), rich in thought and feeling, on that glorious theme. His text he chose in the words "*God manifest in the flesh.*" "I know of no other truth," he says, "that has such claims upon a minister of God, or is so worthy of the repeated consideration of moral beings. Indeed, it is the central truth, in which all other truths meet." — "The same glorious truth brightens along the whole pathway of divine revelation, now glimmering through some distant prophecy, and now casting a sunlight radiance from the pages of the Gospel."

In considering the cause of this astonishing manifestation of God in the flesh, he takes occasion to remark, that "it was not merely to communicate truth to man. Much truth had already been afforded, by divine inspiration. Prophets of old time had been favored with rich communications of truth from above, which stood commended to man, both by its reasonableness and by

the miraculous deeds with which its authority was sealed. Were it only a further supply of spiritual knowledge which men needed, then any necessary addition might have been made in the same manner as before, by holy men like Moses, David, Isaiah, commissioned from above; men highly favored by God, and beloved; but of any of whom it would have been blasphemy to have said, 'He is God manifest in the flesh.'

"Neither was it merely to show forth in his life, the beauty of holiness. It is true, a surpassing loveliness rests upon his character. It is impossible for the Christian to contemplate it without admiration and improvement. It is true that in him truth is seen in its most pleasing form, embodied in action. We behold in him all that he recommends others to be; so that there is no act of moral excellence, which does not find a beautiful illustration among the deeds of his brief history. He came to instruct us in holiness, but as high a place as that may hold, it is not the distinguishing purpose of his mission to earth. Man could have been invested with a character suited to such an embassy; but none other than 'God manifest in the flesh,' was adequate to sustain that, on which Christ came to lay down his life for ours. He came to make an atonement for our sins. He came, that through the eternal Spirit he might offer himself without spot unto God for our transgressions, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. It was to deliver us from the curse of the Law, and the power of death and sin that 'God was manifest in the flesh.'"

In showing the nature of sin, and the necessity of the great expiatory sacrifice of the law of life and glory, he refers to the spirituality of God's law. "Many persons mistake an earthly standard of morality for the pure and spiritual law of God. There cannot be a greater

mistake ; there is not a more dangerous one. The error is abroad in society, and many are deceived by its pleasing and beguiling form. The error consists in separating duty from motive, and exalting the social virtues to that place which belongs to pure holiness, respect and love for God. I do not disparage the social virtues ; these affections I admire ; they give a charm to the character of the persons distinguished for them. How amiable a sight is that of a father caressing his child, watching over it with deep and delighted attention; how attractive is a mother's love, as she stifles her own pain, and lulls with music like that of the dying swan, her little one to rest. It is delightful to repose the weary heart on such traits of character. They are amiable, but they are not strictly religious. The father may love and cherish his child, and yet the love of God be absent from the heart. The mother may love her offspring, and yet love not her God. Natural affection is not religion.

" Men may be very active in the ordinary duties of life, distinguished for their veracity in business, for their virtues as citizens, for their benevolence among the poor in their vicinity, and yet may be destitute of any principles of piety. And if the love of God be not there, as a deep, vigorous, disinterested principle, it is the meagre, earthly, accommodating, sinful principle of love to self, from which all his activity originates. Everything has a place in his mind but God ; his respectability, his family, his children, his friends, his country — these fill the whole compass of his mind, to the exclusion of his Maker, and he is in the condition of those who ' worship the creature instead of the Creator.' God's love has never been shed abroad in his heart, and he is living *without God and without hope in the world.* Be not deceived ; God is not mocked. His spiritual law demands not only

that you should love your neighbor as yourself, but that you should love God with all your heart, and might, and soul, and strength. It demands perfect obedience in thought, word, and deed. And God is just, and when he is merciful, it is according to the laws of immutable justice; he does not violate one principle of his character in order to exercise another. His mercy is not a sentimental pity, but a holy attribute. We are not under an earthly standard, but a spiritual one. It demands perfection. It bears upon its front this unyielding principle, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' The law therefore does not, cannot, bring mercy. It never compromises. Conscience condemns, and the law thunders from afar, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die.'

"The mission of Christ, then, had no humble object. Divinity was not embodied in the flesh, but for a wondrous enterprise. He came to deliver man from the awful peril in which he was placed by sin. He came to meet the fearful violence of that law, which could not be broken with impunity. By his manifestation in the flesh, by his perfect righteousness, and by his last sufferings, was the expiation for sin made, the appalling power of sin vanquished, and death trodden under foot. Such was the purpose of God's manifestation of himself to the world. 'This is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his son to die for us.'"

In the inscrutable providence of God, Henry was not permitted to preach the gospel that he loved. His early, unexpected removal from his Lord's service in this world, to his Lord's presence and praises in heaven, while it is unspeakable gain to him, is meant for unmingled good to those who loved him. If they loved him in the Lord, and are now pilgrims to that same heavenly Jerusalem,

in whose golden palaces we believe he is walking, then all these things are for their good, and he is saying to them, "Quicken your footsteps and come up hither!" If they are impenitent strangers and foreigners, alienated from God, then his death is to them, an unspeakably solemn warning; and he is saying to them, "Oh! let not those so dear to me on earth, be lost from heaven! Prepare to meet your God!"

The disappointment of his own earthly wishes, in respect to the sacred ministry, and the destruction of the fondest hopes entertained by his friends in regard to him, while it teaches them a thoughtful, afflictive lesson of resignation, humility and preparation for death, throws around his memory a more endearing interest, and probably increases, (now that he sees no longer "as through a glass darkly," the dealings of his adorable Redeemer,) his own happiness among the saints in glory. It is a blessed company.

> They all are gone into a world of light,
> Their very memory is fair and bright.

They will be redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and in making up his jewels in heaven, God will have them of every variety and lustre. It is a fine remark of Archbishop Leighton, that "the church is God's jewelry, his workhouse, where his jewels are polishing for his palace and house. He hath many sharp tools for their polishing; and those he most esteems, and means to make the most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon." The discipline his children are called to encounter here, fits them for the place they are destined to fill in mansions of rest in eternity. There will be those removed in the early morning; those taken from amidst the burden and heat of the day;

and those who were permitted to labor even to its close, till the shades of the evening came. There will be "babes and sucklings," translated to the heavenly world to perfect the praise of that renewing grace, through which they were fitted on earth for the abodes of the blessed. There will be children, taken, as it were, from school, appearing in heaven itself, in all the simplicity of childhood. There will be youthful seraphs, removed while just beginning to show forth the praises of Him, who called them from darkness to light; and there will be aged saints, full of years and graces, gathered like shocks of corn fully ripe. There will be disciples, who had but entered on the ministry of reconciliation; and there will be those who labored in it many long years, and had many souls as the seals of their ministry. And we may suppose that in heaven, varieties in christian character will be observed as here on earth. Perhaps (if we are so happy as to be there) we shall forever behold in sweet distinction amidst agreement, such contrasts of character as are to be found on earth in men like Spenser and Swartz; the youthful animation of the first, glowing beside the affectionate, serene, experienced, and confiding sanctity of the other.

When the subject of this memoir was called way, he was apparently growing in grace, and what was always pleasing in the natural features of his character, was becoming still more delightful under the influence of christian feeling. If any are disposed to think there is too much of the partiality of friendship in these pages, let them remember

> "That they whom death has hidden from our sight,
> Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with these
> The future cannot contradict the past:
> Mortality's last exercise and proof

Is undergone; the transit made that shews
The very soul revealed as it departs."

This sentiment so beautiful and true in Wordsworth's poetry, that poet has made not less beautiful, and worthy to be remembered on an occasion like this, in his own prose. "What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen, no, nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away indeed, but only that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and affect the more. Shall we say then that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that accordingly the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered? — It is truth, and of the highest order! for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view, which before had been imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love — the joint offspring of the worth of the dead, and the affections of the living." G. B. C.

We now proceed with Henry's Journal. It commences with a brief notice of a trip up the North River, written on the day he sailed from New York; and is followed by a description of the voyage to Liverpool; from which we have extracted, what seemed to us to be the most interesting passages. The pages which then succeed, consisting of the description of his route from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and his short excursion to the lakes of

Scotland, were written by him after his return from abroad, and immediately before his sickness. He had determined to write a work on Great Britain, after his return, and had made some progress, when his labors were arrested by death.

JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

A Trip up the Hudson to West Point — Voyage from New York to Liverpool.

New York, Sept. 15, 1831. — Yesterday we went up the North River, as far as West Point. The views were very fine; the character of its scenery is wild and frequently sublime. The river is deep and its current strong, the banks bold and precipitous, covered with a short, thick copse-wood. One of the most striking, and to me most interesting spots on the passage was Stoney Point. This was the scene of that bloody struggle in which our dear grandfather took so prominent and honorable a part. It is a point, projecting itself into the river, lifting itself up like a giant from the waters, frowning and formidable. In West Point I well recognised mother's picture, the design of which I esteem very correct and faithful to nature. In beholding the birthplace of my higher and better self, I cannot describe what were my emotions. But I am forced to stop. I depart today in good spirits. May all rich blessings, spiritual and temporal, be with you and all whom I love, and the true God dwell in all their hearts for evermore.

On the 16th September the passengers of the good ship Caledonia left the Battery, at New York, in a steamboat for the ship, then riding at anchor in the narrows. We were soon on board, and quickly the receding land melted from our view.

Sept. 18. I have just heard of an awful accident which occurred about three o'clock this morning. The sky was dark and tempestuous, the wind was blowing a hurricane. Our hands were all on deck, or on the reeling masts, endeavoring to take in sail, of which much had already been torn to rags by the raging wind. Our vessel was rushing with ungovernable fury through the bursting foam, when from the womb of darkness, a small schooner with mad speed came directly upon our course. A moment of unavailing agony, and with a terrible jar our bows met; a short and fierce struggle, and we tore by, carrying down a shower of her spars, our own bowsprit shivered to pieces; she could scarce be distinguished as she drove round by our side, and in a moment she was hidden in darkness. In the morning no traces were seen of the unfortunate vessel. May God grant her a deliverance. No wreck, no spar was upon the wide sea. She was lost in the distance, or buried forever in the bottomless deep. But all who walked her deck that night in fancied security, were not now amongst the probationers of life. Judge the horror that pervaded every mind, when the first light of morning that was sprinkled on the waters, discovered to our view amongst the tangled rigging that trailed along our bows, a human being, crushed to pieces, bloody and frightful to look upon; so dreadfully mutilated was he, that it was not deemed best, or no one had the heart to take him on board. The ropes were drawn up which held him, and he sank in the deep, to rise no more until the morning of the resurrection. Thus

was a soul unwarned, hurried in a moment from time to eternity. Truly life is but a vapor that continueth but an instant, and then passeth away.

Sept. 19. A lovely day. The breeze is truly delicious. The heavens are of the softest blue; a few snowy clouds float over its bosom; here and there the sea-bird dips his white pinions in the azure deep, or with many circles now hovers near our bark, now is lost beneath the distant horizon. The waters are surpassingly beautiful. The swimming liquid drinks in the colors of the sky, even as eye takes life and rapture in from eye. As the smile and mirth of childhood quickens the parent's heart, stirring the deepest feelings of his nature, so the life and playfulness of this bright sea, its heaving bosom, its transparent waves, its varied, rich and melting hues, like liquid pearl swimming with gems, fills me with admiration and joy. If this, the thing created, swells thus with life and beauty, what then art thou, its great progenitor! In all things infinite, holy, just, and good.

Sept. 23. I was pleased this morning by the remark of a gentleman, exhibiting kindness and real politeness of feeling, (though I fear nothing more.) He observed, "Well, I hope you have not heard me use any profane language lately?" I replied, "I am happy to say, sir, that I have not," adding a word or two more. A few days since I had taken the liberty in a private manner, of pointing out to him the nature of the irreverent mention of God's most holy name, especially the fearful remembrances it would occasion at death, and before the bar of the King of kings. We begin to have discussions and conversations on the great subject of religion occasionally on board. I prefer the latter altogether; the effect is much more salutary, and the impression much more

deep. If it was not for the wine, something might be hoped.

Sabbath, Sept. 26. — Noon. We expected to have had prayers this morning on board, but from various circumstances have not been able. We anticipate, however, that pleasant solemnity, this afternoon. I must confess that in view of it, my mind has been in a very trembling state; but I feel now more strong in the Lord, relying on his presence and guidance. I humbly hope that God may bless the exercise, with his accompanying and powerful spirit, to the conviction of some of my dying fellow men, and to the edification of those of his people who are on board.

Sept. 28. We were not able to have prayers, as was the desire of my heart, as I think I may say, notwithstanding the fears with which I should have conducted that solemn and interesting service, on Sabbath afternoon. It was rainy and drizzly. Thinking that some good however might be done, I went down into the hold where the steerage passengers were collected, though a most foul and disagreeable place, and to an attentive audience, read the "Dairyman's Daughter." The scene was impressive to my mind, and attended with pleasant and soothing recollections. On closing, I said a few words on the influence which I hoped the tract might exert on the eternal destinies of some present, and then left it with one of them, silently praying that God would accept the poor service for the sake of his dear Son, and sanctify it to the hearts of many.

I have just visited the same place again, to see a sick man, and afford him some of the little comforts which God in his goodness has dispensed to me. The richest satisfaction which wealth, or a removal from sharp want produces, is that content and joy of mind, and holy

peace, which the supply of hunger, or the alleviation of pain in the poor and sick around, gives to him, who though rich in substance, desires like Christ, to be poor in spirit. I am sure that the little kindnesses and gifts of this morning will be blessed to my spiritual advancement, for I certainly desired to give willingly, in God's name. I find that even on the contracted deck of a ship, there is room to exercise all of the christian graces. I pray that none of these bright jewels may be dimmed by me.

Sept. 30. Very gusty and unpleasant, but favorable for a rapid voyage. We are now, on the fourteenth day of our passage, about seven hundred miles from land. A week, and God sparing our lives, and continuing favorable breezes, and we shall place foot on the far-famed shores of England.

I long for land and the companionship of those illustrious men with whom I hope to associate. I long once more to meet Christians. Absence from holy society teaches us how to prize it. Little have I heard here about God, or Christ, or heaven, except in some discussion which I occasionally contrive to introduce, to lead their minds, not from indifference to opposition, but by giving a serious turn to the argument, to reflection and seriousness.

October 3. Yesterday read the Scriptures and united in prayer with the passengers of the cabin, the sea being too rough to hold a general meeting on deck. Felt deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, though somewhat incommoded and interrupted by the heavy plunges of the vessel. The services seemed to fix a seriousness upon those present — but dinner and wine tends fearfully to check those thoughtful and grave emotions which such a scene in the breast of a guilty and

frail creature must inevitably excite. We have many discussions on board, which draw out truth, and lead me more and more to admire the beauty and harmony of all its parts. He who carries out the philosophy of the Bible, need never shrink from the results to which it will lead him; for truth is always consistent with itself. It is too little, not too full and fair investigation that finds inextricable difficulties. Thus is it in the Bible; full information of all its parts is certainly followed by a perception of the truth, wisdom, excellence and harmony of the whole.

October 5. We are now just running by Tuscar light, on the southeast part of Ireland, with a fair sky and fine breeze. How different from yesterday. On Tuesday morning, about seven o'clock, we saw land for the first time; it was the southwestern coast of Ireland. The sun rose from the sea with great splendor — over the broad sky not a cloud was to be seen. A dim line of haze only skirted the horizon. Yet this was soon rolled over the heavens, the sun was hidden — deep mists hung all around — gusts of wind were frequent, and fitful showers completely drenched our canvas, and drove us to the cabin for protection. The captain deemed it prudent to make an offing, and made about thirty or forty miles southeast from the iron bound coast of Ireland. The precaution was a fortunate one. About half past four the wind began to blow a tremendous gale. Black and massive clouds drove fearfully over the heavens. The rage of the ocean was terrific. Its waves, of a deep green, would rise like mountains, with their threatening tops around us, when a fierce wind blowing as if over high piles of snow, they would be broken to pieces, and the foam would fly like clouds over the deep.

In the midst of this wild scene, when anxiety was

marked on every countenance, the sun burst out with awful magnificence. Never did I witness anything so solemn and impressive. It appeared to me like the coming of the " Son of Man," at the last day. At length the wind began to subside, and fortunately to change. We had been driving with ungovernable speed towards the Irish coast; a few hours, and our strong ship would have been shivered to pieces where the Albion and its crew found destruction and watery graves. Thus day by day do God's mercies continue to preserve us. How often have I thought with tranquillity as the winds and waves vexed themselves; and the clouds blackened, " who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as it had issued forth out of the womb?" Even the hearer of prayer, who still hath the balancing of the clouds, and the restraining of the deep.

In the afternoon of the fifth, we came in view of the mountainous coast of Wales. Here we beheld at a distance, through a dim veil of mist, the summits of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales. In the evening we stood by Holyhead, and the next morning we were entering the harbor of Liverpool.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival in the Mersey — Liverpool — Eagle Hotel at Liverpool — The Adelphi — Carriages — Cemetery at Liverpool — Society at Liverpool —Public Buildings — Nelson's Monument — Custom House — Markets.

After a voyage of twenty days our ship dropped anchor in the Mersey. The green fields on either side were those of our ancient father-land. A few white and compact villages were scattered along the shores. Here and there mansions embowered in trees, and with lawns and gravel-walks before them, with one or two church steeples, peeping up above the thick foliage, gave a picturesque beauty to the scene. Green hedges of hawthorn supplied the place of our wooden fences and stone walls; the fields were not planted with apple orchards as thickly as in our own land, but the regular furrows with which nearly the whole landscape was sketched over, indicated a high state of cultivation. The undulations were soft, and if therefore less striking than the steep hill sides, retired valleys, and melting lines of beauty which distinguish our scenery, they at least communicated a spirit of unity and studied proportion to the whole view.

The scene would have been much easier pencilled than those usually found in the vicinity of our cities; because where there were villages the houses are not merely clustered together, but stood side by side in undeviating lines, and instead of our lovely white cots and villas, a few prom-

inent mansions reigned over the whole scene. We were near enough to one of these to see a servant in livery leading up a pair of saddle horses, on which a gentleman and lady mounted and rode gracefully off, until we lost sight of them behind a grove of trees. "I declare," said a fellow-countryman on board, "that lady wears her husband's hat capitally." And I afterwards remarked that this was the usual head-dress of ladies when on horseback. It was singular to my eyes, but it certainly had an air of security.

The day was delicious. A few white clouds only floated over the blue sky, casting their flying shade over the green fields and bright water. It seemed to lend a sweeter loveliness to the scene. In the midst of this transparent air there was a dense cloud. It rose up amongst a forest of masts, lines of houses, turrets, and steeples; it was the smoke, which like an evil spirit, hangs day and night over the great city of Liverpool.

A little black steamer now came briskly up to us. It was a custom-house boat. It received our letters and also the cabin passengers, and in a few minutes we were running rapidly by the docks, whose massive walls of stone shut up the shipping of this commercial metropolis. Here and there the large basins communicated by tide gates with the water of the river. The regular character of these docks, and the peculiar slope given to the yards of all the vessels which fill them, has an imposing appearance. You discover the extent of its commerce at a glance. Perhaps this unity made it appear to me more extensive than it really was; for my impression was that the shipping in the harbor at that time did not fall much short of that of New York and Boston combined. I was disappointed with the appearance of the stores along the docks. They were built of brick,

but the brick was not only irregular in shape when compared with ours, but its face was rough and much soiled with dust and coal smoke. A dark piazza ran along their front, the face of the buildings resting on square pillars.

As far as we could see all was bustle. Heavy drays and large wagons drawn by huge horses loaded with cotton, thundered over the pavements; and a thousand blended sounds assailed our ears as we reached our landing place. A grim crowd awaited us there — forty or fifty drivers held up their whip handles to engage our attention. "Coach, your honor," "Coach, sir," were reiterated by as many voices from persons whose dirty hands and faces and ragged garb did not offer a flattering promise for the beauty and cleanliness of their vehicles. Their claim to our notice was disputed by about a hundred or two other persons ranging far beneath them in personal cleanliness.

Such a set of characters were perhaps never collected in our country. A dozen thrust themselves forward, "Shall I carry your baggage, your honor," "your umbrella;" "Shall I show you to the Adelphi, to the Mersey Hotel," &c., cried others; here were women ready to sell the "gemmen" oranges, and here the suspicious children of the wandering nation ready to buy "old clothes;" in all a motley group. This was not so painful. But to regard the group of ragged, wretched, lame and miserable creatures that had collected round us, as if we had been the last resource upon which their hopes rested, this was enough to rend one's heart. For such piteous tones and fearful accounts of their famishing condition I never before heard faltered forth from the tongues of human beings. It was the first phalanx of a class, that I afterwards found eating the bread of bitter-

ness in large numbers through all the cities of Great Britain. Trained as our eyes are to see only well fed — decent and comfortable persons, even in the lowest rank in America, walking amongst the grim assemblage of an English crowd, even what is really elegant and neat is for a period almost unnoticed, until the first shock which so much distress and poverty makes on the feelings has subsided. An Englishman, so far as respects his enjoyment of what is beautiful, is disciplined into an entire disregard for these elements, which enter into the texture of their social system, to dim its glory. He only sees what is splendid; all the meanness thrown over it by surrounding want, he is accustomed to disregard, as much as if it did not exist. If it was not so he would be continually miserable. But it stares an American in the face in every street. This dark veil hides for a period all the grandeur that stands towering up behind it. I found it precisely so in my case.

We succeeded in separating ourselves from nearly all the rabble that had at first surrounded us, though one or two of the more professional or more hungry beggars harassed our march through several of the shorter streets. Three things struck me, in particular, as soon as I entered Liverpool, viz: the large size and powerful appearance of the dray horses; the vast extent and prison-like aspect of the ware houses, and the convenience and stability of their docks. But while the ware houses were so immense, the streets were narrow and choked up; the side walks by men, women and children, nearly all of whom were clothed in wretched garments, whilst the pavement was thickly covered with carts and wagons heavily laden with cotton and merchandize. A narrow strip of sky gray with smoke shone dimly above, lighting up the street, it is true, but not with that transparent

brightness which cheers even the purlieus of our towns. The shops in these streets had a contracted and indigent air. We decided to go to the "Adelphi," one of the best houses in Liverpool. On the way we passed through two handsome streets, much like parts of Broadway in New York, or Washington Street in Boston. In the coffee room I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman, who had been a fellow student with me at Andover.

There is no place where one is more independent than in an English hotel. If he has money enough he can command everything. We might have such houses if we desired them; perhaps they would be frequented and be profitable, but they are not suited to, at least they do not grow out of, our national character. They are the legitimate germ of English feeling. In England, condition, title and wealth are everything; character, person, humanity comparatively nothing. All yields to the dazzle of wealth and hereditary influence. This aristocracy predominates everywhere. Its spirit communicates itself to everything. See its genius in a Hotel. You are met at the door by the waiter. He measures at a glance your condition. He looks out to see whether you have come in your own carriage with livery, or post it in style. He watches the postilions to estimate the height of your dignity by the profoundness of their obeisance. And they do not leave the house till they have told him what you have paid them, and all other things which they know about you. In short he looks at the hack that you have come in; at the silver you pay for it; at your baggage, dress, and deportment, and scores you down accordingly; or, in the pithy language of an Englishman, "he sets you down as a porter, port-wine and water, or champaigne customer at once, and treats you at that rate, until you have fixed your own standard, by what you call for." If

you do not immediately ask for the "travellers' room," or for the "coffee room," he inquires, "Will you see your chamber, sir." The bell is pulled; the chamber-maid appears, and you are conducted to an apartment suited to their estimate of your rank. If you do not like it, you are shown to another of higher price, and you are sure to get a very complaisant smile from the chamber-maid if you move like one that intends to pay well. They do not like too many "thank you's," thinking that when courtesy is too current, coin is rare. And if you have many needs, coats to be dusted, shoes to be cleaned, and trifles to be done, even if you pay no more for it, it purchases their respect, and satisfies them that you intend giving them their fees. Of such a person their opinion is, "he 's a gentleman, he will pay for our services."

The "coffee room" is arranged in the same style. After seeing my room I descended to it. It was a large and handsome apartment, with about ten or twelve tables, capable of accommodating four persons each; these were all covered with elegant white cloths, with knives and silver forks and spoons. At some of them parties of gentlemen were sitting, each group apparently as much alone as if they only, occupied the room. At others was seen but a single individual. I sat down at one of the tables. "Waiter, I 'll thank you to bring me breakfast." "What will you have, sir?" said he in reply; for the price of breakfast, and particularly other meals, is regulated by what one calls for. If you say "coffee and rolls," you pay forty cents; if you add "eggs, or such meat as you have prepared," you are charged six cents more; if you call for other things, you pay according to their relative value. There are no fixed hours; come in when you may, and call for what you choose, if it is to be obtained in the market, it is immediately pro-

vided. You are perfectly independent; you may have all, if you are rich enough to pay for all. There you sit alone; eat your dinner, pick over your nuts and raisins, and read the newspapers; no one thinks of you, speaks to you, or even looks at you. All keep aloof. They don't know you. Perhaps you are lower in the scale of importance than themselves. Such persons would of course feel uncomfortable at Bunker's or the Tremont's elegant table, with so many persons brought into juxtaposition with them, of whom they were ignorant. They would esteem it almost the compromise of their dignity to speak. It is not strange then that their public room differs from ours. It is not a matter of caprice, but it arises from the character of the people. It is a germ from the spirit of their constitution. Both the English and Americans are generous by nature; but English laws and institutions very naturally confine their courtesy to the circle of their acquaintance; whilst ours, on the contrary, give us a freedom of manner towards all men, which no circumstances ever disturb.

The accommodations of the Adelphi were excellent; the tables were laid with elegance, and the servants of the coffee room, or waiters, as they are uniformly called, very attentive and respectful. After breakfast I walked to the upper part of the town with my American companion to visit the cemetery. The city in this direction had more the air of Boston or New York than the streets which I had hitherto seen. In general, however, the houses, which were arranged like our own, in connected streets or retired "*courts*," were not so elegant as the ranges which distinguish our cities. They were not so much adorned by beautiful porticoes, piazzas, and blinds as our habitations. Their brick was not so smooth; it was rarely painted white, nor was it sustained on granite

bases, which is so common — rather, so universal with us; nor were the handles of the door and bell knobs so often plaited with silver as is usual in our cities. Yet if in general the houses through the city fell beneath our own in brightness and beauty, nevertheless, it was the case that here and there, there were houses of uncommon splendor, which would have surpassed our most expensive buildings. I expected this. Wealth is monopolized by the few; hence we find uncommon grandeur, then uncommon plainness, then uncommon wo. There is not that beautiful gradation of style which characterizes everything at home. You would look, therefore, for shoeless beggars and brilliant equipages. And you find them. Here comes a splendid carriage! How it whirls along. It has four horses. Two "jockeys" bestride them, bobbing up and down as they kick and spur along at a furious rate. These are a singular genus, much the same all over England. They are accoutred with a round riding cap, short blue pea-coat, tight buckskin breeches, white top-boots, spurs, and short whip, and with a round red face, just suited to their habiliments. The footman peered up proudly behind. He looks with elevated disdain upon all beneath his conspicuous station; for lo! his gold laced hat, his new blue coat profusely decorated with the same, his red velvet breeches, his white silk stockings, his polished shoes, and his unsullied wash-leather gloves, behold the man of place and dignity! It stopped at a splendid house which we were passing. One "jockey" sprung from his horse. The footman tripped down from behind, and pulled the bell, and a kindred spirit opened the door, bowing his powdered head most complacently. The carriage door was opened, and a very beautiful, graceful, and elegantly dressed young lady was handed out. She entered, and we passed on, whilst the

two lacqueys exchanged compliments together on the steps. We admired her fine color and the elegant simplicity of her dress. This seemed to me always the noble characteristic of English ladies of the first rank. An elegant simplicity of taste. Not so much of the French diversity of dress. Beauty is never so attractive, as when simply, yet elegantly adorned; it shines like the diamond out of the chaste gold which it decorates.

On the way, we passed one or two handsome churches, built in the modern style. In general they were more showy in their exterior than our own; they were also larger than our churches, but they were not so thickly scattered through the city, nor were their internal decorations so becoming and elegant. For instance, it is very unusual to see a church richly carpeted, to see one or more windows hung with rich curtains, and to find the beautiful and chaste mahogany pulpits which ornament our churches. It is true some of the pews, with their rich crimson cushions and velvet lining, equal our most beautiful ones, but there is a bareness over the larger part of them, that makes a sad contrast with the handsome pews of a church in any of our large cities or towns. The Cemetery, which we had now reached, occupied a very favorable situation. It stood in the highest part of the city. It is removed in a great degree from the business, bustle, dirt, and wretchedness through which we had passed. The houses around had a more cheering aspect. The air had a freer circulation, and the brightness of the sunshine poured light over the scene. Even the thunder of the agitated city was softened down by the distance into a soothing hum. Here stood the receptacle of the dead. It was inclosed by a low granite wall, surmounted by an iron railing. Its gateways were in the Egyptian style. From the ex-

terior we discerned nothing else than a Grecian temple and a beautiful porter's lodge, in excellent keeping with the genius of the place. Along the borders, there were smooth gravel walks, shaded by trees, and their sides, which were tastefully laid out, adorned with flowers of sweetest hue. No one touches these. Even the little children stooped down and gazed at them, and left them uninjured. "Oh! how pretty," said a sweet little child near me, looking up in the face of her brother, who was a few years older; "Ma loved flowers so, too." "Yes," said he, "and pa says that these are sacred to ma's memory." And may they rest there unharmed, thought I, beautiful and touching remembrancers of the delicate being that once loved you! I did not pass away without feeling an interest in this unknown grave and unknown occupant. Her love for these beautiful plants indicated at least the existence of one bond of sympathy between us.

We stood near the temple. A deep excavation lay beneath us. It is cut through the solid rock. It is five hundred feet long, and fiftytwo feet in depth. Inclined carriage roads twine round the sides, passing three successive galleries of catacombs before reaching the burial-place beneath, which is laid out in flower beds and shrubberies, from whose grateful shade the white marble funeral urns and columns rose with a sweet and chastened soberness. We descended. "How suitable an entrance to the place," said my companion, as we passed through a gallery cut in the solid rock, whose length had changed the intense light of day into the solemn obscurity of parting twilight. It ushered us once more into the light; but how changed! If there are flowers and shrubbery on one side of the carriage way, on the other are the silent mansions of the dead, hewn out of the massive rock. A flat marble slab in the lower

part of the cemetery formed the unconspicuous monument of the illustrious Huskisson. The whole scene is deeply impressive. It is at once grand, simple, solemn, and beautiful. It was converted into its present character at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars. It was formerly a stone quarry, whose resources being nearly exhausted, it was very judiciously converted to its present purpose.

Of the society of Liverpool I can say but little. As far as I came in contact with it, I found it refined and agreeable. There is perhaps no city in England where America is more justly appreciated. Our commerce fills its docks, and our merchants move in its society; they are therefore under more favorable circumstances for forming correct opinions of our resources and refinement than residents of other cities in England. A lady of that city once said to me, whilst conversing upon the prejudices, or at least the ignorance of the English of our character, "I have had an opportunity of seeing a great deal of American society; and I am ready to confess that I have always found the gentlemen intelligent and polite, and the ladies peculiarly delicate and attractive in their manners. From what I have seen of your best society, which I do not perceive to differ from that of our highest circles, I think our opinions of your national character must be incorrect."

Respecting the public buildings, I will say but little. They did not strike me so favorably as I had expected. Perhaps my anticipations had been too high. The most imposing is the Town House, with its fine cupola at the head of Castle Street. Though of the Corinthian order, its elegance is still of the sterner kind. Its base is of rustic masonry, which gives it a massive air; and the dark stone of which the whole is built, adds to the sta-

bility, if not to the beauty of the building. A colossal figure of Britannia presides over its swelling dome. Its interior, though chiefly occupied by the local authorities, has a superb ball room for public levees and parties. Behind the Town Hall is a large flagged square. It is inclosed by an elegant and extensive building, whose three fronts overlook this open space. These form the Liverpool Exchange. The Exchange buildings concentrate in an admirable manner all the offices and facilities, which commercial men have occasion for, in the speedy transaction of business. The news room is a splendid hall ninetyfour feet by fiftytwo. The middle of the room is unoccupied; elegant tables liberally supplied with magazines and newspapers, are ranged along the sides; many gentlemen were sitting in chairs by these, or walking up and down the centre of the apartment. The ceiling being supported by five fine columns gave it a spacious and noble air. The admirable arrangement and extensive scale of this useful room, indeed of the whole building and its appurtenances must communicate a fine tone to the commercial enterprise of the place. Such buildings answer for standards of a nation's enterprise, whilst they tend largely to increase it. A city is therefore deeply indebted to the individual who projects a noble institution in its midst—for it gives an activity and enlargedness of feeling upon all kindred enterprises. We are under high obligations to our late distinguished Mayor, Josiah Quincy, for the spirit which his uncompromising grandeur of design has infused into our character. Acting in the genius of it, let us dare to erect a commercial building inferior to none in the world. Why should it not be so?

A monument to the memory of the illustrious Nelson occupies the centre of the square. It is of bronze; its

design violates all the principles of correct taste. After a while, out of the mass of savage figures, one detects the barbarous meaning of the artist. A fearful representation of death triumphs over the dying victor ; Britannia stands weeping behind, whilst a British sailor comes up to rescue or avenge the prostrate hero. Banners are floating desolately over them, and anchors, cannon, and naval trophies lie around. This is the idea when extricated from the embryo in which it is left by its designer. How much nobler would a solitary statue have appeared. The total expense of the monument, Exchange, and Town Hall, which may be said to make one great whole, was $1,016,760. The new Custom House is an elegant and extensive building, built of granite like that of Quincy; it is not yet completed, and like other public as well as private buildings in England advances but slowly. The celerity with which we accomplish streets and squares would be incredible in England. I often hesitated in speaking upon such subjects with strangers, almost fearing that my veracity would be doubted.

The old custom house into which I now entered in order to obtain my baggage was but a rude affair. It is a disagreeable matter to pass through the custom house in England. You have to do with menials. And these in England are too often a contemptible class. We have unfortunately formed our opinion of English men, manners, morals, generosity, and refinement from such characters, and by the order of travellers met with in the stages and public houses through the land. Nothing can be more incorrect and unjust. It is true that one meets with many uncultivated and rude men on the outward face of society ; and he must therefore penetrate beyond it in order to discover generosity, as well as deli-

cate feeling, and courteous manners. If he has once an introduction to good society, he enters a region entirely distinct from that which he had before trodden, distinguished by courtesy, cordiality of manner, and high and refined intelligence. Candor demands this early acknowledgment of a truth which I did not at this time distinctly apprehend. I trust that this circumstance will not be lost sight of. It arises from the nature of their political existence and explains the wide difference which exists in the minds of travellers respecting the spirit of English society.

I could not possibly have entered a place where the standard of character is lower than the room of bonds and baggage in which I now stood. Two or three coarse looking fellows, like spiders in a dusty web, hovered round to seize upon the strangers, who have come as visitors to their island. One would suppose that the office they hold would render them honest; or one would imagine, that the honor of their country would make them civil and upright. Not so. A man with a wooden leg hobbled up to me — as he took the keys of my trunk and travelling bag — he hemmed and shuffled and gave a knowing wink, still keeping his hand wide open. "I believe it is all right, sir," I said. He turned the key, opened the trunk, and began to look over the things. It was quite a farce. He scarce touched anything, but ever and anon gave me a gentle touch with his wooden member by way of suggestion. Seeing that I did not take the hint, he begins to pry into the trunk — there were several books in it. He seizes upon these — "Books, hem! not allowed, something to pay on these" — another touch with the leg; "large number, could n't think of passing these." The hint began to take effect, his elbow was at work against my side and

one hand came down to receive " a husher ;" it was not worth disputing about, so I put some silver into his hand. It rang over every nerve, brightened up his eyes and wits to such an extent that he saw at once that the books were " too few to be worth naming," &c. However, before I left the room I had two or three tips on the nose from the under-craft, with " Hey ! all right, sir ; all right, sir." One bolder than the rest pursued us into the street, and demanded a shilling of us as a matter of right ; " for I ought to have been employed as your porter ; I do the waiting there, your honors, and when the gentlemen does n't hire me they pay me as though they did, your honors." " If it is your right," said my friend, " you had better pursue your right ; otherwise, you had better be off." And he went growling away.

I visited the markets while in Liverpool. Their exterior is unadorned. Their interior displays great profusion. There was the same admirable arrangement which is to be found in the Boston market ; the same variety of comforts and luxuries, of meats and vegetables which there greets our eyes. There was more game in the market, such as pheasants, hares, &c., than would be commonly found in our own, but not such a variety of water-fowl and fruit. The profusion of the Liverpool market comes all at once on the eye, (for it is square, and is lighted from the roof,) instead of the succession of necessaries and luxuries which meets the eye, in passing through the Boston market. A stranger will often be urged to buy, in walking through an English market, at least, by the fruit and oyster women.

After a few days I decided to visit Manchester, on my route to Scotland. But before leaving Liverpool, I must be indulged with a few general remarks. An American who goes to Liverpool expecting to discover beauty, bril-

liancy, and life impressed on everything, will be disappointed. The importance of that city is not to be estimated in any such way. It undoubtedly possesses a vast amount of wealth. But this must be seen in its costly docks and extensive warehouses, in the canals, that glide with streams of silver into its deep treasure-houses; and in its path-way of iron, which seems beaten into greater stability by the unchecked course of its cars, freighted with the wealth of precious merchandize. Of its politeness and affability he must not take the first outward appearance as the measure. For behind the dark and unprepossessing features which strike him at first, he will find there, if he comes in contact with it, all the sweet courtesies which give a charm to life. Even the very persons whose constraint, under certain circumstances, was disagreeable to his feelings, under different circumstances, he may perhaps admire and love. I offer these remarks as the fruit rather of a second and third visit to Liverpool than as the offspring of my earliest impressions.

CHAPTER III.

Omnibus — Liverpool Rail-way — Porters — Manchester — Mercantile Agents — Reform — Manufactories — Cathedral — Chapel — Waiters — English Villages — Bolton — Factories — Lancaster.

I was now for the first time on the top of a coach, or rather an "omnibus," about to start for the rail-way, which lies a short distance out of the city. After a great bustle the baggage was all arranged, and the dozen porters that had been placing it on the coach, had moved back upon the side-walk. A coach never leaves without at least half a dozen or more of these fellows round, with their low crowned hats or caps shading their immovable features, with a brass plate upon their collar, and a coil of rope under their arm, waiting like trouts under the roots of some tree in the shady stream, for any bait that may float upon the water. It is really as amusing as it is provoking, to see the avidity with which they will seize the baggage from the hands of the porter who has brought it to the office for you, and hoisting it up to a place of security, fix upon yourself with "Remember the porter, your honor." There is no resisting. The coachman, who would scarce wait a moment for anything else, is sure to have something to delay him until all such claims are settled to the satisfaction of this gentry; he then cracks up his whip, whilst half a dozen cry, "all ready,"

and draws up his reins and wheels off at his best speed from his nodding companions.

A ride of about two miles brought us to the entrance of the rail-way. Trains of carriages filled the court into which we were ushered. All was bustle. Porters were transferring the baggage from the "omnibuses" to the cars, whilst gentlemen and ladies were following through the crowd, with a vigilant espionage over their floating property. Our tickets informed us that all porterage would be performed by the servants of the company, free of expense. On getting down from the coach, I was surrounded by a group of porters, reiterating "Move your baggage, sir?" "Change your baggage, your honor?" "Do you belong to the rail-road company?" said I. "Yes, your honor," answered one. "And do you move the baggage of this train?" I said, showing the ticket. "Yes, your honor," was the unhesitating reply. "Very well, arrange these in as secure a manner as possible." He placed the baggage on the top of one of the coaches, and immediately returned to me. "Remember the porter, if you please, sir." I held up the card and read it to him, and turned very calmly away. He followed at once. "But I'm not a regular porter for the rail-road." "You said you worked for the rail-road company." "Ah! I meant, your honor, that I worked for the *company that comes to the rail-road*, not for the rail-road company." "Young man," said I, "your intention was to deceive me; I shall not encourage dishonesty." I soon discov ered that he had placed it on the wrong car. Another porter came up and offered to remove it. I put still more guarded inquiries than to the other, to which he appeared to answer with fairness. He immediately transferred my trunk and valise to its proper place, and came to me for a fee. I refused. He made the same pretences as the

other, but his demand was silenced by the motion of the carriage which left him far behind, to satisfy himself as he best could.

The rail-road commences just at the mouth of a dark gallery, into which we rapidly darted. We passed on for some time through the dark with fearful velocity, when the daylight began once more to glimmer on us, and we soon were flying along, the green fields on either side of us. It was nearly evening when we started, so that the shades of night soon darkened the scene. The motion was both new and agreeable to me. We scarce seemed to touch the earth, whilst the passing objects appeared to whirl by with dizzy swiftness. Occasionally carriages coming from the other direction, shot by us with their sparkling furnaces, leaving a train of smoke and fire behind them. We had scarce time to take note of their presence before they had passed with the *whir* and speed of a sky rocket; *a mist of wagons and faces*, visible for a moment, then gone. They govern these highly accelerated machines with surprising facility. Their speed is not abated until very near the stopping place, yet they *bring up* just before the door, as exactly as if with a coach and horses. We completed the thirty miles in about ninety minutes, including twelve or fifteen stoppages.

I rode in an "omnibus" from the rail-road to the Palace Inn. I selected it because connected with the history of England. The last of the unfortunate line of Stuarts, made this house his head quarters when with his army in Manchester, then an inconsiderable place. I requested to be shown to his room. It is said to remain precisely in the same state as when he occupied it. Possibly it may be true. But it certainly had not a very regal air. The carpet was much worn; the window curtains

rusty; a few decanters and tumblers were on the sideboard; indeed, it seemed left there to mourn over the faded honors of the house of the Stuarts. The house was of but a middling character. It was a "Commercial Inn." Its inmates are therefore a class of men too often mercenary and coarse, yet not without considerable sagacity on some subjects. They are not so often merchants, as agents for merchants, whose whole duty is to traverse the country up and down, doing business and receiving money for the houses to which they belong. A traveller comes very often in contact with this class; therefore, as one is just entering the coffee room, I will describe him, for he is one of many. "Waiter, bring along that bag; is Mr B. here, Mr L., Mr S., Mr P.?" And now a large man with a hard red face, heavy riding coat, and thick boots, came in, with a leather writing case under one arm, and an umbrella in the other hand. He throws his hat, umbrella, and writing case on the table, pulls off his great coat, moves up to the fire, (the evening was cool,) rubs his hands, turns round once or twice, seizes one of the tables nearest the fire, calls for "boots," and a newspaper, and something to eat; and there he sits, (as if there were not a dozen persons in the room with him,) writing away as busy as a merchant's clerk. After finishing his writing, taking his coffee or tea, &c. he soon called for some hot port wine and water. He then began to cast round his eye with some tokens of recovering animation, to see who was near him. Knowing himself to be here amongst his own tribe, he is not so shy as if in other quarters, about commencing a conversation.

"Reform" was the topic of fearful interest. Parliament was resisting the progress of innovation upon established institutions and practices. The passions of the people

were excited, and everything looked dark and lowering. This feeling clouded the conversation which was begun upon the measures of Parliament. It was revolutionary in its character. Indeed I thought that I detected something like hesitation and fear in the countenances of some of the speakers, as they uttered sentiments which but a few weeks before they would have trembled to promulgate in the company of their best friends. I was almost astonished at the acrimony with which they spoke of lords and hereditary titles. "The bill must pass," said one; "it shall pass, and if these Lords resist it they ought to fall." "And they will, for the people in Birmingham and London wont flinch any longer. I know a man that has on hand twentyfive thousand bayonets, that he 'll give to whoever asks for one, if things don't go on right." "But," said another, sarcastically, "will he take them back again, as soon as the nobility are coerced? and will they return quietly to their work and homes, or will they prefer ours? I have not thought so coolly of reform for a long time, as when I was at Birmingham and saw that dense mob, rankling under the pressure of their grievances, and borne along by the passions of a few desperate men." "I don't know; there may be a fearful struggle, but I've made up my mind to it, if it must come. We are pressed to death by taxes to support idle lords and wicked bishops, and therefore if it comes, let it come; it can't be worse than it is." The conversation continued much in this strain, the one becoming bitterly violent, the other urging the danger of hasty changes.

I do not feel disposed to say much of Manchester. It was to me still less pleasing than Liverpool. The number of its factories, however, is astonishing. I will not attempt a description of any of them; but I must say in general that their machinery did not appear so new as

that of the manufactories at Lowell, whilst the appearance of the workmen was altogether such as I had been led to anticipate by the dark descriptions which have been drawn of them. How different from the well dressed, healthy factory girls of our manufacturing towns. I could not but anxiously inquire into the cause. If it originates in the nature of the factories themselves, better had our wheels cease, and the busy shuttle move no more; better those bright towns, which like Aladdin's palace have sprung up as it were by magic in a single night, with factories, and stores, and dwelling-houses, and churches, filled with an active, moral, and happy population, should be merged in the wilderness again, and our maidens go back to their rural habitations, and our young men go forth with the morning to scatter the grain, and follow the plough through the yielding furrow. But I do not believe, though I certainly did at first, that this poverty, and paleness, and debility, arises from *the very nature of factories*. On the contrary I conceive it can be distinctly traced in the English system, to other causes. I will briefly enumerate them. 1st. It is actually known that even very young children are employed in labor from ten to fourteen hours a day. 2d. But a small proportion of them attend to the sacred duties of the Sabbath. 3d. Temperance Societies are scarce known and hardly at all encouraged by the owners of these factories. 4th. Comparatively few of them are instructed even in the earliest rudiments of education. 5th. The influence of the poor laws; and lastly, nearly the whole weight of taxation in England falls upon the poor. I will not touch the matter further at this time, as I shall throw out hints upon these subjects in connexion with conversations which I enjoyed with distinguished men in England upon those topics.

I visited two spots in Manchester with no little interest. The one was its venerable cathedral. The two cities which I have spoken of are comparatively new, and having grown up like those on our side of the ocean, from modern commerce and enterprise, were not full of those old institutions and ruins, of which our earliest fathers loved to speak; monuments with which the history and character of those noble spirits were connected. I turned from the noise of the crowded street, and soon stood before the ancient cathedral. It was a striking picture of the era in which it was erected. It was grand, but it was a misty grandeur. A thousand fretted pinnacles rose from its roof, whilst over its pointed arch doorway and windows, and along the cornice, grim figures of priests and griffins, with many a singular device, gave it an expression better suited to the spirit of its own age than of ours.

As I walked over the time-worn pavements, I saw by the nearly effaced memorials of death engraved on each slab, that I was upon ground consecrated to sepulture and silence. The sober strains of sacred music floated with lengthened cadence from the cathedral, and as its notes melted on the air, seemed to be the breathings of the spirit that watched over the place of tombs. I passed under one of the low portals of the ancient pile, and entered the vestry. A low partition of carved oak, surmounted by an antique iron railing, separated it from the choir. The gray stone beneath my feet, with its wasted and melancholy emblems, borrowed a more pleasing character from the soft and blending colors which the stained windows imparted to the light; whilst the busts, statues, coats of arms, and funeral devices upon the wall lay in a dim and sober shade. The interior, though divided into several parts, has nevertheless a general air

of unity, so that the remotest parts of the church are seen ; and I thought that the dimly lighted altar and walls in a distant part of the building received a finer shading from the leaves and flowers of the iron railing through which they were viewed. The organ was hushed, or its sounds melted forth only from its lowest keys, as I entered the choir, where the priest and chanting boys in their white robes were performing the solemn and elevating service of the morning. The house was almost empty, but the sounds reverberated with higher effect through the lofty chancel and distant galleries. There was a chilling indifference in the manner of the priest which contrasted strikingly with the general solemnity of the scene. He finished, and hurried off with a rapid step, whilst one or two aged persons remained, wrapped in contemplation and prayer. This has its origin in the nature of their church system. For the influence of a church establishment is perhaps as pernicious in deteriorating the character of the clergy, as it is dangerous in checking the natural enlargement of the church. But before leaving England I consider this subject worthy of a careful, and somewhat statistical treatment, and shall therefore only observe at present that the increasing spiritual necessities of a nation can never be adequately supplied from the cold hand of a careless and otherwise occupied government.

This then, thought I, as I walked up and down the aisle, is a relic from the days of Henry IV. This is the type of Christianism as it existed then. Vast in its cathedrals, splendid in its shrines, grand in its ceremonies, severe in its penances, and awful in its heavenly authority ; it excited the imagination and at the same time rendered the morals lax, and the manners austere.

Here then is one of the effects of a principle which once made so constituent a part of this nation's character.

Whilst these feelings occupied my mind I left the cathedral and hurrying through the busy streets, directed my steps to a distant part of the city. After passing by many an immense warehouse and factory, over many a canal bridge and through many a motley group sprinkled with the occasional uniform of a dragoon or grenadier, I arrived at an eminence which commanded a view of a part of the city. I looked forth upon the hundred furnace and factory pipes that poured their smoke and fire into the misty canopy of clouds above the city. I saw the massive buildings on every side. I heard the deep murmur of the town, the active working of ten thousand looms, and the unceasing sound of the mighty engines which shake the air. I had just come from one of the monuments of a very different age, but though no massive tower rose here to indicate the spirit of the epoch, I felt under the spell of history, and the deep tide of time rolled back in my mind to the days when the brazen legions of Cæsar fortified their camp there. What a spot to stand upon and remember the unconquered eagle, the eternal city! "O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!" It is on such ground that one powerfully apprehends the power of a *principle* over the interest of nations.

Sabbath Morning. Took a solitary breakfast. Made some inquiries about the most distinguished clergy. Decided to attend divine service at Dr Jack's chapel. Shops were closed as in our cities, and the town presented a striking contrast to the bustle of the week. The people appeared better clothed also, but still there was nothing of the general air of comfort and affluence

which brightens our streets upon a Sabbath morning. The bells were pealing in the air from many a spire as I reached the chapel. I readily secured a seat through the courtesy of a gentleman who perceived that I was a a stranger. The house was plain even to bareness; although the appearance of the audience was highly respectable. The ladies were less showily dressed than with us, but I thought their simple elegance rendered them more pleasing than when adorned with a floating array of ribbons and laces. The Doctor was absent and a young gentleman from Edinburgh conducted the services. His sermons were simple and evangelical. His manner was easy and his gestures appropriate. He used no notes and appeared to deliver his sentiments from memory. Several handsome equipages were at the door with liveried servants, when we came out.

The next morning I rose at five o'clock to take the stage for Edinburgh. Before leaving, I was met in the entry by the various expectants of fees, ready if I had forgotten them, to put in their claims, as, "Remember the waiter if you please, sir," "Chamber-maid, if you please, sir." It is usual to pay the waiter eleven cents for his services at each meal, whilst the chamber-maid receives twice that sum as her remuneration. Where a house is much frequented, the servants not only do not expect wages, but even pay a handsome salary for their situation. As they are entirely dependent on the generosity of the guests, they are exceedingly attentive and civil in the performance of their duties. However, it is annoying to a stranger, perhaps I may say to any traveller, to have these little items to attend to amidst the bustle of departure.

The coachman and guard were equipped with laced hats, red frock coats with gold lacing, breeches and

white top boots. I may add that they were fine portly looking fellows. "All right," and one blew his horn and the other cracked his whip, with notable emphasis; and off we drove at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The environs of the town were handsome. Elegant houses were strewn along the road, with grounds laid out with great taste; the honeysuckle twining round the columns of the portico, and the roses trained to the wall, gave a sweet perfume to the air, whilst they communicated a touching and living beauty to the house. In the grounds, great attention is paid to the gravel walks, which are bordered with flowers and evergreens. The green hawthorn hedge has a very neat and picturesque air. These, almost universally supply the place of our wooden fences; here and there however, the family residences are surrounded by high stone walls. We passed through numerous towns and villages. The villages are of two characters, very distinct from each other. Those of one class are by no means interesting. The houses are built of stone or mortar, and compacted closely together, forming a few long streets at right angles with each other. The houses have a bare appearance, and are covered with stone tiles. The streets are paved; and the boys go pattering up and down them with their high wooden soles, making a singular sound. These streets are occupied by colliers, or by the lower class of peasantry, who work in the fields, scattered along for some miles in every direction. They form a very humble and hard working class, unlike any body of farmers or peasants in our country.

The other description of villages is very pleasing. A few humble dwellings may indeed be found there; but these even, will indicate more taste in their occupants; as a vine, or honeysuckle, or rose bush, steals up to

breathe a fragrance, and shed a beauty over the quiet cottage. Nothing diffuses such an air of happiness and contentment over a humble homestead, as the rose bush, jessamine, or honeysuckle. The other houses are generally constructed of a light freestone; stand secluded amongst trees, and displaying considerable architectural taste, add great beauty to the scene. Often a village will be mainly composed of such buildings. In such cases, they seem presented to the eye, to afford a finer relief to the richly cultivated grounds amongst which they stand. The striking feature of such a lovely spot is its truly poetic finish. Everything is as complete as if it was all done by the power of magic at once. Nothing is out of its place. There are no withered leaves on the gravel walks; no broken branches, or sticks, or straw in the road; no piles of wood, or boards, or coal, before the houses; but everything of that kind is kept out of sight; whilst the grass plat is cropped smooth, the vines beautifully trained, the flowers arranged with pleasing taste, and the trees carefully preserved; so that the ancient church with its clustering ivy, and the bright and cheerful habitations interspersed amongst these delicious shades, seem like some gray-haired sire, surrounded by his happy posterity, joyfully alive to the beauty of the scene. English poetry partakes of the genius of these places. It formed its character here. We see at once why it does not breathe the misty grandeur of the German, and we sympathize at once more deeply with Cowper, and Goldsmith, and Kirk White.

The striking difference between an English and American village is, that the one is finished, whilst the other is in a state of progression. And let our villages arrive at any degree of beauty possible, even far exceeding that of transatlantic ones, of loveliest expression, yet

this will still be the distinction for ages to come. For their's is the stage of stability, our's the era of mobility; and therefore our country will move, brightening along a pathway of increasing splendor, as long as peace and the vigor of a healthful morality permit us to draw forth from the inexhaustible resources of our father-land.

We dashed on all day at an exhilarating rate, over a McAdamized road, through a variety of such villages as I have described, occasionally taking in towns of a different character. We breakfasted at one of these. Bolton is a town of about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is one of the germs of manufacturing enterprise. It has neither the extent or beauty of one of our towns of a similar character and population. Its houses were badly grouped. The bricks were rough and much soiled by coal smoke, and the windows being destitute of blinds, had a bare appearance. An English town of this description, with its mighty factories, and machinery of wealth, crowded by artisans of no attractive mood, resembles some rich mine, except that it is above ground. Because those who toil amongst its golden elements, working up its massive veins of ore, but view its treasures as they float away to distant proprietors; whilst they only eke out, through much hardship, a scanty pittance for themselves and families. This gives, as I have said before, a forbidding aspect to English factory towns, but it is not the fault of the system. The poor laws of England generate a poor population, and still more impoverished by the grasp of an ill appointed revenue. It becomes vitiated for the want of religious institutions commensurate with the necessities of its dense community. Out of the great mass of fermentation which is thus made, the elements of action for factories are gathered. It is not the factories which have created this poverty. They have done their

share to relieve it. And if the base upon which they rest is sound, that is, the laws of the country are wholesome, the distribution of property just, and the morals pure, they will be an ornament and rich resource to the country. They are so with us.

I did not notice that we had exchanged our guard and coachman at Bolton, until as I was getting upon the stage I received an expressive bow from these worthies with the usual "Remember the coachman, if you please," "The guard if you please, sir." They expect as their fee sixpence (eleven cents) every twenty miles. In entering Lancaster another era in the history of civilization is presented to the eye. It was the most interesting old town I had met with. In other places I had caught the glimpses of olden time in the detached fragments which had borne the shock of the centuries which had swept away the lesser parts. But here the whole style and grouping were more characteristic of ancient days. Doubtless there had been efforts towards change, but the spirit of the past had left its influence upon the whole. Even when the houses were new this was evidently perceptible. They were low and antiquated, whilst the dark stain as well as shape of ancient days was on the front of many an old gable. But what threw a character upon all the rest, was the dark majesty of the old castle, which rose up sternly on a broken hill-side in the midst of the town, its black and giant battlements, the relics of dimly distant periods, harmonizing with the massive frame, and misty lines of the huge Gothic church which stands at its side. It would be impossible to present a finer sketch of the predominance of princely and ecclesiastical power, than is here seen in the overtopping castle and chamber, with the crowd of ignoble houses grouped beneath.

The castle of "the red rose," with the surrounding domains, is still a royal patrimony. From this circumstance, though an inconsiderable town, the county sessions are held here, and a member is returned to Parliament. A gentleman upon the coach, from whom I had derived considerable information, in speaking upon the subject, remarked, "the partialities of the King are strong for Lancaster. He will not hear of changes here; with all the claims of Manchester and Liverpool to be the borough town, and with all the advantages that would result from it, he persists in conferring the honor and privilege of it, upon this old hereditary estate, as though the security of the crown had some mystic connexion with the prerogatives of that old feudal castle."

Lancaster certainly made a deep impression on my mind. It was heightened by circumstances. As I entered the town, whilst recollections came across my mind with dark and imposing imagery, whilst the splendor and towering fortunes of the illustrious house, with all the fierce array of battles, clanging armor, glancing spears, and tossing plumes, I heard afar off the blast of the bugle, the deep roll of drums, and the tumultuous out-pouring of martial melody. As its strains rose with wild swell from the lofty and dark battlements of the castle, the sounds of distant cavalry clattered upon the pavement. Presently they came nearer, galloping fiercely down the street. They rode in detached parties; their brazen and steel equipments glancing brightly down the perspective of many a street. As a portion of the regiment moved swiftly by us, I involuntarily drew up in a posture of defence, for their fierce aspect and deadly arms served to give a semblance of reality to my contemplations. It was the regiment of dragoons stationed in Lancaster riding in order to exercise their horses.

I have said that the roads were most excellent: that the towns and villages displayed a variety of character, and that they represented different periods of history and feeling. In order to discern more clearly the distinguishing features of the country, let us look at the landscape in a more idealized and general point of view. And I take the opportunity to remark that the description is the result not of a single, but also of a second and more scrutinizing tour.

Were I endowed with magical power I would take you in lofty flight through the blue air to that white cloud that seems to watch like a guardian spirit over the rugged walls of Lancaster castle. I would bid the dim horizon roll up its shadowy veil and the spirit of sun shine to brighten the distant expanse. Beneath us, behold the thickly grouped houses, the grim castle, and the stately cathedral, as if it were an embodied intelligence, presiding over the golden sands and silver waters by which it stands. At a great distance the Irish Sea rolls its majestic waves along the indented shore. To the south and east the landscape spreads out in soft and unvarying undulations; at the north, the view terminates with the rising hills of Westmoreland.

Over the whole there is a pleasing cultivation. It is true that beautiful groves of fruit trees are not scattered in every direction, and wide forests with opening perspectives, with all that variety of hills, and lakes, and river scenery which diversifies our lovely New England, but there is a finished and tranquil beauty there; there are the busy cities, with silver canal lines, and many an ancient town with its dark spire rising up from amongst the trees; and many a noble mansion or castle surrounded by parks and venerable shades. These are the points of interest and distinction.

CHAPTER IV.

Carlisle — Clergy — Gretna Green — The Scottish Border — Entrance into Edinburgh — Memoirs of Mrs Huntington — Prince Street — Carlton Hill — Lodgings.

The road from Lancaster to Carlisle passed by several old towns, among which Kendal and Kenrith were the most interesting. From these two places many travellers turn off to the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. I delayed my visit until a late period. Carlisle, though an ancient town, mingles the venerable and stern with the modern, in no unpleasing manner. The houses have not the contracted air too common in such towns. The cathedral and old castles give it a proud and commanding air on the one side, and the new court house, a fine stone building with large circular towers, makes a noble point of view from the other. An interesting old castle stands "in melancholy gray, with ivy decked," just outside of the town, connected with many a romantic tale.

As I walked in the evening through the dimly lighted streets, to the market place, to the castle, and to the porch of the old cathedral, I could not but say to myself, "this, then, is Carlisle — this one of the centre spots in English history — this one of the towns which Scott has filled with undying characters — there then perished the sons of the Mist; there the unfortunate and beautiful woman, whose

wrongs have purchased for her the sympathies of the world, poured forth her sorrows in deepest loneliness — there, where she could gaze only on the clouds and sky that hung over her departed crown and native kingdom. This is the spot which has seen the march of so many armies, and has stood the brunt of fierce sieges. And could a student of any of our colleges stand in the sober shade of its ancient cathedral, and remember that here was the scene of Paley's writings, and feel only an ordinary emotion? I will not hide it, that I have scarce ever been affected by anything so deeply as by breathing the air where lived the good and great, and those who have done so, will not smile at the indulgence of strong emotion by the grave of Paley. The celebrated Bishop Law has a tablet to his memory, in the same place.

Carlisle stands near the Solway Firth. Its importance as a commercial town has been recently very much augmented by the formation of a canal suited to vessels of considerable tonnage. Some capital is invested in cottons; but it is more noted for its hats, fish-hooks, and soap, than for anything else. It has a population of about 16,000. A large part of this number are mechanics. But the higher classes are well informed and easy in their manners. When in C. on a second visit I had letters to a gentleman of the place of the highest respectability. He met me with the frankness of a man of the world, and showed me every possible attention during the short period which I remained there. His house was furnished very much as those of American gentlemen of the same standing are, with elegant simplicity. Rich silver plate stood upon his sideboard, a costly and family ornament which the English are very partial to, and fond of displaying. It is a kind of pledge of their good birth, "when antique silver rests upon the board."

He showed me a large and beautiful silver snuff-box, which had been presented to him by the members of the reading room, for his efforts in promoting its interests. It certainly was one of the most splendid that I ever saw, and spoke well of the taste and generosity of his compatriots. The reading room and club house to which he introduced me, was a fine building, of the modern Gothic architecture, well supplied with papers and literary productions, and having private billiard apartments connected with it.

Whilst in Carlisle I went to church with him, in expectation of hearing the celebrated "John Fawcett" preach. Though disappointed in that respect, I was nevertheless gratified by hearing a young gentleman, his assistant, deliver a most able and feeling discourse. He was educated at the University of Dublin. His sentiments were touched with the fire of evangelical truth. Nor is there a doubt in my mind of the fact, that the most talented portion of the trained intellect of the English church, is evangelical in practice and feeling. I do not deny that there abounds much laxness of preaching and character, amongst those who should minister in its holy things, but this I affirm, that it is its cultivated and most talented men who exercise an evangelical influence. Vital piety has, within late years, rested on a deeper and broader foundation than formerly. Perhaps God has thus prepared the way for the change which soon, in the course of events, must take place. It is an interesting circumstance that the active part of the clergy in England are so frequently men of deep piety. Because, when the foundations upon which religion has so long rested are violently removed, those who are best prepared to sustain the conflict of opinion which will ensue, most competent to gather up the scattered elements of the shock and

arrange them in fit relations, are the very men whose genius and piety would infuse the life, and beauty, and moral energy of a redeeming Christianism into the reanimated form. The church system may fall, but these men of God will still continue to ornament the Zion of our God, and a rich field will be opened for their eloquence and burning love.

I took occasion to say to Mr ———, "You are much favored here, sir, in having such a man as Mr Fawcett, and the talented young gentleman whom we have heard, to preside in your midst, in religious concerns." "We are indeed so," he replied; "but this young gentleman is peculiarly our own." "Permit me to inquire your meaning." "Why, Mr Fawcett's duties are so numerous, that it was esteemed necessary he should have an assistant, and as his own salary was very small, the congregation have made up a sum for this gentleman, by voluntary contribution." "But," said I, "is it possible that you live under the shadow of this fine old church, where are the hoarded treasures of ages" — for I presumed that here there were fountains running over with wealth — "and yet find yourselves called upon to maintain your clergy in so extraordinary a manner?" "It is too true, and though I am of opinion that reform is carried on with too hot a hand, I nevertheless think that it may find its way with safety into our church. There is enough for it to do in this place alone. The funds of this church are immense, but they are entirely misapplied. Those who have no claim here, and no duties here, receive all, whilst those who actually perform the service are scarce supported. For instance, the Bishop receives his nine thousand pounds a year, whilst four guineas will pay for the discharge of the weightiest part of his duties by another. He comes down once a year, gives a splendid

dinner, dashes round for a few weeks among the gentry, and then returns to the gayeties and dissipations of London, for the remainder of the year. There are large immunities to others, of as little advantage to the church, whilst Mr Fawcett only receives £200, which would not suffice him, had he not property of his own besides."

We conversed together upon Edinburgh and the continent, both of which we had visited, and of which he spoke discriminately. Of America he said but little, and his questions and remarks indicated at the same time excellent feeling towards the country, with extreme ignorance of its character and institutions. I may almost write this down as a general remark of the liberal and sensible men in Britain. They regard America with interest, but as a land "that lieth afar off." This will appear more fully, as we proceed.

It is a day's ride from Carlisle to Edinburgh. Gretna Green is a few miles distant from Carlisle. It stands off the Edinburgh road, from which it is seen rising above the trees at a distance. On another occasion I passed through it. It may have a more enchanting air to a pair with ill packed trunks and panting steeds late from the south, than it had to me; but surely, thought I, it is a province suited to the blacksmith's rule. "That 's the house, sir, where the blacksmith ties the knot for gentlefolks," said the coachman, pointing out to me a large, bare-looking white house, "and it 's not long ago I saw a chase down that road as if they 'd run the wheels off. A post-chaise came smoking along, as if they had got the evil one inside, with a coach and four racing to death, half a mile behind; mercy on me! how Mister and Miss or Missis, or whatever you call her, jumped out and run into the house, and smash went the bolts, and they were all nicely married to welcome the angry old cack-

ling gentlefolks up to the door, after quietly doing the business, whilst the old ones ruffled and stormed outside."

One cannot proceed far without perceiving that he is in a different country. The villages possess a more uniform character. If on the one side they are far less pleasing than the finest English ones, they are neater and more comfortable than those of the lowest character in the sister kingdom. The peasantry are cast in a rougher mould — their faces are thinner, cheek bones higher, and the expression of countenance far more reflective. On the other hand it must be allowed that the females are far less pleasing in person, than the fairer and ruddier daughters of the south. After having passed the border, the country becomes more broken than in England, more barren and less wooded. Here and there deep ravines are met with, the sides rough with rocks, and dark with trees, opening occasional glimpses of the stormy torrent below. These form one of the distinguishing features of Scotch scenery.

The villages are so widely separated from each other in Scotland, they fall so far short of the beauty of our own, and there are such long stretches of waste land between them, and in every direction, that were it not for the excellent roads, and the careful cultivation which some parts displayed, I should have considered Scotland the new, and America the old country. It may appear strange, but such was the impression which it made upon my mind, and that with a force that the antique air of many a town, and the ruin of many a castle and church, scarce served to efface.

Selkirk was one of the most interesting towns on the route; its situation was very picturesque, on a beautiful

sloping hill, commanding a diversified and pleasing landscape.

Abbotsford, about thirty miles from Edinburgh, with its turrets and gables, rises up just above the thick foliage from the other side of the Tweed; a scene of great interest to the transatlantic wanderer. As I intended making it a visit at a more distant period, I hastened by with less reluctance.

About seven or eight miles before entering Edinburgh, we received two men on the coach who occasioned us some little anxiety. They had scarce taken their seats, before their countenances began to lower, and after a few moments' conversation they broke out with dreadful vehemence, asserting that there was a human corpse on the stage, and in no light language declaring that they would have the coach stopped the moment they arrived in Edinburgh. A young gentleman next to me, argued with them on the impolicy and danger of such a proceeding, and they finally consented to desist until we arrived at the office. Our situation would have been most alarming if they had put their intention in execution. So deep and awful is the indignation which the idea of "a subject for dissection" excites amongst the lower class in Scotland, since the fearful deeds of Burke came to light. But whilst they were getting down a large blue box from the top, another gentleman and myself hastily arranged our baggage upon a car, and went to McKay's Hotel, in Prince Street.

I shall never forget the interest which the entrance into Edinburgh excited in my mind. Night added to its wonderful influence. After entering the city, we dashed along for about a mile, through a well lit street, filled with shops, from which streets branched off at right angles, extending to such a distance that they at length

became blended in one common constellation of flame. They were full of people ; for a deep excitement prevailed respecting Reform ; and they awaited the London news upon the subject. We soon reached the north bridge. This is a heavy bridge of masonry, which passes across a deep and wide ravine, to connect the old and new city together. Here I was lost in wonder. Objects were just indistinct enough to be truly sublime. Far beneath, the lights flashed dimly upon forms that seemed of another world, they were so deep below. To the right, a hill rose with graceful swell, covered with monuments and columns upon which the moon shone steadily. To the left, the black battlements of a castle rose with stern and awful grandeur, above all other objects. On the one side of the ravine, Prince Street spread itself out with luminous splendor, for the length of a mile ; whilst on the other, a marvellous sight, the side of a broken hill seemed studded with ten thousand lights, which in reality flashed out from the high houses on the side of the ravine. It was to me a whirl of splendor, sublimity and amazement. Indeed, I could not obtain any just idea of what was the real nature of this strange and incomprehensible scene.

After breakfast I delivered a letter of introduction with which a friend had favored me to a Baptist clergyman. He received me politely; made many inquiries respecting Mrs Huntington of Boston, whose memoirs had been read with deep interest in Scotland. He remarked, " In religious biography you are a favored nation. We hear but little of you in any other respect here, but your memoirs are read with great interest in Great Britain, as presenting some fine displays of religious character." I think he remarked to me that he had published five editions of Mrs Huntington's letters within a

short period. He kindly offered to go with me in search of "lodgings." I promised to call at one o'clock for him. Before leaving, he invited me to dine with him next day at five o'clock. I then proceeded to present another letter of introduction. It was to a clergyman of the Established church. He was not at home; his wife, however, to whom there were also letters, received me courteously, and after several inquiries concerning the family by whom I had been introduced, invited me to breakfast with them next morning. I perceived that I was in a country not my own; some of the little arrangements of the room varied from our tastes; for instance, there was a coal fire, gas-tube lights, and upon the mantel piece there were more little "nick-nacks," than is common with us, or with the English. Besides this, there was, even amongst the well educated, a slight Scotch accent, while amongst the lower orders it became stronger and stronger through many shades almost up to perfect unintelligibility.

As I walked round the city, I began to obtain correct impressions as to its character. Its air was truly grand. The style was so entirely different from our own, that to whichever preference should be given, it would be, not for any advance in the one upon the other in particular objects, or for any difference in degree, but rather for a distinction in kind. The character and grouping of everything was peculiar. I felt this to be the case most strongly as I walked along Prince Street. This is one of the most commanding streets in the city. It is a mile in length and perfectly straight. Its houses are all built of a light freestone. The lower story of most of them is occupied by shops or "stores," as they call them. The street is broad and stands on the edge of the ravine, of which I have already spoken. A

slender iron railing separates it from the depth below. At the one end of the street stands a fine large Episcopal church in the modern Gothic style, at the other end, Carlton hill with its monuments, rises with Grecian splendor. But the view across the ravine is of surpassing interest. I never looked upon it without increased emotion. The castle towers up above all. It is firmly seated on the summit of a steep rock, its battlements rising with stern defiance, and its various ranges of wall frowning with cannon upon the town. There was a masculine and determined grandeur about it that could not but strike one with a certain feeling of awe. The houses corresponded in style with the castle. Their grouping was irregular, from being built along the top of the steep ridge of rock which overlooked the ravine. They were of various heights, from three to ten "stories," and their walls looked black and beaten with battle. The whole scene breathed one spirit, so that there needed but the appearance of Murray, and the fierce spirits of his day, to step forth there once more with brazen mail, to bring back the temper of ancient times completely to mind. These two eras of civilization met the eye at a glance. The old city and the new, are connected together by a high mass of earth on the one end, and by a splendid bridge of masonry on the other. This bridge is so high that two fine old churches stand almost under the shade of its arches.

As it was one o'clock I called upon my polite and reverend friend, according to appointment. He had thrown aside his morning gown in which I had at first seen him, and was now dressed in black silk and short breeches, whilst some white linen shaded with crape, went over the cuff of his coat to indicate that he mourned the loss of some relative. He informed me that he

had to attend a funeral that afternoon, and remarked that the lateness of their hour for dining rendered it necessary to select an early hour for the funeral service.

After calling at one or two places, we found one which I decided to take, at least for a week. Mistress ——— was not herself a Scotch woman, but let her "lodgings" after the national fashion. It is a system well fitted for scholars and persons of solitary habit; for my own part, I grew quite partial to it, though I confess that I do not think it would generally suit our somewhat gregarious and inquisitive countrymen. After looking around the apartments and seeing that they were suitable for my purposes, I said, "Pray, Madam, what are the terms upon which you let your rooms?" She replied that it would be about three dollars. "And does that include my cooking?" "Yes, sir, I shall purchase everything which you call for, and cook whatever you wish — I suppose you 'll not have a great deal of company." "No." "And shall bring in the bill for the room and the articles I buy, at the end of the week, and I make no charge for cooking." These matters were soon arranged, and I enjoyed one of the pleasantest dinners in my quiet, independent bachelor's hall, that I had been privileged with for a long time.

There is a certain indescribable comfort which some of my readers perhaps may have felt, in finding their first resting place, a spot to retire from all vulgar observation, after long travel in a strange land, where the thick group of objects and observations introduced into the mind all along the tide of travel, may be speculated upon, and if possible, generalized down into some simple principles. There was therefore something like a settled complacency in my mood as I reviewed the complicated emotions which I had of late experienced, and

threw into some order, the ten thousand minute notices, that with the activity of instinct I had been making, of the spirit of the place which I breathed. To those who have not been affected with the same feeling, it will appear singular that during the first week that I remained in Edinburgh, I occupied myself but little in viewing the city. But so it was. And I have ever considered those pauses in travel and investigation to be the very staple-links on which to fix accumulated and classified observations.

CHAPTER V.

A Scotch Breakfast —Streets and Squares — Dr Chalmers — Scotch Dinner — American Ladies — Reform — Slavery — Church — Dr Channing — Tour to the Lakes — Fish-women — Sail to Stirling.

October. At nine, called on the distinguished Dr D. by whom I was received in a very cordial manner. Besides his own family, two young gentlemen, "probationers of the kirk of Scotland," breakfasted with us. It would indeed prove an innovation to invite a stranger to take breakfast with us, especially upon a first acquaintance; but there, nothing is more usual, and no meal more agreeable. Unlike dinner, its main object may be conversation. Its simplicity adapts it well for that purpose. There are no variety of courses to interrupt the march of reply and description. On the other hand there is just enough to be done amongst the dishes to furnish occasion for graceful pauses, and to secure new starting points when a period is finished, or when the first delicate intimations of propriety suggest that a subject connected with unsuspected prejudices should be laid under a cover.

The doctor is a man active in his mind and manner. I found in him a warm friend. He was uniformly amiable and courteous, and his conversations on Biblical criticism, evinced as much accurate and scholarlike intelligence as I have discovered in any of his countrymen.

These subjects were more than alluded to whilst at breakfast. When I entered, the family were collected for prayers, which in a Scotch family generally precedes breakfast. The large Bible and several smaller ones, containing the Scotch version of the Psalms, were upon the white table-cloth. The doctor took the large one, and the others were handed round, as well to the servants as to the rest, and as the doctor read, all eyes followed him over the sacred page. A few verses of one of the Psalms were then read, and the doctor having sung the first line, all present joined in this elevating of the morning service of thanksgiving. One of the young gentlemen was invited to lead in prayer. The breathings of the christian spirit at the throne of the Redeemer, are everywhere the same.

After prayers, whilst breakfast was placed on the table, the doctor said to me, "Are you yet 'a licentiate,' as you would say, or 'a probationer,' as we have it?" He then commented upon this distinction in terms, as naturally growing out of the "different circumstances under which the church exists in the two countries." He made several inquiries respecting our mode of education, and seemed particularly well acquainted with the nature of our theological education. I may truly say that he was almost the only gentleman that I ever met with in Scotland who was particularly well informed upon the subject, if I except Dr Wardlaw, of Glasgow. He spoke in high terms of Prof. Stuart, of his grammar, and chrystomathy. He was not a little surprised to hear, however, that our students were expected to be perfectly familiar with the sense and construction of the Hebrew scriptures, in a year's study. I remarked that it certainly was realized at Andover, and by not a few of the students in our other theological seminaries. He

replied, " I wish it could be asserted of our clergy, but I fear scarce five could be found in Scotland with anything like an accurate knowledge of it." I was surprised, but further observation induces me to coincide in his opinion. The breakfast consisted of tea and coffee, rolls, ham, and eggs. I was not introduced to any of the family personally, but the conversation was throughout perfectly unconstrained.

This day called upon the celebrated Dr Chalmers. He resides at the west end of the city. There is a massive elegance in this part of the city, of the highest order. Everything here indicates taste and wealth. The streets are laid out in right lines, whilst crescents, squares, and hexagonal parterres, overlooked by beautiful houses, are suitably interposed to give a graceful variety to its character. The houses were entirely constructed of stone. Their general height was three stories, but whether the houses formed, with extended line, a long street, or the smaller portion of a square, there was nothing tame in their front. The lower part was generally of rustic masonry, which conveys an idea of great stability ; whilst the upper part was not unfrequently adorned with semi-columns or pilasters, which contribute not a little to give a spirit of elegance to the whole. The power of combination is here strikingly illustrated. In many a street and square there are stately edifices of uncommon grandeur. The retreating front obtains a noble character from the bold columns of its centre ; the advancing wings of the building are chastened by the soft curves of its fine semi-columns. On approaching, one discovers by the six or eight doors along the fine front, that it is not the palace of a single nobleman, but the elegant residence of several independent gentlemen.

I have elsewhere remarked that with us a high price

is set upon *humanity ;* that the *individual* bears a value on his front commensurate with personal character, and irrespective of rank and wealth, and that the power of this sentiment is such as to open a kind of general and friendly communionship amongst all that meet through the hotels of the land. A sentiment in some measure opposite to this has produced entirely different results in English public intercourse. The action of this same principle is somewhat singular, and at first sight anomalous, as it respects the style of building in the two countries. One might naturally anticipate from our gregarious habits, and from noticing all the facility with which strangers meet amongst us, that the same spirit of combination would be discovered in the arrangement and style of our houses. It is quite the reverse. Every one feels at liberty to build according to his own taste, or rather, in the spirit of the times ; he proceeds to do so with reference to no opinion but that of his architect, and controlled by no restriction but such as the civil authorities place upon all. If he unites with others to erect " a square," or " court," as each holds a decided opinion of his own, the least possible ornament is too frequently the result, because each additional cornice and carving may subject them to a protracted controversy. In England it is otherwise — the power of repulsion is not a principle that operates against all, but the distinction of condition which would repel all inferior and opposite elements, naturally brings the kindred ones into a closer union. Behold this in some of the splendid edifices of Edinburgh. Without question the local authorities have exerted no small influence in this matter; much also must be attributed to a spirit of taste in the community, yet without the influence of the deep working principle which I have endeavored to illustrate, little would have been

accomplished. A city like Edinburgh might be built under other circumstances and influences; but this first one, at once the type and effect of the principle, would never have been originated. This character existed nowhere more distinctly than in the streets and squares around me — for Dr Chalmers lives in a handsome style in this part of the city. The door was opened by a female servant, and I was ushered into his study. The room was but partially lighted and was in some confusion. The cases were well filled with books, and not a few were scattered amongst the papers on the table. The doctor was writing when I entered. He received me politely, yet perhaps not with all the frankness which he would have done, had my letter of introduction been from one with whom he was acquainted. It was from a Professor in one of our institutions, whose name unfortunately was unknown to him. After a few general questions respecting the Theological Institution at Andover, of which he had before heard, he inquired whether the Professors ever preached. I told him that they did, though but occasionally. "I am opposed to the practice," said he; "I would have the united energies of every man applied to that one object where his own genius and the directions of providence naturally point. I think it an evident principle of great power, though one too much neglected by the church; but, sir, it appears extremely apostolical to me; there seems to have been a most systematic division of labor where mention is made of those whom God hath set in the church, first, apostles, secondarily, prophets, thirdly, teachers; after that, helps, governments, &c."

Before leaving he invited me to breakfast with him Monday morning. Dr Chalmers is about the middle stature and thick set. His head is large and phre-

nologically a fine one; the forehead is bold and peculiar, the developement above the eyes full and striking, his nose straight and his mouth small, and in conversation very expressive. His complexion was that of the student, and brightened up with a pale and pleasing lustre in parts of the conversation; yet there was nothing either of manner or sentiment exhibited at this interview which indicated his great genius.

No one could pass out of Dr Chalmers's door without wishing to take a broad view of the fine "Place," at the end of the street, and I naturally turned down in that direction. I have never seen a more pleasing taste in the arrangement of houses than Moray Place exhibits. Four noble streets enter the circle at right angles. On first entering this circus, the houses, of which there are perhaps about thirty, are so grouped as to form four imposing palaces. And yet these houses do not let for half so large a sum as many houses in Boston. Such is the power of combination. I continued my walk through Great King Street, another broad and splendid street, that displays the same style. This brought me to Drummond Place, a noble square, where I afterwards occupied rooms in the house of a most intelligent and interesting family.

Man readily accommodates himself to his circumstances. I should have regarded it impossible to have waited for dinner until five o'clock in Boston, where every one around dines at so much earlier an hour. But if I had not become quite habituated to the practice of late dining, I soon did so.

It was five o'clock when I pulled the bell at Mr T.'s. The house was lofty and large. "And so," said I to myself, "which is the bell amongst all this variety?" for not a few bell-handles were on the side of the door. On

examination I perceived a name written under each, which enabled me to make a correct selection. And now, I thought, I will watch to see the working of this door. Because when I rang the bell before, the door flew open, and no sooner had I entered than it closed with a spring behind me. I touched the handle and heard the bell ringing *far up stairs;* presently with a twitch up goes the latch, the door opened, and entering, I found myself in "an entry," with a circular flight of stone steps before me. There was a spring and string connected with the latch by which all this witchery had been accomplished. This is one of the devices by which those who live upon the highest "flats," economize upon trouble. I ascended the stairs. At the head of the first flight a brass plate assured me that Mr T. lived there. At the top of the second "a flaxen haired lassie" held the door open for me to enter.

Several gentlemen and ladies were present, to whom I was introduced. They did not appear so easy in their address as persons of the same rank of life with us. One of the gentlemen, Dr B., a distinguished physician, conversed with much spirit and intelligence. After a short time we were ushered to the dining room. According to a national custom, as a stranger, I was seated next to Mrs T. The dinner was a very good one. Soup was followed by beef and mutton, chickens, ham, fish, and vegetables — puddings, pastry, fruit and wines, completed it. There was nothing peculiar in the dishes, style of cooking, or in the arrangement of the table.

During dinner the conversation was of a light and interrupted character. Flattering allusions were made to some of the American clergymen who had visited their city, particularly of Mr M——m of Boston.

I found that America was much indebted to Mrs Huntington of Boston for not a little friendly and respectful feeling amongst the better classes in Great Britain. Her letters have perhaps been as extensively read by the christian community abroad as at home. Her character and the history of her family were therefore a very frequent subject of conversation and inquiry. When therefore I remarked that I was from the same city, and that our family had been intimate with Mr and Mrs Huntington, and had enjoyed his pastoral guardianship, Mrs Huntington became the general subject of conversation for a time. "Are her daughters all living?" asked one. "How feelingly and beautifully she speaks of her son J——. He is doing well I hope? I am almost certain that the ardent desires of the mother have been realized, strengthened as they were by so many prayers as I am sure must have been offered for them both by herself and others." Said a lady, "We know but little of the American ladies; we have no means of judging of their taste, feelings, education and character; but inasmuch as we form a judgment from the letters and biographies of such ladies as Mrs Huntington, our opinion would scarce be flattering to our own pride, for we have produced very little that is interesting in the department of female biography.

The ladies left the table at an early hour. Mr T. came round and took the place of his wife, (a uniform practice, if I rightly remember,) and the glasses were filled "to the health of the ladies." On the subject of Reform, they expressed strong opinions. They seemed to feel in common with many of their countrymen, a deep and awful, but calm indignation for the reception the Bill had met with in Parlaiment. "Do you fear revolution?" I inquired, "for the pulse of party seems vehement and

agitated." "I do not. I think that the period has arrived in which great changes must take place; but from the conduct of the country hitherto, I believe that it will be effected without bloodshed, and without arms, by the force of reiterated public opinion, perseveringly expressed. We have learnt something about liberty and personal privilege from your country, and it will be realized here. But, sir, you have some strange anomalies in America. For there is no country in the world where there exists greater personal freedom, door by door with the most insulting tyranny. Pray how can you call yourselves a free and equal people, and boast, as you certainly do of it, whilst two million slaves are retained in captivity in your midst? I cannot understand it." I explained to him that slavery was not common to all the states. But that at the north, the tone of feeling upon the subject was as healthy as in England. That much was doing at the north, by means of the Colonization Society, the ultimate influence of which was to destroy the system altogether. And that even at the south the moral sentiment upon this subject was far different from what he perhaps supposed it to be. That many disclaimed the practice, and had let the captive go free. Whilst many others anxiously inquired, "what can be done to remove this great evil to which we were born?" "That may be true —rather I know that it is, but it seems to me a deep stain on your national character, and has perhaps as great an influence as anything else, in placing a low value on your institutions in this country. There is your treatment of the Indians, also." He then made particular inquiries about the Choctaws and Cherokees. "I do not see," he remarked, "how you can answer to God or conscience for your treatment of those friendless people. It will be a scandal amongst the nations against

you; if your better feelings do not master the base and grasping spirit of some of your southern states on the one hand, and on the other awe into a sense of duty the civil powers who have to do with this matter. Do Christians suffer these things to pass in silence?"

After taking a cup of tea standing, some of the company left, others stopped a little longer, and left after family prayers.

Sunday. Attended church at Dr D.'s in the morning. The peals of the bells in every direction, reminded me much of a Sabbath morning in our cities. The sidewalks were thronged with quiet and well dressed people; there was an obvious difference, it is true, both as to the number of the lower class and the quality of their habiliments much in our favor; but a propriety and decency prevailed on every side such as is not to be seen in the populous cities of the sister kingdom.

In the porch of the church, on each side of the door, were placed two large pewter dishes. In each of these were a great number of pence, sprinkled over with a few pieces of silver. It is the custom for every person that comes in, to add a trifle, which goes to the poor of the parish. It is one of the peculiarities of Scotland, and is to be found in the vestry of every church.

The house was very plain inside, and reminded me not a little of some of the meeting-houses built by the venerable puritans. The pulpit was of wood; in front of it was a desk for the precentor, and before that, a place set apart for those who present their children in baptism. The pews in the body of the house were square, with seats to lift up, like those of many a village church of ancient days with us. The precentor, like the clergyman, wears a gown. It is his office to announce the intention of marriage between persons belonging to

the parish, and to pitch the tune and take the lead of the sacred music of the church. The services were simple. The sermon was a good exhibition of doctrine, without any peculiar excellence of style. The manner of its delivery would have been considered tame with us.

In the afternoon attended one of the "Independent Chapels." The sermon exhibited more correct feeling, than power of thought or pureness of style.

Monday. Dr Chalmers received me politely, and introduced me to his wife and two daughters. Both tea coffee were on the table; rolls, toast, ham, and eggs. I admired the mode of keeping the butter cool. It had been very prettily moulded into small pieces, something like strawberries; these floated in a cut glass dish, filled with cool water. A small silver knife, resembling a silver dinner fork, except that it was turned off with a blade, was placed by its side. This is the usual manner of serving it, and I hope the practice will be generally received with us.

The doctor displayed his powers more conspicuously than during my first interview. I unfortunately kept no minutes of the conversation, and I have met him so frequently since, that I feel a little uncertain as to the exact topics, though I remember some striking remarks. Strong sense and deep principles, capable of extended application and illustration, distinguish Dr Chalmers's ordinary conversation. He deals much with broad and noble principles. A clear conception of the great truths which form the base of reason, philosophy, and science, is the secret of his peculiar excellence. He grasps a principle with a mighty and steady hand, and applies to it all the severest tests of pure reason, in the solitary chambers of his own soul. Here he exercises his immense capabilities, unheard and unseen by the vulgar throng; yet

perhaps it is here that he is called to the hardest operations of his mind. But it is only when he intends to use it to a purpose, that his majesty appears to the world. Then, like the magician's wand, it commands order and light out of darkness and confusion, and the whole field of loveliness is filled with the glorious spirits that his enchantments have brought into being. Prof. Wilson, when once conversing with me on the mental capacities of this celebrated man, remarked, "Some persons imagine the most prominent feature of Dr Chalmers's mind to be fancy, feeling, and imagination. Doubtless he has them, but these are the lightest and least of his qualifications; high and commanding reason is the bulwark in which his genius is entrenched; everything else in his mind is relative to reason — springs up from it, is generated amidst the heat of its rapid operations, like the currents of air that whirl in the train of the furious and irresistible cannon ball. Wordsworth has imagination, pure and lofty imagination, in the highest sense of the term — but Dr Chalmers's command is over speculative reason. I once expressed that opinion somewhere, and was told that my views coincide with his own. In speaking of him, I should say therefore that his was not a mind of imaginative but of reasoning power."

The doctor made inquiries about several American gentlemen whom he had met. He spoke of "the active and graceful turn of mind," and "the pleasing and courteous manners" of Mr Otis, the translator of Botta, who had visited him whilst in Europe. He alluded more than once in flattering terms to "the sound judgment, correct scholarship, and extensive information" of the Rev. Dr C. of Dorchester; remarking, "I remember the conversation of that agreeable gentleman with much satisfaction." He asked me "Are you aquainted with

Dr. C. of Boston? a man of high genius." "Not personally, but I have often heard him preach." In describing him I remarked, "his eloquence is by no means that of manner, but of sentiment; this gives intelligence to his eye, lights his countenance with expression, and gives impressiveness to the utterance of his finished mind." "That is the noblest order of excellence, the burning eloquence of thought," said the doctor.

Mrs Chalmers is an accomplished woman; and one can scarce help noticing some of the features of his mind interwrought into her character. With the Misses C., I enjoyed many an interesting conversation, and have every reason to be grateful to the family for their polite attentions to me whilst in Edinburgh.

Tuesday. As the terms of the University were not to commence for a few weeks, I decided to employ the intervening period in taking a tour to the far-famed lakes of Scotland. Taking my travelling bag, I mounted the omnibus at the head of "Leith Wynd." It was a ride of about two miles to the place from which the steamer starts. The houses on the way are handsome, but the gentlemen's grounds are too much concealed behind high walls. There is something to remind one of the entrance into Florence in this part of the environs of Edinburgh.

The boat lay at the end of a long and narrow pier. Not much company was on board. I fell into conversation with a young gentleman, who was very polite to me, and gave me some interesting information.

Amongst the lower classes of Edinburgh the fishwomen are the most singular. It can hardly be said that they belong to Edinburgh, however, as they generally live in the towns along the Frith side, and come daily to the city to dispose of their briny treasures. Nor can they well be called Scotch, though they have been some two centuries

in the country. For their manners and dress, and their language amongst themselves, are still peculiar. Not a few of these were in the boat, carrying fish and oysters to the various towns upon the Frith. Said I to my companion, "Pray who are those singular personages?" For half a dozen of them came along the pier in their peculiar costume, bending down under their heavy baskets. They were a short, square, sturdy race. Their countenances were hardier than those of the hard working men. Their dress of thick woollen, shew many a fold; a coarse blue gown was rolled up to the waist, a yellow robe with more than a single fold, came a little below the knee. Two heavy baskets were fitted to the shape of the back; their weight was sustained by means of a broad leather strap which was fastened to the two ends of the lower one, and went round the forehead. They walked stooping forward, so as to bring the weight upon the back, at the same time keeping both hands behind them, to afford it better support. "Yes, truly singular," replied my companion; "they are the fishwomen; one can scarce call them Scotch, though they 've been in the country some two hundred years or so. They were originally Danes; they devote themselves entirely to supplying the markets with fish — their husbands take the fish, and they bring them to the market. It is impossible for others to compete with them, they are so indefatigable. I dare say that some of these women have already walked five or six miles this morning. Perhaps you have heard their cry?" "I believe not." "Well, it is a most singular one, and in the winter nights you 'll hear it at least a mile in any part of Edinburgh, and you 'll never forget 'el calla haddie,' after you have once heard it," which is certainly very true. "And what is 'el calla haddie'?" "I suppose," said he, "it means 'Wha 'll hae fresh had-

dies?'" "And what are haddies?" "Why look you here," said he, and he opened a basket and shew me some fish resembling our tom-cod, whilst the woman asked, "Will ye ha' some oysters, me mon? they 're a' jist liftit frae the water."

The sail to Stirling is a delightful one. As one leaves behind the fine grouping of monuments, steeples, and domes of the city gathered around the walls of the mighty castle, the Frith of Forth became narrower and the scenery more picturesque. "That dark isle over there is 'Inchcolm;' do you see that gray old ruin on it? It is connected with the early history of Scotland. Alexander the First was once crossing the Frith and being preserved from a storm by St Columba, he erected that old monastery as a testimony of gratitude. That was in the twelfth century, and well the monks lived there too, till our thorough going reformers pulled some of its walls down about their ears." On either side of the Frith, towns are scattered here and there, by some of which we passed very close, and at others of which, we stopped. Many of them had an active air, but by no means the picturesque beauty of towns of the same relative importance in our country. The houses were generally covered with white plaster and the population did not have so thrifty a look as with us.

CHAPTER VI.

The Ochils — Stirling — The Trosachs — Loch Katrine — Ben Lomond — Dumbarton — Glasgow — Dr Wardlaw — The University.

One of the most striking scenes on the voyage is the hills of Ochil. In some places they retreat from the water of the Forth, pressed down to the very horizon by heavy clouds; now in dark and billowy masses they almost seem about to plunge into the narrow stream that rolls beneath them. The approach to Stirling on the Forth is by many a curve. Its first appearance filled me with awe. It was stretching itself from its black and rocky throne, as if in defiance, over the high and frowning tops of the Ochil. Behind it with all their majesty of clouds arose the Grampians; these make the left, the Ochil the right of this imposing scene; in front and circled in by them is the vast, and beautiful plain through which the waters of the Forth like a curved line of silver fringed with green, pursue their calm and winding course. It was on this plain that William Wallace wrought vengeance on the base Southrons, rushing like a thunder cloud from the bosom of the Ochils. A curve in the river makes a beautiful change in the prospect. The heavy Ochils, which before seemed to make an unbroken barrier with the Grampians, against the waters of the

Forth, is left suddenly at the right, whilst on the left, hidden before by them, above a grove of trees rises Stirling, with its spires and pinnacles. On the plain below the town stands Graig Abbey, a ruinous Gothic building, and at its side with toppling walls, one angle only remaining, Cambuskeneth Abbey, the burial place of many of Scotland's kings and nobles. On my arrival in the town, quite venerable in its appearance, I proceeded to the castle, all parts of which I visited, (but this I leave to describe some other time). Stirling when approached does not possess that imposing appearance, which distance and its truly commanding situation at first lend it. The external walls, at least those immediately connected with the town, are not high. The approach to its gate-way is by rather a circuitous route, between low stone walls; on each side of these, there is a court-yard, where the soldiers perform their military exercises, and from which they might seriously annoy an enemy, marching to attack the gates of the castle; this terminates in the court yard. In front of the passage way runs another wall the whole length of the yard, which, as the other is only a projection, may be considered the main wall of the castle. The anterior wall appeared to me to have been added, not only for the sake of forming an inclosure, but to guard more safely this part of the castle for which nature has done least. Continuing on through the middle of the yard, you stand in front of its arched entrance, protected by drawbridge, moat, and heavy gates. Passing through this, you stand in another court, flanked on the one side by a heavy battery, overlooked on the other by a parapet, beyond which is the palace erected by James V. The gateway, defended also by round towers, is firmly secured by portcullis and

oaken gates. Within this to the right are dungeons, the store-rooms and barracks ; at right angles with these, and forming a side of this irregular space stands the celebrated *Parliament House.* Nearly opposite the barracks is the front of the royal chapel ; the old palaces of James II. and V., making an obtuse angle with this, form something like a square. On the other side of the Parliament house is another court yard, beneath the precipitous walls of which was the famous tourney ground in the days of its regal grandeur. Wallace tower is on the left part of the castle behind the palace of James V.

I left Stirling in the afternoon and rode as far as Callendar ; stopped there during the night; and in the morning, though in a violent rain, started off for the opening of the Trosachs. I passed over a route rendered classic by the pen of Sir Walter. The route by Loch Achray, even without those interesting associations which he has clustered around it, is very interesting, though I think inferior to many of our fine combinations of woodland and water scenery. The lakes are not sufficiently overhung by broad and shadowy trees, which render such scenery much more beautiful and picturesque than when laid bare by the axe.

Border of Loch Lomond — Friday, Oct. 21. I have just sailed over Loch Katrine, visiting Ellen's Bower ; passed over McGregor's land, and am now waiting at Inversnaid for the steamer, in order to go to Glasgow. In passing over these spots, Scott's graphic descriptions are recalled to the mind on every hand. His description of the Trosachs, and the first appearance of Loch Katrine, are peculiarly just.

Dunbarton — Friday, Oct. 21. After writing the above, whilst waiting for the steamboat, I ascended the

high grounds, by Ben Lomond, pushing my way over heather and amongst high fern — scaling crags and fording torrents — now breaking through thickets — now hanging like its ivy over the brow of some precipice, I was continually rewarded by the new and diversified scenes presented from the various points gained by my labor. I saw now the waterfall bursting from the grasp of gigantic rocks, leaping into fearful chasms, flinging up the foam in mad triumph, till with subdued and dignified indignation, it met the waters of Loch Lomond. Now I obtained a view of the dark and stern Ben Lomond, mantled with black clouds, with the waters of the Loch beating heavily round its sullen base — now of the widening expanse of the lake, with its frowning barrier, the formidable Ben Duckray, Ben Voirlich, and Ben Arthur. It was at Inversnaid that Wordsworth wrote one of his finest poems.

> "But I, methinks, till I grow old,
> As fair a maid shall ne'er behold
> As I do now — the cabin small,
> The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
> And thee! the spirit of them all."

I am sure the sun and clouds must have been in a very different mood, when this was penned, from what they were when I stood gazing on the lowering scene which I have hastily described above. As I descended the hill, the steamboat with its curling smoke and foaming wake, was to be seen at a distance, approaching Inversnaid. As it drew near, I put off in a boat and was taken on board. We sailed up to the head of the lake, by McGregor's cave, quite a rude and common one, and then reversing the course, we sailed the whole length of the lake, from Ardvoirlich in the north, to Balloch, its southern extremity. The scenery of this Loch very much

resembles that of the North river. On the way down, we passed the formidable rock of the bold outlaw, and in the southern part, steered a circuitous course amongst the beautiful islands which seem to float upon its surface. At Balloch we took the coach and rode to Dumbarton, five miles, where we arrived just at dark. It was too late to see the ancient and famed castle. As I was musing on its dark and eventful history, I was startled by the heavy tolling of a bell, just suited to my conceptions of an alarm bell — by the distant murmurs of a crowd, the discharge of fire-arms, and the heavy roll of the cannon's thunder, and increasing sounds of tumult. I sprang up, expecting it was some tumult amongst the reformers. I was mistaken; the bell indicated some stir connected with the corn market; the cannon and shouting were but the civic expressions of numerous carpenters and laborers after a famous launch. Now, as I write, the house is full of them; for in a distant part of the building they have a most notable ball. Such a multitude of sounds as this gives rise to, I scarce ever heard. Now hallooing and stamping with their thick and iron brogues, twenty or thirty tumble with uncouth sounds and rude laughter, through the entry; now from the hall I hear the rich full strains of a female voice, to the words of "Auld lang syne," and other tunes, occasionally broken by the chorus of some hundred voices; now the squeaking fiddle, almost drowned by laughter, and all that sweet combination of melody which a half tipsey rabble with feet and hands and tongues, in their most active employment, are so naturally calculated to produce.

As the boat was to leave Dumbarton at half past seven for Glasgow, I rose in the morning at five, that I might have a view of the ancient, and storied citadel. It was

raining very hard ; however, I was determined not to be deterred from my visit, so under shelter of coat and umbrella, started off to view it with the earliest light. When I arrived, the outer gates were closed, but the centinel greedy for a fee, immediately called the corporal of the guard, who permitted him to open them. A soldier was sent with me to conduct me round the castle. This place owes little to art, but much to nature. It is built upon two massive rocks, nearly surrounded with water. They rise abruptly to an alarming height; their bases connected, their peaks separated from each other by nature, but firmly united by art. Like the castle of Stirling, Dunbarton has a number of courts ; the walls of one, towering above those of another, so that when one is taken, the assailants have only secured a place more exposed to peril, into which the weapons of the besieged could be cast with surer and deadlier effect. The ascent in one place is through the sundered rock, up a very steep flight of narrow steps. It would seem impossible that this ever could be taken, for being open on the top, a shower of missiles could be kept up on those beneath, whilst the dizzy height would almost render it impossible, with any effect, to hurl them back. Above, what may be considered the main part of the castle, the rocky peak, accessible only by a narrow circular flight of stone steps, lifts its bold black brow. Up this, a weary way, I wound, though compelled to cling to the iron railing with both hands, as fierce gusts of wind at times almost swept me from my feet. The view from the top is a very extensive one, but owing to the heavy sky, not favorable when I was there. Beneath, everything diminishes into insignificance; vessels on the Clyde, factories, hills, with villages upon their sides; and the several parts of the extensive landscape, seem only a very small, natural and

beautiful panorama. This top, which is surrounded by a small tower called Wallace's watch tower, is the last retreat to which its defeated occupants could fly. But this, from its dizzy and almost inaccessible height, together with its extensive under-ground works, where its provisions, and those soldiers unnecessary for immediate duty, might find comfortable accommodations, would afford refuge for a long time against any number of assailants. However, coming from a land of rocks as I do, I confess I was disappointed to find that its grandeur and sublimity arose more from the rude black battlements of nature's shaping, than from the strength, boldness, and towering height of human masonry.

Immediately after my visit to this place, I took the steamboat to Glasgow. The passage was extremely windy and rainy; so much so, that it was impossible to keep at all on deck, notwithstanding the promptings of curiosity, which would have induced me to do so, had it been in the least practicable.

On my arrival at Glasgow, I started off to find a hotel, or, if I could, private lodgings; which, in such a place as this, a person should take, even if he intends to remain but three or four days. These I procured after some trouble, for about six shillings per week, at the house of an intelligent, kind, and pious man, Mr H., member of Dr Wardlaw's church, to whom he appeared to be devotedly attached. Since my visit I have had an opportunity of examining the town pretty minutely. On the Sabbath I heard an excellent discourse in the morning from Dr Wardlaw, which he treated in a clear, exegetical, and an interesting practical manner. In the pulpit he is much such a looking man as Dr W., of Cambridge; appearing somewhat younger, but unconstrained and rather ener-

getic in his manner. I had a personal interview with him at his house the next day, and was highly pleased with him. He has a very handsome head, wears his hair much like his friend Dr W. of Andover, and exhibits great pleasantness and courtesy of manner. He appears to possess great refinement of mind, united with elegance and propriety of diction, as well as a just and forcible enunciation; points in which the clergy of this country, certainly as far as I have met with them, even when not remarkable for originality or talent, are peculiarly distinguished.

Glasgow contains some very tasteful and elegant buildings, both private and public edifices, and though well laid out, falls very far short of Edinburgh, in all that is beautiful and rich. The University is a very large building, with two entrances. Its style is quite ancient, its ornaments the taste of a time long departed. It has one or two inner court-yards, connected together by arches or gates. The buildings fronting on these, appear to be appropriated partly to lecture-rooms, partly for the residences of professors, tutors, sanitors, &c. In these courts you will meet the students in their fantastical red gowns at all hours, nearly. Those whom I saw were chiefly lads of about sixteen or seventeen years of age only, the older classes not having yet arrived.

Connected with the University, is the celebrated Hunterian Museum. At this place, I passed two hours with great pleasure. The collection is an admirable one. The arrangement is very scientific. The animals are disposed in such a manner as to produce a very fine effect. The ornithological department is excellent, as far as it extends. The ancient relics, and the antique and modern coins, are very interesting, from their number, variety, and rareness. The collection of barbarian

weapons, is by no means uninstructive. That of books, manuscripts, and human preparations, is extremely rare and costly. But amongst all these, I found the most exquisite delight in the gallery of paintings, where are to be seen some beautiful and most talented productions.

Note. We find no record made in Henry's Journal, of his return to Edinburgh: nor does it appear that he recorded anything in it, till the 19th December, with which the next chapter commences. — Ed.

CHAPTER VII.

Chantrey's Statue of George IV. — Holyrood Abbey — Dalkeith — Holyrood Castle — New Years's Day — Dinner Party — Religion in Scotland — Dudington Loch — High Church — Rev. Mr G—y — Royal Institution — Carlton Hill — Sessional School — Blind Boy — Prince street.

Monday, Dec. 19. Took tea with Mr W. a respectable merchant. A number of pleasant and sensible gentlemen and ladies passed the evening with us. Conversation turned principally, indeed solely, on America. This naturally threw the conversation chiefly into the hands of Mr B. a young American clergyman, and myself. I was called on for a description of our system of education, which I was enabled to give, as well as some account of the revivals with which many of them have been blessed. I also described to one or two gentlemen the nature of our elective system.

Saturday, Dec. 24. Today the holidays commence. Called on Sir Roger Hale Sheafe. Pleasant gentlemanly old man, in his manners as well as his mind; time is evidently working its changes with him. Conversed much respecting Boston, his old friends, and of the changes since his last visit in 1806. On my return I passed the fine statue of George IV. by Chantrey. It exhibited all the boldness of outline which Chantrey manages to combine with such softness in the flow of his drapery. The statue is of bronze, raised on a granite

pedestal. The figure is remarkably erect, the weight of the body resting chiefly on the left foot, the right being thrown forward; the head is thrown back, in my humble opinion rather too far, for there is certainly something detracted from the dignity of his countenance by it. In his right hand he holds the Scottish sceptre, not to my mind gracefully; his left either grasps the folds of his mantle or else slightly projects beyond them. The whole arrangement of costume is easy and elegant. Though there is much to admire in this statue, I think it inferior to others of his, which I have seen, especially that of Washington in the State House of Boston.

Dec. 27. In the morning visited Holyrood Abbey and Palace. The chapel is a very ancient Gothic building, black and wasted by time. Parts of it are seven hundred years old. The walls and pillars of one side of the building only remain, the roof and the pillars of the other having fallen down some time since. These crumbling ruins, the heavy columns with their wasted carvings, Gothic windows, shaded with ivy, the fallen cornices and ornamental work, the black and illegible monuments of the dead, all conspire to give an air of grandeur and gloom to this once splendid and royal chapel. In one corner was the sepulchre of the Scottish monarchs. But time had not trodden lighter on the spot. It was distinguished by no blazonry; not even a name or coronet marked the receptacle of kings; it was a simple wall of stone rising about four feet; it was covered with crumbling stone. Its entrance was secured by a small wooden door with a padlock. Diagonal to this, stands Mary's confessional, in which is the grim figure of Lord Belhaven, carved in marble, over his sepulchre in the wall; all the ceiling above this place having fallen, and but little light penetrating the con-

tracted windows, the place is rendered gloomy enough for the imagination of the most wild. From the Abbey I went to the Palace; visited the gallery, where in stiff robes and grim features, are some miserable paintings called the Scottish Kings. From this place visited Mary's apartments; these preserve the same character, the same furniture, and tapestry, that they had when the royal Mary occupied them. Mary's bed, and also that where Charles slept, remain as in days gone by, except that the silken coverlets are giving full evidence that they are by no means proof against the assaults of time. Around Mary's bed was an iron railing to keep off vulgar hands from the couch of royalty. We were shown into the ante-chamber, where her unfortunate secretary Rizzio was seized; here were the heavy armor and boots of Darnley, a fine painting on marble of the holy Virgin, and an interesting head of Darnley. We were then shown the secret staircase, hidden by tapestry, up which the ruffians came with their deadly intent; and also the place where they dragged their victim and performed the atrocious act. The old lady endeavored to point out the blood which some think still stains the spot.

Dec. 28. Went to Dalkeith — six miles from Edinburgh. It is a small town, with an old ruined church. My visit was not rewarded by an entrance into the Duke of Buccleuch's domains, the family residing at that time at the palace. In the evening Rev. Mr Innes and Mr Cullen called to ask me to go to Leith on Wednesday to speak at a Temperance meeting, and to dine with Mr C. on the next day. I was obliged to decline the latter, but promised to comply with the former request, which I did. The church was very crowded and remarkably attentive; many joined the society — amongst whom was one clergyman, whilst another promised to give the matter

a serious consideration. My American friend and fellow student Mr B., also took part, and afterwards went with me to Mr C.'s where we took supper. Before this, as is the custom in almost all Scotch families, the household were called in, a chapter of the bible read, each one following the reader in his own bible, and the throne of grace humbly approached by Mr C. He requested us to lead, but as we had both spoken at some length, and I had closed the meeting with prayer, we declined. We had a very pleasant conversation at supper, respecting the American church, clergy, revivals and modes of admission into our churches. It was late when we parted.

Thursday, Dec. 29. Dr H. Black, LL. D., called in, wishing to hear my address — and to consult on the subject of establishing a religious newspaper. In the evening took tea with himself and brother, and accompanied them to the Mechanics' Institution, where the younger Mr Black delivered a lecture on the French language; it was calculated to be highly useful; more strict attention I never saw in any assembly in my life. The mechanics of Edinburgh are a very well informed community of men — a proof of the advantages of lyceums and such institutions.

Friday, Dec. 30. Visited the castle. More impressed by its situation, strength, extent and grandeur than by any which I have yet seen. It appears almost impregnable against any force, even with the heaviest battery — how much more so, against the assaults of simpler and less efficacious engines of war. I noticed here one enormous cannon; its bore was twentytwo inches in diameter, and its length in proportion. It would have admitted a man very easily into its huge cavern, with a charge of powder and ball beneath him, and forsooth I believe with the aid of a little fire, it would project him

to the top of Arthur's Seat. Having wandered for an hour or two over all parts of its heavy ramparts, I at length visited the crown room, where the splendid regalia of Scotland are deposited. Here was a splendid chain of gold glittering with gems and connected with two orders of honor, that of St George and St Andrew, both extremely splendid. St George was a golden knight on a golden charger trampling on and contending with the Dragon, the whole so besprinkled with diamonds as to flash like sunlight on the eye. With these lay the splendid jewelled ring of Charles. The mace, sword and sceptre of Scotland were laid around the velvet cushion where the ancient and jewelled crown of Scotland reposed. This though made in 1314 is in admirable preservation; I doubt in fact whether anything but the gold and pearls, and various jewels are so ancient; I am sure the ermine cannot be so old. This must be extremely valuable, as four pearls alone which swim at equal distances around it, are estimated at two thousand pounds. In the room was the old oaken chest where they were so long concealed — one hundred and seventeen years, I think — this room being one of those in the castle, which could only be opened by a commission of Parliament.

From hence I went to the celebrated grass market, renowned in history, the scene of the famous Porteous mob. Here time wears on apace; many a tottering gabled or castellated pile, speaking of times of ferocity and blood.

Sunday — New Year's day. Went to hear Mr G—y, of the established church, in the morning. Very good sermon — adapted to the New Year, from Genesis; "The days of the years of my pilgrimage have been few and evil." His prayer was remarkably good. After the ser-

vice, he remarked that he wished to begin the year with some improvements on their part; and therefore begged leave to say that he intended to meet on Wednesday evenings, the young men of his parish, as he had done the young ladies, for religious instruction. And also would propose to the church, as he knew it to be very much desired by many, that from two, they should increase the number of sacraments to four each year. In the afternoon, went to Dr Dickson's. A very good and faithful sermon. A long list of names read off for marriage, and a number of children presented for baptism, which, excepting the covenant, differs in nothing from the form with us. In the evening, went with Mr B. and Dr Black, to visit a deaf and dumb Sabbath school. The teacher, as well as the scholars, was deaf and dumb. I felt deeply interested, and was led by the visit, to many useful reflections — promised some day to call and have some further intercourse with him.

I have finished one, and am now commencing another year; how much, in looking back, do I perceive to regret and mourn over. Surely my days have been spent for nought; yet with the assistance of the divine Spirit, I will, during the days of the present year, put aside those things which cause to err, and devote myself more exclusively to those objects, for which man was endowed with his privileges and powers. Surely God will bless me if I walk in his fear, and with desires for his glory.

Monday. In the morning, took a ramble with Mr B. in the Meadows, as they are called, between Edinburgh and the Pentland hills. This is a beautiful country, pleasantly diversified with gentle slopes and lawns, and rendered picturesque by the villages or castellated houses embosomed in trees, which appear in every direction. The view of Edinburgh is particularly striking from

these meadows; Herriot's hospital, and some other noble edifices being displayed to great advantage.

Dined in the afternoon with Mr O. — Very pleasant family; three daughters, and also several sons. The eldest daughter, a fair specimen of Scotch beauty, was peculiarly soft and winning in her manner. — Frankness, with becoming modesty, and many smiles without laughter, gave a very interesting character to features, which if not strictly regular, were most happily combined. Her forehead was broad, retiring from its arch with a beautiful curve, and less shaded with her fine auburn tresses than is common; her nose was not formed with Grecian regularity, but her mouth was playful, and her chin like chisseled ivory; like the Scotch ladies in general, her neck was finely modelled; her graceful shape was nearer that which we admire, than is often found in Scotland. The eldest was also pretty. The youngest, with her strong aquiline features, her black tresses flowing carelessly over her fine Grecian head, was just ripening into womanhood; merry and free, as guileless, save to win a smile, as a bird among the leaves. The evening was spent in playing intellectual games, and in listening to fine music.

Tuesday. Classes commenced. In the evening, according to engagement, visited Mr N., Carleton Terrace; a very pleasant party. In one of the rooms a cotillon or quadrille was danced. The ladies and gentlemen moved as it seemed to me, in a very melancholy manner through the figures. In the other room we had a very pleasant conversation respecting Dr Channing, Dr Payson, and their great favorite, Mrs Huntington. Of this lady's letters, I met with a copy a day or two since, of the fifth edition. At about ten we went down stairs and had an excellent supper — ham, tongues, jellies, tarts, raisins,

fruits; and after the rattle of knife and fork had ceased, some gentlemen and ladies favored us with several fine songs.

Wednesday. Attended the classes — walked for an hour to Dudington, to see the skaters — many awkward, but some very graceful ones. The walk round the dark cliffs which form the Arthur's Seat, very wild and interesting. Spent the evening at home.

Thursday. Passed the evening at Mr G—y's — pleasant and animated conversation on national habits and peculiarities — illustrations of New York — Lowell — Erie canal — Mississippi river, and concluded the evening by conducting family devotions; after which we retired.

Friday. Took breakfast at nine with Dr Chalmers, two other gentlemen present. Conversing on Butler as I entered. Dr C. remarked, "I am told Butler was thirty years composing his Analogy; that is the way, gentlemen, to be great; concentration of mind to one object leaves a durable monument of mind, against which age makes its shocks in vain." I remarked that I was convinced of the force of his observation; that Gray by devoting eleven years to his Elegy, had established a character for all ages; that certain of the Latin poets had immortalized themselves by the genius stamped on a single ode or satire; so more especially among the Greeks; indeed, if of Athens there had but one ruin remained, and that had been the Parthenon, and of Greece but one poem, that of Homer, Athens and Greece would have lived forever. At breakfast talked of reform, English establishments, American literature, and of literary men. The Doctor is hardly a half-way reformer; thinks reform necessary, but thinks it should first be principally in education; thinking the bands should be moderately and

gradually loosed. On establishments he of course took pretty high ground, though he allowed great abuses existed ; but these he insisted were much exaggerated, especially as respected tithing and salaries, which would apply also to the Scottish clergy. If lawyers or laymen had been in their places, four times as much would have been raised. I spoke of the attention paid with us to sacred literature, and the eminence in which *purely* literary men stood among us, which very much surprised them all, and one remarked he had just seen some wonderful productions from America, which went to strengthen my remarks.

[In a letter written by Henry to his friends, about this time, he gives the following description of the state of religion in Scotland, which we introduce in this connexion. Ed.]

It is an interesting matter of inquiry, with an American, to ascertain what is the true state of the church, and the present state of religion in Scotland. To answer this in an intelligible and satisfactory manner would require a deeper investigation than I am at present able to give it, as the nature of their establishments, the character of their education, and what may be called the natural susceptibilities of the people for religious feeling, would all have to be adverted to, in a greater or less degree. In a general way however, I may reply that religious feeling is at present all that could be wished, in Scotland, and this may be attributed mainly to the connexion that here holds between church and state. The church it is true exercises little if any influence over the state, but the state does cramp and control and give an unnatural tendency to the energies of the church. And this may be plainly seen in a

number of particulars. To these I shall only briefly allude: 1st. The clergyman is not chosen by his church or elders; neither is he selected for them by the Presbytery, but the living, as it is called, is either in the hands of government, or in the right of bestowment of some titled gentlemen, and they, be it the one or the other, dispose of it according to their pleasure. Thus, too often is it bargained off to some gentleman, who has the "right of vote," for his favor in a contested election, and by him transferred to his son, perhaps little liking, and as little prepared for the duties to which it introduces him. Upon him then the living is bestowed. This must be sanctioned by the Presbytery of the county, but such a system renders a veto from them a thing not to be expected. He is admitted to the church with scarce a word of inquiry, and as to personal piety, this is passed over very carelessly, if it is touched at all. To get a living therefore is in truth to get a settlement. This fact alone must throw a suspicious character over the clergy.

2d. These endowments or livings are fixed, and were fixed long since; whilst the degree of population has much increased, and is still increasing. Thus if a century ago, limits were marked off for a parish which then contained two thousand inhabitants, it may have increased to ten or fifteen thousand, whilst the means of supplying their spiritual wants have remained stationary. The parish has now, as then, but its single steeple to attract the thousands, who in dense crowds lose sight of an object so distant. Government is and ever will be slow to supply this deficiency. It does sometimes annex what are called "chapels of ease," to receive the overgrown population, in or near cities; but this is rare, and then I believe the expense falls on the seat holders.

This has rendered the number of churches altogether inadequate to the exigencies of the people, and has also rendered the seats very high to many who occupy them; for this is exacted, notwithstanding that the clergyman is paid by government.

3d. From its connexion with the state the right of communionship becomes almost a civil duty. It is to make a kind of universal privilege irrespective of character, at least of religious character.

Thus whilst its union throws over the church that kind of respectability, which adds not essentially to its christian strength and beauty, it gives it that air which allures those whose character and energies will really diminish and restrain the power which might continue in it. It may therefore be said that a Scotch church, even when the pastor is pious, has no distinctive character. It has not a pure, unmixed character: it may embody some good elements, but these are weakened by the materials that surround and confine them. These are the chief evils; one can readily conceive the prodigious evils which they are pregnant with, to the warmth and purity of a healthy religion. Were I to conclude here, one might almost infer that the wing of desolation had long ere this swept over the land; that infidelity or indifference, that heresies and dangerous errors, were deeply engrafted on the soil. But the case though bad, is not so bad as that. The tendencies of the system are undoubtedly to produce such effects. But these tendencies are counteracted by other influences possessing very considerable power. The first of these which lightens up the else forbidding prospect, that I shall mention, is the *restraining influence of the Dissenters*. For as one might hope, and have supposed, no inconsiderable body of such churches have been formed by those who were opposed to the corrup-

tions of the Established Church. Of these, one part are "Presbyterian Dissenters," the other, "Independents," or as we should call them, "Congregationalists." The latter are of course divided into various, but I believe exclusively evangelical sects. The two parties together make a body nearly as numerous as that of the Establishment, and this is decidedly the most efficient part of the church. Their exertions tend to keep alive the spirit of religion through the community.

Besides their appropriate circle of influence, they are a thorn in the side of the Establishment, to quicken its dignified, or rather its lazy movements. Their watchfulness, and remarks and censures have rendered the Establishment rather more circumspect than it otherwise would be. This then is the first offset to the evils that I have mentioned. The next which I shall notice is the catechetical instruction afforded to youth; and the practice of lecturing, in which much doctrinal matter is necessarily brought out before the more mature, whatever may be the experimental feelings of the preacher. The first of these is effected by means of bible classes, where the tender mind is deeply impregnated with the definitions, and doctrines of the Assembly's Catechism. The system of lecturing is simply this. One part of the Sabbath is devoted to a sermon, the other part is occupied by the explanation of some book of the Old or New Testament. Each Sabbath a number of verses are read, and the meaning of the writer brought out. Here then is not the same opportunity for divergence from doctrine, afforded the lax preacher; whilst it opens to the faithful one, an excellent opportunity for communicating a knowledge of the scriptures to his hearers. For what we study in connexion we study with more attention, and treasure up more strictly. Everybody carries his bible

to meeting, and follows the reasonings and explanations of the clergyman.

The knowledge which in these two ways, is obtained of scripture and doctrine, may be considered as another check to irreligion in the land. I will now briefly in the next place advert to the peculiar character of the Scotch, as a guard against the progress of moral decay.

The susceptibilities of a people may be regarded as more or less disposed to regard and cherish (humanly speaking) serious thoughts. The French are not naturally thoughtful upon these matters; the Scotch are. They are a reflective as well as a warm-hearted people; and their minds are peculiarly open to the solicitations of religion. Besides the stability that this characteristic gives to religion, it derives not a little additional strength and permanency from another, which is, *their love and reverence for old forms.* This is quite astonishing to one who has lived among the plastic elements of a growing community. But here alterations proceed very slowly. Every innovation is regarded with a wakeful jealousy; the whole system has become consolidated, and rigid and unyielding. Thus any change of habit is looked at, as trenching on fixed and constituted right, so that heresy of opinion, I fear, would give a much more violent shock to the *notions of propriety*, than to the hearts of many. But still this has some advantages, as one will not fail to see. This feeling makes it rather a rare thing to find respectable houses "where the Book is not taken," as it is called, and prayers offered, at least at night, by the head of the family, as well as blessings craved before every meal. This fact will perhaps serve to throw some light on what I have said. That they dare to do it without piety, is to be ascribed to the first causes I have mentioned; that they do perform it at all, to the last. I

shall enumerate two more; the first of these is the little concern which the people have in the measures of the government. They pay little attention to politics. The second is strictly connected with the first, the general diffusion of education and knowledge by means of their excellent parochial schools. This gives activity to their minds. Not being engrossed by politics, the bent of their genius goes to theology, and this circumstance renders theology a prominent topic of conversation, but alas, too much in its dry detail, among a certain class of society. Thus whilst so many circumstances tend to press religion pure and undefiled from the field, there are others which contend powerfully in its favor. Thus a picture dark in the distance, brightens up as you approach it. But lest I should have spoken in *too* general a manner, (for I must of course speak in *a* general manner) let us now endeavor to throw a little more light upon the picture, by drawing some of its lines more boldly. Of the Established Church, I have spoken in general terms of disapprobation. Thus as a whole, it should be regarded. But when you turn from it as a whole, and regard in detail, many, very many, interesting and pious individuals both as clergymen and laymen, are to be discovered. Not a few in both of these classes I have the pleasure of ranking amongst my personal friends, and readily yield them the tribute of my love and respect. These honestly believe that the Establishment is the best system for the wide diffusion of religion, which in a depraved world could be formed. They say, why take away the Establishment, if it does accomplish the least good? Why then remove it? However, I cannot enter into a discussion of this question.

Among the champions of the Establishment, and he

certainly is an honest and great one, standing prominent in the first rank, appears Dr Chalmers. The whole weight of his genius he has put forth on this subject, which he certainly manages in a most magnificent, and to many, a most convincing manner. But if he has done injury in this respect, and if the Establishment is injurious in its tendencies, he certainly has aimed, and continues most strenuously to aim at the overthrow of many of its evils; and in his lectures to the young men who are to hold its parishes, to impregnate the machine not only with the proper energies, but with the proper spirit. Himself and some kindred minds, and the causes above mentioned, give a much greater degree of warmth to religion in Scotland than would at first be supposed. But still there is *after all*, a coldness, a meagreness and inefficiency, compared with the life, and enterprise and heat of American revivals. I can only say in conclusion, that we should esteem ourselves, as Christians, most happy, that we live in such a country as America; as parents, or brothers, or friends, we should rejoice that such holy influences are brought to bear on those we love. That we live in an age when so many busy expedients are put into operation, should render us grateful; that we live in a land where a thousand motives are alluring us to well-doing, and our families and our friends to follow us, should render us still more so.

Saturday. Walked with several ladies towards Duddingston Loch, the merriest scene in Scotland. The day was damp and rather misty, but we decided to prosecute our enterprise; the streets leading to it were crowded with gentlemen and ladies, approaching or returning from the glassy field. On inquiry, we found that it was covered with water; however we chose to walk part way, at least, as the gravel walks were not very damp and

the groups of passers by were quite interesting. Parties of young gentlemen with their flashing dashy skates, small parties of older and graver personages, their skates fixed with more antique garnish, boys laughing and joking, many genteelly, indeed, elegantly dressed; whilst with these parties, or with gentlemen without skates, came group after group, a perfect stream of beauty and elegance; for this is a scene peculiarly attractive to the ladies of Edinburgh. We did not go as far as the lake, for it began to rain; however, standing at the bottom of Salisbury crags we had a fine view of the country, still deeply green; which renders it, diversified as it is, by hill and dale, and scattered over with villages, castles, and farm houses, a charming scene. In returning we passed by Jeannie Deans' house, on St Leonard's, which almost filled my eyes with tears. The view of Calton hill and the castle, was very bold and striking from this point. Returned and spent the evening at home most pleasantly alone. O! solitude, how sweet are thy shades, when we have long gazed upon the blazing light of day, whirled in its deafening crowd, and lived with the mind much occupied on other things; how pleasant to go with earnest and deep searchings into the chambers of the soul to disrobe and discipline, and lead it to the true fountain of light, and purity, and joy.

Sunday. In the morning went to the high church, to hear Dr ———, one of the most celebrated preachers of Edinburgh. As it was rather too early I had an opportunity to examine the part of the church which he occupies. It is strictly Gothic. The large *pointed arched* windows of the lower part of the building, the more contracted ones in the upper and narrower part, with their heavy frames, the massive pillars with their heavy mouldings, the height of the building, its gilding insig-

nia, its suspended crown, its dim and broken light, all conspire to produce quite a serious impression on the mind. These do not fail to deepen, as the remembrance of its history presses home with all that additional force, which locality gives, even in trifling incidents, with all that sublimity, which it lends to such events as are connected with this famous building. Just before the clergyman entered the desk the sceptre and sword of state were brought in, by two officers, and placed in the two pews opposite me. Immediately after this the Lord Provost, with four gentlemen in red gowns, and six in black, were ushered in, the former in the first pew, where the sceptre had been placed, the other in that where the sword of state had been fixed. Shortly after the clergyman entered; he was a man of much dignity of bearing, and exhibited elegance in the selection of his language.

In the afternoon went to hear Mr B. He preached a very excellent evangelical sermon. Mr B. is young, but he ranks very high in Edinburgh, for his talents as a powerful writer and original preacher. He has black hair, a straight and well marked forehead, prominent but regular nose; a mouth, which though not large, moves as he speaks his whole face, drawing it into a thousand lines. In the pulpit he is by no means graceful. He reads his sermon, having one hand much of the time, under the bible; as he becomes interested, he bends and turns his body in every direction, not changing however the position of his right hand, whilst the left is brought up to the other side of the bible, which rendered his manner rather constrained. His sermon, however, was from the heart, and his own deep feeling seemed to reach through the house.

Visited the Royal Institution, to which a gentleman politely procured me a ticket — only one room open today — where stood a very large full-length portrait of George IV. in a highland dress, to be placed in the palace of Holyrood. It is a production of Sir David Wilkie. I do not consider it a piece of much merit. The coloring is not distinct, and the shading is in many respects faulty; particularly from the left knee downward. The features are not so strong as those fixed on the living bronze by the illustrious Chantrey, but they are more intellectual. Walked home round Calton hill. This is, at least by night, one of the most sublime scenes in Edinburgh. Slowly you leave Prince Street, with its brilliant line of lights, behind; now the Calton hill, with its magnificent school, and proud monuments, lifts itself up on the one side — the stern prison frowns darkly with its high towers and turrets on the other. Now the Salisbury crags and Arthur's Seat, stand abruptly before you on the right, in black shade, while on the left, light after light pours its melting mellow rays on the gently curving terrace. Beneath, between the terrace and the hills, seen in the dim gulf below, are roofs and steeples, blazing furnaces, and lighted windows. Afar off on the right, terminated the hills. Leith, with its splendid rows of lamps, blazing in regular beauty, spreads off on the distant left; whilst the deep and broad waters of the Frith, with its solitary beacon, expands in front. The whole scene is most striking and picturesque.

Saturday. Visited Mr Woods' Sessional school. The system is in part monitorial. The scholars, about five hundred in number, are divided into six or seven classes; these form in squares from one end of the room to the other; whilst the preceptor is in one class, the monitors are drilling the others. The teacher enters the first class,

which is the youngest, where they read simple syllables. They then spell the words which they have read, after which they define them. He then proceeds to another and higher class, where he pursues the same course. The answer must be very prompt, or another gives it; and he flies from one to another very hastily, to keep up a general attention. The words are here of a harder kind, and they are made to stand in every variety of light and shade. The next class was examined in the Old Testament; the next in arithmetic. The readiness with which they would reply in pounds, shillings and pence, was surprising. After this, they read an account of the plague in London, of 1665, and having closed the book, several were called upon, who gave a most excellent abstract of it. They were then called on to define the words of which the writer had made use — to show what words proceeded from the same root; and this they did with a volubility almost inconceivable, considering their years and condition, and which would have led me to imagine they had been perfectly drilled in each particular passage, had it not been selected by one of the visitors out of a work of considerable size, and the words chosen by any gentleman who desired to do so. One little fellow especially excited my attention. He appeared to be the oracle of the school. He was a blind boy. He was as sensitive as the delicate sensitive plant. The questions proposed to him were answered with a propriety that really astonished me, though I confess, that as he seemed to quiver in every limb from extreme nervous irritability, I was filled also with feelings of commiseration. His mind seemed like a bird seen through the wires of its cage, struggling to get free.

As I walked up to Calton hill, I had a fine view of the stern prison beneath, and of the gay throng

promenading the elegant walks of Prince Street. Here were the highly dressed fashionables of Edinburgh, the dashing belles, the stately officers, with their varied uniform; the stern soldier. Here a whiskered hussar with his clanging spurs and heavy steel sheathed long sword; here an erect orderly sergeant; here a kilted highlander, with his raven plumes, or high black cap; here a thoughtful merchant, bustling through the crowd; whilst here a lady, somewhat past the prime, picks her way choicely, as her white muff is now edged this way, now that; here hurries some advocate's clerk; here congregate the bargaining sons of Levi; here hasten the playful children, with satchels strapped to their shoulders, noisy from school; while in the street a perfect tide of carts, coaches, gigs, and carriages, horsemen and advertisement bearers, pour with inconstant and diverse speed.

Sunday, January 16. In the morning went to hear Mr C. a distinguished clergyman of the Episcopal order. He did not officiate that morning, but my mind was refreshed, as association brought up some of those holy Episcopalians, who in my own dear native land, so adorn the doctrines of the Saviour, in all things. I heard, however, a very good missionary sermon. But even many of the best Christians do not seem to put that point to their sermons which I like; however, perhaps my heart is harder, and less apt to apply sacred truth to itself, than that of most men; perhaps the Scotch need less than we, of personal application, — but I fear after all, that education and habit, leads them to fail in this point; but better times draw on.

Monday, Jan. 17. Attended classes. Visited Mr Lyme, one of the most eminent artists. Was much pleased with his room. His productions discover firmness and

accuracy of coloring both in costume and faces, truth in resemblance, finish in execution. He is a portrait painter, and in his collection has the portraits of many noblemen and distinguished citizens. In the evening went to a small party at Mr O.'s. There was quite an agreeable though not numerous company. Conversation and music of all kinds abounded. Mrs Huntington was mentioned as is very usual with high admiration. At about ten we were ushered into another room where a table was amply covered with the delicacies of the season. At the supper table the Scotch show forth to advantage; such generosity and frankness, without intrusiveness; such cheerfulness without dissipation, or questionable merriment; their polite attentions, pleasant conversation, and fine songs; all these with that salutary restraint and sacred lustre, which the supplicated blessing gives to such a scene, renders it delightful in its actual enjoyment, sweet in its reflections.

Tuesday, Jan. 18. Attended classes. Had a visit from Dr Black, who brought a proof sheet of an article which I gave him on Andover. Gave him an account of the society of Inquiry of Andover. In the evening met a small but pleasant party at Mrs N.'s. Conversed principally on "the state of religion in America." Returning had a fine view of Leith, the Frith, and the bold brow of Calton. Over the whole scene studded with a thousand lamps, the pale moon-beams fell most tranquilly.

Wednesday. Called at Oliphant's book store; was ushered into the sanctum, where a few literati or blue stockings are usually to be found admiring the volume hot from the press, before it is made to shine in the firmament, where vulgar eyes can reach it; catching a telescopic view, as of some comet, before it has reached

the sphere of unaided vision. Annuals, new poems, novels, sermons, plates, magazines and newspapers, grace his table, irradiated by the lustre of many a bright eye.

In the afternoon dined in company with Mr Aikman, Dr Patterson, and Mr Swan a gentleman who has been engaged as a Missionary thirteen years in Liberia, and who intends shortly to return to that country, to his interesting duties. He is a pleasant, sensible man; his hair is dark brown; his forehead well formed and rather high; his features regular; his voice is finely toned; his smile chastened; his whole address bland and agreeable. Returned home and wrote a few pages on the Theological Institution, Andover, for Dr Black; and part of a letter to my dear friends, on the other side of the Atlantic.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ireland — Catholicism — Butler — Craig Leith Quarry — Rev. Mr Craig — Episcopal Church — Arthur's Seat — Parliament House — Liberton — Ordination — Catholic Church — St George's Church — Mr Harvey the Artist — The Prison — Royal Museum — Muschat's Cairn.

Thursday. Breakfasted with Dr Chalmers. Found a few other gentlemen there, among whom was Mr C——, a gentleman of the church, who has been a missionary in Ireland. He is esteemed quite an enthusiast, and perhaps there is ground for it. He imagines that he has struck out a new plan, — I believe others do not precisely comprehend, or at least repose much confidence in it, — which would in a short time protestantize this catholic dominion. He brought it, or evidently wished to bring it, on the tapis, but I could only gather thus much: that Ireland is in a dreadful state; that the crisis is rapidly approaching, when a great and healing application must be made, or it will be torn with awful convulsions. Seven millions of its inhabitants are Catholics; they think, and are determined to hold the Pope supreme. Tithes they will not endure; the land of the church they will insist on being equally divided with that of Rome. He is for sending a vast body of missionaries through the land, to gain the affection and confidence of the people, and thus lead them to listen to the gospel, and decide for themselves. The Doctor spoke of

Butler again, in terms of admiration. I remarked that we employed it in our literary institutions as a text book. I then spoke of his views of the use to be made of the arguments, as he had stated them in the lecture room, as very striking and just in my opinion; making men the pillars to support the vestibule; or like the high and grand gateway and stern arches leading up to an impregnable citadel, impressing and overawing the mind and preparing it to look on bulwarks more massive and defensible.

Mr B. and myself decided to walk to Craig Leith Quarry, about two miles out of the city. The day was delightful, for though it is the nineteenth of January, there has yet been nothing like our winter. The grass is still green, the fields seem to be in a cultivated state; the air is mild, and nothing indicates even the approach of winter but the leafless trees. As we left the city behind, the view gradually increased in expansiveness and beauty, until we arrived at the Quarry; from this elevated spot, you command a scene of exquisite beauty. On the right are the famous Pentland hills, with their bold outline sweeping along the horizon. At their termination, in front, the fine squares of the city commence, here and there pointed by some monumental furnace-pipe, or tapering steeple. A little further on, the dark gray castle, rising on its massy rock, emerges from the line of roofs and chimneys; at once the ornament and defence of the city of palaces. Beneath, and sweeping around it, and from its side extending off to the left, are seen line after line of houses; while the domes and spires scattered over the whole, give dignity and variety to the less conspicuous habitations of men. Further still to the left, rising abruptly from the ridgy roofs around, stands Calton hill. Away to its left, long ranges of elegant buildings stretch down to the silver waters of the

Frith ; on this side skirting a beautiful plain studded with trees and fine houses ; on the other, drawn like a silver cord around the base of the dark hills of Fife.

Friday, Jan. 21. Took tea with the Rev. Mr G—. Conversed with a lady whom I knew not, about various matters relating to the church, and state of religion in Scotland. It is quite unusual to introduce in Edinburgh. You are sometimes announced by the servants, sometimes not; after which you enter, and the conversation is perfectly free. If you converse, however, with a lady to-night, to whom you have not been introduced, (for if a mutual friend comes by, perhaps he will introduce you to the very lady you are conversing with, if he supposes that you have not already been presented,) and meet her tomorrow, you must not presume to recognise her, unless she first takes notice of you, which confirms the acquaintance of accident.

Sunday, Jan. 23. In the morning went to hear Mr Craig of the Episcopal church. Received great pleasure in mingling with the "great congregation" in the solemn responses of confession and entreaty to the Majesty on High. When these services are conducted in a solemn manner, I do not know anything more impressive, at least to one who imbibes the spirit of them ; but ah ! too many, I fear, render them an empty, useless form. Mr C. selected as his text that interesting subject from the Psalms, "My soul cleaveth to the dust," which he treated in a very plain and beautiful manner. His voice is sweet, his emphasis very appropriate, his pronunciation pure and distinct. His language is chaste, his style elegant and classical. His piety and zeal seemed unaffected and deep ; his earnestness with sinners, whilst regulated by his native dignity and elegance, was touching in the extreme. I was much profited by the discourse as

well as the whole service. May God bless such faithful ministrations everywhere. In the afternoon, heard Dr ——, of the High Church. His sermon was from the first Epistle to Peter; the comprehensive and soul-stirring passage ending with the sublime declaration "which things the angels desire to look into." His sermon was treated in a critical, rather uninteresting manner, which made even my unfeeling heart burn with honest desire to throw into it a living fire. How Paul would have preached that subject into the hearts of corrupt and frozen mortals. These cold dogmas give me a new relish for the warmth of New England divinity. Blessed be God, who placed my lot in so pleasant a heritage!

Monday, Jan. 24. It is strange how fine the weather continues to be; though so late in the season, it is still mild as October; the grass is quite green; turnips, and greens of that description, appear to be in a forward state of cultivation. There have been but two falls of snow; the one early in November, which soon melted away; the other early in January, which had melted even from the roofs by noon. The skating pond at Duddingston has been but once frozen. However, I understand that soon very severe weather may be looked for.

Tuesday, Jan. 25. Day clear, but more blustering than any that we have had this season. Much like one of our March days. Attended classes. Dr Chalmers was peculiarly eloquent this forenoon; never have I seen him more so. He was on the Doctrine of Necessity. He passed a very beautiful eulogium on Jonathan Edwards, the great champion of the system. As the day was clear, I determined to scale the rocky heights of Arthur's Seat, and with this intention started off about twelve. On my way I passed the house of Jeannie Deans, a little piece of which I bore off as a token of my visit,

as well as some grass growing under the window. The house is small, built of stone and mortar; at one side, connected with it, are a few other houses, of a similar kind. It commands a fine view of the King's Park, Salisbury crags, and Arthur's Seat. Owing to the wind, the ascent to Arthur's Seat was very difficult. Weary and almost exhausted, now, I would sit down to rest, and again, as the wind came roaring by, I would be forced to lie prostrate on the hill side, or take the chance of being blown down some threatening precipice. I succeeded after a long and tedious struggle in attaining the highest part of that rocky cone. From it, the view was truly magnificent. Everything entered into it that conduces to vary and beautify a landscape. The Frith of Forth, with its far-spreading waters, lay to the east. On the west and south, extended a green and diversified country, dotted with villages, churches, and country seats; over this, at the very base of the crags, runs with all its moving cars, a fine rail-way. The north is filled up by the city, from the midst of which, with gloomy grandeur, the castle rises on the one side; while on the other, graced with many a Grecian pile, with airy beauty, as if borne from a warmer clime to be its bride, stands Calton hill. I gazed for some time with unspeakable delight on the enchanting scene. Remembered to pluck some grass from its rocky summit, to be a token of my visit, if God permits, in a distant land.

Dined with Mr B. Was feasted with the sight of an American paper. There was an account in it of a very interesting revival in Jefferson county, New York, in the very church where he had officiated. This brought *home* most freshly to his mind, while it was not less forcibly suggested to mine, by a paragraph of a few lines, respecting the election of

Mayor in Boston. We became quite national as we ran over its columns, and good reason there was for it, for it was full of evidence of the religion, prosperity and happiness of the land. How different from Europe!

Wednesday. Walked up to the Parliament house. The courts were not sitting, however, at that time; as the lords were called away on special business. The outer house was quite crowded with loungers, hangers on of court, and lawyers. The whole scene was quite a curious one. The outer Parliament house is a large and very high hall. It receives an antique air from the curiously arranged and brazen pointed beams which stud, as with a thousand stars, the dark canopy above. Its top is a fine specimen of the old Norman style. At one end of the hall are two doors, through both of which a stream of life is continually flowing. Beside these, and making a right angle with them, stands the noble marble statue of Lord Melville. On one side of the hall to which these doors conduct, are two doors also, the one leading from the anteroom, which communicates with the square, and which forms the great avenue to this seat of justice. The other, opens into one of the courts of law. On this side there are likewise, occupying retired niches, two tables surrounded with a semicircular bar, where a number of clerks, with large books and many papers, appeared to be very busy. The design of these places, and the duties of these clerks, I had no means of learning. On the other side of the hall, opposite to the one before mentioned, stands another hall of justice. On this side are two fire places, and benches arranged against the wall, where the wags and idlers about court, are cracking their jokes and amusing one another. The end of the hall opposite Lord Melville, has a very large window of stained glass, which admits a soft and mellow

light. Beneath this window is a large square, opening through which are seen two other courts, partly hidden by the folds of drapery, which are placed before them to soften the sounds of the outer hall.

When I entered, I found myself in the midst of a most respectable crowd of loungers. Here were gentlemen of leisure, of frank and manly mein, discussing the various topics of the day; here busy clerks, loaded with many a brief; here the little groups of wits; here the demure, black-gowned barristers, in their powdered, stiff-curled wigs, moving with sober face and solemn step; with here and there an anxious client; the whole presenting all the diversities of light and shade, the checks and balances, of an active, thinking, and refined community.

Thursday. Dr Dickson called upon me according to engagement, and we walked in company to the beautiful church at Liberton, where Mr Purdie, a worthy young gentleman, and one of warm piety, was to be ordained by the presbytery. The services were similar to those adopted in New England. They were conducted in a solemn and interesting manner. The sermon was by Rev. Mr Henderson; it was faithful and earnest. The appearance of the congregation was decent, attentive, and to me, impressive and interesting. One custom which I now witnessed for the first time, had great moral beauty in it to my mind. After the services, the new pastor, attended by Dr D., went out to the door to shake hands with the members of his church; and a more interesting sight I have scarce ever witnessed. The Scotch peasantry show to great advantage at the kirk door. They were all neatly clad, and had an air of honesty and manliness about them, very prepossessing. The interchange of kindness between the pastor and his flock was quite touching. They were now commencing an acquaintance

which would bring them frequently together, in the tenderest, the most momentous, and solemn relations, in which man and man can stand to each other. His hand was clasped, and his head blessed by those, before whom hewould declares the oracles of God — to whom he would dispense the broken body of Christ — whom he would unite in marriage — whose children he would sprinkle at the baptismal font — whose last rites on earth he would perform. By those, who in heaven would acquit or condemn him — would meet him as now, with kindness and joy, or utterly turn from him. After this interesting scene, we walked to the manse, where a numerous party were invited to dine. The health of the pastor and others were drank and replied to in a very proper manner. In answer to a complimentary sentiment, I was called upon to say a few words in return. They were these : " Respected sir —in expressing to you my deep sense of obligation for the very undeserved, but polite mention made of my name ; permit me also to speak of the high pleasure I experienced in beholding the solemn services of the morning. Most deeply did I feel them, and I am sure that the simple, but sacred and imposing solemnities must have inspired every breast with the same feeling, 'that God, who delighteth not in sacrifices and burnt offerings,' who is not to be dazzled by pomp, or allured by show, that God was there !" I then spoke of the touching interchange of kindness which I had witnessed at the church door, and remarked, that while such solemnity pervaded the sanctuary, and such a spirit of love dwelt around it — while the congregation were thus faithfully, the pastor thus kindly addressed by each other, Scotland would continue to be regarded by the nations, what she ever had been, "an honor to the earth." Before I returned to the city, a great change had taken place in the weather.

The morning was very pleasant, as mild as October; now, three or four inches of snow covered the ground, and many flakes floated in the air. Lord H. with Mr M. and myself, started off together to walk into the city; but his Lordship soon decided to move faster than we were disposed to, so he commenced a brisk trot, while we more leisurely picked our way thither.

Sabbath. In the morning Mr B. and myself determined, as the cholera had reached Edinburgh, and a safer opportunity might not be afforded us if we deferred it longer, to go to the Catholic church. The audience was much more respectable than I had expected. There was a very large number of sensible and gentlemanly persons present. The general style and ornaments of the building were as usual, imposing. Over the altar was a very fine painting, representing Christ after he was taken from the cross. The pale and nerveless body of the Saviour, and the faces of the two Mary's were extremely well executed. From a dark recess in the gallery, the large and fine organ poured forth the richest and softest notes I ever heard. The services were in Latin; but these were recited so rapidly that I could scarce catch a word. The form was the same as at the church in Boston. The prayers were repeated by a priest at the altar, while the apostles, or boys in white robes, occasionally gave something like responses. After these services were concluded, another priest entered the pulpit. Having read two extracts from the New Testament, he gave a discourse on "Love thy neighbor." His name was McPherson. He had an open and ingenuous face: he extemporized his discourse, which was plain and popular in its style. His dress, which was white, ornamented with flowers and a splendid cross of gold and embroidered work, was very rich. The ex-king

of France unfortunately was not present, nor any of his suite, so that his silken canopy was the only intimation that his royal presence ever graced the church. The altar of this sanctuary was magnificently decorated: upon it many wax lights were burning.

In the evening we proceeded to St George's church. This is one of the largest and most costly churches in the city. But I do not admire its architecture much. It has four pillars in front, and rising from the centre of the roof, is a very large cupola, similar to that of the Boston State House. When you enter the building and see that this is not supported by columns within, you naturally experience quite a sense of insecurity. The inside of the church is neater than the interior of churches generally in Edinburgh, but inferior, both in taste and elegance, to those of Boston. The preacher's sermon was really a very fine piece of composition; doing justice to the subject and himself. His language was very graphic, his figures imposing and magnificent. The whole was impregnated with a fine christian spirit; without which, a sermon, however beautiful in composition, is the most meagre and ill-shaped of all things born in the mind of man.

Tuesday. Went, by particular invitation, to a Temperance association which was to meet at the George Street assembly rooms. Had the honor of sitting with the distinguished gentlemen of the committee, many of whom I had already met, and to others of whom I was introduced. The son-in-law of ——, a very wealthy gentleman, was in the chair. Three gentlemen spoke; one a great landholder, and two clergymen of the Establishment. One of them, Mr Simpson, really spoke in a most forcible and admirable manner.

Tuesday Evening. I had the delightful satisfaction of receiving a letter from home. It came to me like a bles-

sed messenger of joy, to say that all were in life, and happy at home — all preserved from the disease by which so many suffered. God be praised for his astonishing and undeserved mercy to me and those whom I love. Oh! that my gratitude bore any degree of correspondence to the extent of my obligation. Surely I will rejoice in him.

Saturday, Feb. 4. Called on Mr Harvey, a distinguished artist of Edinburgh. He was then employed on a very fine piece, "Examination of a Village School." Another, the only other, now in his possession, was a "Baptism among the Hills," introducing the Covenanters. The conception and execution of this does Mr Harvey great honor. A father is presenting his babe to a venerable and dignified clergyman, whose gray locks float loosely over a manly, and most benevolent face. Beside the husband, stands his pale and delicate spouse, one of the most interesting faces in the group; a sweet little child, with a placid but lovely countenance, at her side, stands gazing on the ceremony. Near them is another group, but these figures being of a more lively cast, make a fine contrast with the other. Seated or standing around are many firm and strong featured men, and many an earnest female face devoutly turned towards the holy man; while here and there, features stern and dark, yet subdued by the pleasing and sacred scene, with the iron spear and heavy broadsword, mark sufficiently well the rude character of the times. Behind, rise the towering misty hills, secluding and guarding the brave and pious worshippers, forming a grand and imposing temple.

Dined with Mr Gray, Argyle Square. Discussed the temperance question, and especially a most unworthy work against temperance societies by a clergyman, which

had quite staggered this most excellent and kindly Christian. The cholera was also a prominent subject of regard. This begins to cast quite a gloom over the face of society.

Monday. Visited the prison. This is a very fine building, of a castellated appearance, in Waterloo place, just under the brow of Calton hill. The street is a beautiful one; the Regent bridge is a splendid structure. This was not,as I imagined, the receptacle of condemned prisoners, but only of persons waiting for trial; rogues, thieves, housebreakers, &c. However, I did not altogether like what I saw and heard. 1st. The prisoners frequently remained here four or five months before trial. 2d. They had no employment while here confined. 3d. They were permitted to meet together in a public room during all hours of the day, vagabonds and wretches of every description. 4th. Three or four at least, are thrown into one cell for the night. Everything however was neat and clean. The food was healthy and good. In the morning and evening, milk porridge; at noon meat or broth. They had a chaplain, but though he makes some visits in the week, he has no daily prayers, and but one service on the Sabbath.

Tuesday. Went with a party of ladies to view the royal museum of antiquities. The building is a fine Grecian design, built at the foot of the mound. In the lower part of the building is a hall where some old paintings are now exhibited, and two other rooms, where are some cases of valuable books, and some good portraits of distinguished characters. Amongst these, was one of Sir Walter Scott, but I should not say a correct likeness. Above these are other rooms, into two of which we were admitted. In one of these, a long gallery, were arranged, without much regard to age or country, a considera-

ble variety of weapons and antiquities of different descriptions. I was most gratified with the pulpit of John Knox, which was then in its full glory. Here was also the famous guillotine, invented by Morton, and by which he himself, the Duke of Montrose, the Earl of Argyle, and others were executed. Here were swords and spears that had glanced over many a scaffold, or flashed in many a field. Amongst other interesting objects was a banner torn and soiled, on which was embroidered in golden letters, "Covenants, Religion of Kingdoms." From this place we walked through the gay crowd of Prince Street to Calton hill. The day was so pleasant, that though our walk had already been long, we decided to visit Muschat Cairn and Anthony's Chapel before our return. These, as everybody knows, who has read the Heart of Mid Lothian, are situated on the northern side of the Salisbury Crags. Nothing can be more solitary than their situation on the wild hill side, with savage rocks and lonely dells around. The bare and heavy walls of the shattered chapel, with the blue heavens seen on either side through its unprotected windows, or shivered wall, the ruins that lay around, and the dark and silent hills that shut it in, all unite to yield a very striking contrast to the beautiful and active city from which you have just come; and this contrast pressing more and more into the regions which lie most retired in the mind, at length gains a full control of the imagination; until the spirit of solitude completely mastering the reflective powers of the soul, the vivid and real impressions just before made by the splendors of the city, play upon the recollection, not like the objects of a real scene, but like the deep and lively images of a past but brilliant dream.

Thursday, Feb. 9. As pleasant as the most delight-

ful of our spring days. This was very properly set apart as a day for national fast. How deeply do my sins, as well as the sins of the nation, and the world, call for such an expression of contrition. How humbling is a retrospect of my life. How many privileges entirely neglected, how many shamefully abused. Daily do I see and feel more and more, how utterly dependent am I upon the Spirit of all Grace, not only to teach me duty, but to enliven and encourage my heart to its performance. Truly, I desire that that "Divine Spirit" may be henceforth my sweetest and most constant companion; that He may create in my soul the image of Christ; that He may lead every thought into captivity and obedience to him. Was greatly encouraged and revived this day by reading of the glorious activity in well doing, of the young men of America, in the pages of the New York Observer.

CHAPTER IX.

Imperfect Knowledge of America abroad — Professor Stuart— Scotch Ladies — Craigmiller Castle — St George's Church — Infant School — Dr Chalmers — Harvey — Anecdote — St Paul's — Lecture Room.

I HAVE often remarked on the ignorance of the European nations, and of the Scotch in particular, of all that relates to America. They are but too apt to class us with the hordes of half civilized people that dwell among the forests and seclusions of the earth. This is a summary mode of treating us, and doubtless saves them no little jealousy. For the Scotch cannot bear rivalship. However, now and then some little fact starts up before their eyes ; some troublesome paragraph about our rail-roads, steamboats, canals or commerce ; or some author like Irving, Cooper or Stuart crosses their track to fill them with great surprise. But if they wince at these unexpected notices, they soon stand up on their defence again, and like the Egyptians after the passing off of each successive plague, renew their old ideas and hostilities. Among those, who cast too broad and too dark a shade over the " Island of the Ocean," from the transatlantic coast, is Professor Stuart. Persons here are too sagacious, however, not to perceive that his scholarship has too high claims to be overlooked. This therefore they do not quite attempt. They even speak of him, often, with much praise. But when you come

to sound them well, then their praise comes with many limitations. For instance a young clergyman was at my room a few nights since, and the conversation fell naturally upon professional education in America. I alluded to Professor Stuart. He remarked that he entertained a high opinion of him; but said he "Mr Stuart has too much the air of a pedant; he allows too great deference to the Germans, too little to the English; and disowns 'Owen' as a great authority;" and he further remarked, "when I came to his opinion of a man, with whom he cannot be brought into comparison, I was so indignant that I threw the book across the room with disgust." His great objection was, that there was so little spirituality in the work — I could not make him understand that it was written for scholars, to aid them in opening to their own search the spirituality of the bible.

Tuesday. In the evening met a small party at Mr G.'s. Perhaps fifteen ladies and as many gentlemen. Thought the ladies strikingly plain, when compared with those of America. The Scotch ladies are too tall, their features too strong and fixed, and their motions constrained. There is not that gracefulness of person, variety of expression, and liveliness of thought that distinguish our own. But these remarks by no means apply to all; on the contrary they admit of many interesting exceptions, amongst my personal friends. Met one of the Polish exiles there, a very pleasant young man; he sang one of his national airs. It was of a melancholy kind, and some parts were very touching. One or two French and Italian pieces were sung during the evening.

Saturday. Visited Craigmiller castle. This desolate old ruin is beautifully situated, about three miles distant from Edinburgh, of which it commands a very good view. In feudal days it was a strongly fortified hold. Its black

and tottering walls might be brought to the ground, however, at the present time, with a very small force. Indeed, I almost trembled, as I stood under its dilapidated towers. There is an outer wall, enclosing a square, with once formidable, but now weak and crumbling defences. Within this, but closed from vulgar scrutiny, is another square castle; the corners of which are protected by round towers. The shattered walls, the irregular gables, and the roofless keep, rising sternly above the whole, give a cheerless and gloomy air to this ancient fortalice, once the dwelling place of princes. But it receives an additional interest from its having been a favorite residence of the accomplished but unfortunate Mary. The day was cold and cloudy, but it was in keeping with the general character of the scene. Returned and spent the evening with Mr T——. Had much profitable conversation with Mrs T., upon God's goodness in afflictions; and truly she has had an opportunity to learn it; for as a mother, she has been called six times to mourn and find relief in God. Christianity has thrown a sweet charm over her mild but fine face, and given to her conversation a refined and spiritual direction. It is indeed most reviving to meet feelings of such mould and fervency, amongst the cold, strange, and transient scenes of this apostate world.

Sabbath. In the morning heard a lecture from my much esteemed and very kind friend, Dr D. It was upon the first chapter of John. The mode of his exposition was lucid and profitable. What a soul-touching doctrine does this blessed chapter involve. How humbling, yet how ennobling to humanity. God manifest in the flesh! If there is anything which would give refinement, ardor, and enterprise to our Christians, certainly it is this. What motives does it bring to bear upon our understand-

ing, conscience, and heart. Here is love, not that God gave forgiveness to man, but that he gave his son for the forgiveness of man.

St George's church is the centre of fashion in Edinburgh. Here are assembled the grandees. It is built of a grayish freestone, much inferior in appearance to the fine granite, quarried near Boston. Its bold front has a portico, graced by six large Ionic columns. The edifice is surmounted by a high, and for the strength of the base, too heavy dome. However, this adds to the general magnificence of a distant view of the city. The interior falls far short of what might naturally be expected from the external ornaments of the building. The pulpit is an awkward and inelegant piece of mahogany work; the pews are made of pine, and the aisles are entirely uncarpeted. And yet this is considered one of their finest churches. I think that I may confidently assert that there are few of our city churches which do not display more taste and elegance — many far surpass it.

Monday, Feb. 12. In the evening, took tea and supper with a small but very agreeable party at Dr D.'s. At ten, the hymn books and bibles were brought in for family prayers. This gives a noble character to the socialities of life. A hymn was read, and all united in making meet praise to the Author of all our temporal as well as spiritual blessings. A chapter of the bible, with a few appropriate remarks from some commentator, were then read; after which the Doctor led in a humble yet grateful approach to the divine footstool. After the close of these interesting services, we were ushered to the room below, where was prepared an ample, but plain supper. Here we passed a very pleasant hour or two in conversation, anecdote, and song; for the Scotch, with that generous

partiality for song which so distinguishes them, introduce it naturally and pleasantly on all occasions. The whole scene was a very interesting one, which will not be soon banished from my recollection. Especially do I love to behold the paternal, filial, and fraternal affection, and kindness which such a scene exhibits.

Tuesday. Went with two of the daughters of Mrs G——, to visit an infant school. There were about one hundred and forty children brought under the benevolent influence of this kindly institution. My visit gave rise to some delightful reflections. What an age we live in; what a multitude of christian motives are brought to bear upon the hearts of the rising generation. God be praised that the work of divine reformation and recovery is rapidly advancing. In the afternoon Mr B. dined with me and we enjoyed a refreshing christian conversation in the evening. But alas! my heart sinks when I think that the time draws near that I must part from this dear and talented brother in Christ. Perhaps never more to meet in this lower world; solemn! solemn thought! Sweet and very precious have been the hours I have spent in his company, and bitter will be the hour of separation, but our affections should not cling too fondly to things below; and surely I rejoice that we are both travellers toward a better country even a heavenly; there shall our affection be complete, and without fear of change.

Thursday. In company with Mr B. breakfasted with Dr Chalmers. Fortunately we found the Doctor and his family alone. He was reading a new work by the talented author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," as we entered, called "Saturday Evening," of which he spoke in terms of the highest admiration, warmly recommending us to read it. The Doctor was

peculiarly bland and eloquent. He conversed upon the present religious state of America, and his earnest desire to visit it; both to behold its splendid scenery, and to obtain a statistical account of its prosperity without an Establishment. He spoke also upon the propriety of endowing the literary institutions of our country more liberally, and securing them in some way to real talent; not that learning was not in itself respectable, but because the weight of an overbearing wealth, and a degraded public sentiment, bore unsustained learning down from its proper elevation. And so much was this the case that it could but ill keep its ground, unless it was fortified by some such subsidiary means. It might be a lamented necessity, but it certainly was a necessity. We in speaking of some of his prefaces to various works earnestly recommended him to publish an edition of Butler with one, as a most desirable thing especially in America, where it was very generally read. As I walked with the Doctor to the university he gave me some idea of his views of inspiration. He thinks, that under a *guarding superintendence*, the writers were left, at least in places, to select their own language. That so interwoven is the direct supernatural and natural influence employed, that we cannot make a distinction.

Tuesday, Feb. 21. Called upon Harvey, the eminent artist. Had the pleasure of seeing the fine piece which he has just completed, "The Village Examination." Around the room, are some excellent studies of Scotch character, wise, deliberate, firm, manly and honest countenances; yet exhibiting an infinite variety, in their expression and tone of feeling. He had an unfinished piece before him when I entered. An old shepherd on a high and beetling crag, looking down upon the agitated sea, breaking round its base. The old weather-beaten man came

in, who was sitting as an original for it, while I was there. Long locks of iron-gray hair fell parted on either side of his broad and wrinkled forehead. Heavy eye-brows shaded the dark gray eyes beneath. A short frock coat, made of a kind of velveteen, with short breeches, and long gaiters of the same, completed his dress. This is the usual dress of the crowds of "caddies" and laborers whom you will encounter in every direction in Edinburgh. Such were the features and guise of the old man.

I had some interesting conversation with Mr H. on the philosophy of conception, as it relates to the production of the grand and complicated works of genius. Requested him to give me the history of his mind in relation to the celebrated piece, by which he attracted public admiration and praise, "The Covenanters." The first idea he had of it, was while he was once in the country, at a preaching in a barn. The nature of the subject, and one or two striking heads, made a favorable impression on his mind. After some time he drew a design of the thing — he then decided that the open air would be more favorable for effect; then that the overshadowing hills would give an additional interest; then that history might lend it a charm; the days of the Covenant were naturally suggested to his mind, "and these silent and long cherished contemplations," said he, "terminated in the production that first rendered me at all known as an artist — excuse my vanity;" and a blush mantled on his cheek. Then turning to the fire-place, he handed me a small piece of paper soiled with many a blot, on which rudely scratched with ink, was an almost shapeless figure, he observed, "You have regarded the piece before you with very flattering, but quite undue admiration; will you accept this, where my first conception

of it stands roughly embodied?" I received it with much pleasure, and hold it as a very rich, though unpolished gem.

In the evening, had the pleasure of Capt. F.'s company to tea. He was an officer in one of the highland regiments, and saw considerable service at Java and on the continent, of which he gave me many interesting details; particularly of events attending the siege of Antwerp. On one occasion he was dining with a large party of his regiment, when the bombs were falling in the village of ——, when a black thirteen incher came smash through the roof and ceiling, its short fusee hissing in their midst. An involuntary thrill for a moment ran through every frame, and then a dense crowd rushed out at every avenue. He had just escaped when it exploded with a fearful sound. He returned, and then how sad a change was presented. The room so lately filled with laughter and joy, now filled with groans and dying gasps! Amongst the broken food, there lay eighteen persons, gashed and smeared with blood, the horrible victims of insatiate war.

Wednesday. Dined at Mr G—'s. Had a very sociable time. I am truly much indebted to this kind family. They have treated me more like a child and brother than like a stranger. I admire the daughters for their unostentatious but remarkable judgment and good sense.

Sunday. In the morning went to St Paul's church, Dr Morehead's. He is an assistant of the celebrated Alison, who has written so finely "on taste." He now rarely preaches. The church is a fine one. It is in the Gothic style, with round towers at the angles. It has in the inside four beautiful fretted shafts supporting pointed Gothic arches, giving great height to the middle of the

church. As the rich notes of the organ pealed through the vaulted galleries, I realized more than ever before, the feelings of those who have described their sensations in an English cathedral. A deep, mysterious pensiveness stole over my senses, my mind floated on the swelling strains of the organ, and when it ceased, I felt as one waking from strange dreams.

Tuesday. Attended classes. Heard a fine burst of eloquence from Professor Wilson against the impropriety of the loud whispering of some of the students in the lecture room. The conduct of some of these young men is frequently very unbecoming the refinement of scholars and gentlemen. Often I have seen them with an air of flippant disrespect to the courtesies of company, and to the claims of scholarship, remain with their hats on, during a whole lecture with an assurance unbecoming the aspirant for the honors of a university. This though not palliated by, is much to be ascribed to the faults of the system.

Spent the evening at Mr O.'s, in conversation and music. The young ladies are very sensible as well as pretty girls. Indeed I scarce ever met with a young lady so perfectly free from affectation, so frank, so pleasant, so ingenuous as the eldest. She has one of those faces, which chastened by piety, whether sobered by reflection or sweetened with smiles, affords the calmest but deepest pleasure to behold. I love much to listen to her music, and more to hearken to the winning tones, which give a new charm to every subject on which she converses. The conversation was rather varied, but highly interesting and profitable. Dr Mason, Jonathan Edwards, Professor Stuart and Mrs Huntington were all alluded to in the highest terms of commendation.

CHAPTER X.

Professor Wilson — Emancipation — The General Assembly — Rev. Edward Irving — Cholera — Ex-King of France — Roslin Castle — Hawthornden — Jewish Synagogue.

Friday. Attended classes. Sketched in my note book a picture of Wilson in his lecture room, from the life, which I transfer to my Journal. Tall and large; light sandy hair, long, carelessly parted over his high, round, regular forehead; on the one side slightly curled, on the other, hanging loosely over his ear. Nose and mouth not particularly distinguished from other common, good-sized noses and mouths; chin round, rubbing cozily enough against an ill-adjusted white handkerchief. His eyebrows partake of the color of his hair, a light sandy hue; his eyes are deeply blue. He was attired in an old, black, silk tasselled gown, with a large, flapping, velvet collar, hanging awkwardly over his rusty grayish surtout. Entering the desk once graced by his illustrious predecessors, Stuart and Brown, pushing up his hair with the flat of his hand, he stands for a few moments in a careless manner, turning over, and endeavoring to adjust his scattered, soiled, torn, and dog's-eared manuscripts.

Thursday. Breakfasted with Mrs Chalmers and her daughters; the Doctor was absent. Sat an hour or two at the breakfast table, talking about emancipation, and

colonization, and about slaves in general. She gave me her husband's view of one of the means to be used in procuring the freedom of these suffering creatures. Let societies and benevolent individuals purchase an additional day from their masters for the slave; who laying up the profits of this day's work, will himself be able to purchase another, and at length gain his entire freedom.

Friday. Was at a little party at Mr O——'s in the evening. It was pleasant — a kind of mixed party, like those not unusual in New England, where old and young, sober and gay, are brought at once into contact. A set of quadrilles was got up, which only served to confirm my opinion of the dancing of the Scotch. They are very awkward dancers. They move with great exertion, passing through all the steps with awful precision, and distressing gravity.

Among others present, and here it would be esteemed nothing strange, was a mulatto lady. She was handsomely dressed in black velvet, and appeared to feel by no means out of place. One of her daughters, a very pretty girl, is married to a wealthy gentleman of the place. The other, palely brown, was with her mother, and played and sang with considerable taste.

Wednesday. As I understood that there was to be "a commission of the general assembly," held at the Tron church at twelve, omitted some of the classes to be present at it. The meeting was opened with prayer, by the Moderator pro tem., Dr B. The minutes of the last meeting were then read by the Secretary. Dr Lee then produced a letter from the presbytery of Annan, (I think in England,) expressing their hearty approbation of the sentiments expressed by the "General Assembly," respecting heresies, and the measures adopted to check them, concluding with appropriate Christian sympathies.

Dr Lee remarked upon the pleasure which this gave him, and recommended and motioned that the receipt of it should not only be acknowledged, but thanks, &c. should be returned. In seconding the motion, Dr Dickson took occasion to animadvert upon the particular heresy of Mr Edward Irving, of London, wishing that it might be added to the duties of the committee appointed, also to inquire seriously and fully into that matter; considering it in all its relations to the Scotch Establishment, particularly, what power they could exercise over him, with reference to bringing the whole matter up before the General Assembly. This was met with objection by Dr McFarlan, of Glasgow, tending to show that by leaving Scotland, he had passed out of the jurisdiction of the Establishment; that interference would be unavailing, and would tend to weaken the real powers of the church. This was replied to in a very able and eloquent manner by Mr Simpson, to whom I have before alluded as a very ingenious and persevering advocate of the temperance society. He maintained that as a spiritual body, not simply as the engine of a state, but as the servants of a higher master, they had entrusted Mr Irving with an authority which he had now violated his right to. That no limits, however remote, removed him from such, their jurisdiction. They had conferred on him power and trust, because he had come up to certain requirements. He was entitled to claim and hold that power, as long as he met those requirements. When he failed to do so; as righteous men, it was their duty to demand of him as an honest man, to yield it up. As the church of Scotland, they could not compel him; as the church of Christ, they could. If they could not, they had no right to give ordination or license to any one out of Scotland. That like a wolf, he had prowled round long enough, bearing

engraved on his collar, that he belonged to the church of Scotland. But according to the laws of the church, he had long since forfeited all claim to it. He was listened to, in these and other remarks which the debate gave rise to, with evident approbation, and many cries of "hear," "hear," "hear him."

After considerable quibbling, the procurator, a church lawyer and writer to the signet, having offered his opinion as to some points of infringement upon the proceedings of the General Assembly, the motion for the committee was almost unanimously adopted. This filled up the chief part of the time. Dr Lee, however, brought forward a motion that a committee should be selected for considering plans for the more universal and solemn observance of the Sabbath, and particularly to consider whether something might not be suggested to render the visit of the King's representative to the General Assembly more conducive to good order, by altering the forms and ceremonies, with which he was ushered to church on the Sabbath.

At five, had the honor of meeting a number of the reverend gentlemen of the committee, at Dr Dickson's where I dined. Among these were Dr Rennie, Mr Scott, Mr Lunday and others, some of whom had met Dr Codman in Edinburgh, and who appeared to hold him in just and high esteem.

The conversation of course turned at first upon the business of the day. The state of feeling respecting Establishments was especially adverted to. Dr Dickson thought that the measures adopted by the clergymen of the church in Edinburgh, since the desolations of the cholera, had tended very much to deepen the attachment of the people for them; while one at least of the other gentlemen was of opinion that their slowness in appoint-

ing a fast, and in improving the solemn visitation to a spiritual purpose, had tended much to weaken the partiality of the nation in general for them. They spoke with great pain of the lamentable state of the churches in the north, and with pleasure of the improvement in the prospects of the churches in the south, which I attribute to the pervading influence of an enlarged intelligence, and firmness in public opinion; to which a lax church must yield, and which as it more than gets the start of its patronized ministry, will press with increasing force, until an establishment, so long sustained by the fixedness of ancient customs, and by the genius of a few strong minds, will break beneath the weight, and give place for the higher energies, and nobler enterprise, of an aroused and powerful, but long slumbering piety. A number of characterestic anecdotes of celebrated men were told. One was of Sir Henry Montcrief, Dr D.'s colleague. The Lord Advocate Jeffries and a party, among whom was Sir Henry, were dining together. Sir Henry was stating something pretty positively; Jeffries interrupted him, "I don't know that, Sir Harry." "Then I'll mak yer to know it," cried the reverend sir, with a terrible emphasis.

Saturday. At Dr D.'s had some conversation on the cholera, which has appeared in the suburbs at the water of Leith. The people in that district as elsewhere, are much opposed to the hospitals, to which they will not consent to be removed; and to the physicians, whom they even abuse and pelt with mud and stones, fancying that they wish to destroy them for dissection. They even went so far, as to offer to drive away Dr D. himself, who was sent by the magistrates and board of health, on account of the respect which the lower classes entertain for his character, to persuade them to receive the aids of

the profession. It is astonishing to see the infatuation which prevails upon this subject among the lower classes, perhaps arising from the mortality at Musselburgh.

Sunday, March 11. Between meetings by invitation went to Lady Glenorchy's Chapel, to partake of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. It is administered here once every two months. The communicants do not partake of it, as with us, in the pews, but at regular tables. Of course it takes a long time to dispense it in this way, as but a limited number can sit at each time. On this occasion the whole day was occupied. The services were very solemn.

After I left the chapel I decided to go to the Catholic church, in order to witness the peculiar rites of the church, and see Charles X. ex-king of France. The king had not entered, but came in just after I took my seat. Unluckily my glasses could not quite reach his honored face, at least, to give me any idea of it, but I was fortunate in procuring the opera glass of a bystander. Adjusting with a trembling hand the glass, I brought his majesty and the royal party up so near that they almost rubbed against me. I cannot describe the sensations that overwhelmed me as I took this magical view. The glass only just took in the scope of the royal pew, the silk crimson curtains were slightly agitated, by the occasional touch of his majesty, as he moved forwards or backwards, but their rich folds did not hide him in the least from my scrutiny. There were two pews; in the back one were his suite; in the front one was his royal highness the young Duke of Bordeaux, a lady in the meridian of life, and a young female.

The King is short, his face disagreeable, his expression harsh and fanatical, his lower lip large, his features in

general heavy, his hair of a sandy red. The young Duke of Bordeaux is a bright looking lad, with well marked, but not harsh features; his hair is also of a sandy red color.

Tuesday. Improved the occasion in company with my friend, Mr H. to walk to Roslin castle and chapel, about seven miles; the day was a pleasant one, and everything just as we could have desired. Having wandered for hours over these celebrated ruins, we visited the chapel, a most rich and curious piece of architecture. After some short rest we then started off for the romantic scenes of Hawthornden. Nothing can surpass these in interest, whether from their own picturesque character, or considered as the residence of W. Drummond, the poet, and of his noble and warlike ancestors, and as the hiding place of many illustrious patriots. Entering the garden of Hawthornden we passed under the shade of the large tree where Drummond met Ben Jonson, who walked from London expressly to visit him. The gardener conducted us to the house, where while we were waiting a moment for the woman who was to conduct us through it, and to the dark subterranean caves cut in the solid rock on which the house stands, I could not but take my pencil and copy off some lines on a board which was standing in an old store-house. I am sure I should hardly suppose the poet could rest quiet, while such lines occupy a place in those domains where his great genius so beautifully displayed itself.

"The gard'ner at a hole looks out,
And holes are many hereabout,
A pair of pistols by his lug,
One loaded with ball, the other with slug;
A blunderbuss of cannon shape
Is ready to discharge with grape;
His traps of steel and tempered mettle
He sets in places sky and kittle."

We visited some of the rooms of the house, in which were several old and valuable relics. In the lower room there was a side table of dark mahogany of antique make covered with a marble slab. On this there were in brass the initials of Robert Bruce and Anna Drummond, with the date 1396. On the table was an immensely large double handed sword, which had come down through a long series of generations. In the apartment above we were shown the cane of the celebrated poet. But the object of greatest interest was a red tartan jacket worn by the Pretender, of which I secured a few shreds. As I carelessly picked them off, the good old lady said it "was a' ganging, 'specially *the buttons, which were valuable.*" Having left this romantic scene and reached the public road just as the first shades of evening were stealing over the landscape, we moved briskly homewards. Before we arrived at the city the silver moon poured its pensive light over the scene, chastening at the same time the natural scenery around and the moral scenery within us.

Thursday. Dined with Rev. Henry Gray, Inverleith Row. Had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Mr Lunday of Kelso, husband of the lady who has just written the memoirs of Rev. Mr Bruen, and also with Mrs ——, the authoress of Pierre and his Family. Had much conversation with Mr Lunday respecting Mr B., Dr Chalmers, Mr Irving, Moses Stuart and the state of religion in America. He lives near Melrose and Abbotsford, among the romanic scenery of the Tweed, where he invited me to spend a few days. Mrs —— is rather a large, well-made, intelligent lady, with black hair parted over a fine forehead. Her nose is Roman, her eyes large, black and sparkling.

Friday. In the evening I went with Miss E. to the

Jewish synagogue. The room was dimly lighted. In the centre was a raised platform with a desk, on which stood two lighted candles, and a large opened volume. Before this book, out of which he chanted in a very rapid manner, but yet with a deep sweet tone, stood the High Priest. His hat was on his head, and a white mantle was thrown over his shoulders. Around the room, some having books and others not, were about forty persons; some standing behind desks, others in an open space between them and the priest's desk. Some of these were very handsomely dressed, and appeared to be gentlemen; others were evidently recognised as parts of that family, who take their daily lounge by the college, and corners of the streets, where they watch the passers-by, and in the slyest and most modest manner possible, accost the denizens of these crowded thoroughfares; often repulsed, or not more noticed than the stones by many, yet assiduously plying their interrogatory; "any old clothes?" here and there perhaps rewarded by a wink, when you see them at a respectful distance shambling after their victim. All these united very harmoniously in the chanting of the scriptures and talmud. The exercises were entirely in the Hebrew and Syriac. They pronounce well, yet not precisely as at Andover.

CHAPTER XI.

Professor Wilson — Bryant's Poems — American Writers — Scenery — Dr Chalmers — High Church — Lord Chief Justice Clerk — Professor Hope.

Saturday, March 17. Called on Professor Wilson. Was ushered into his study, where among a chaotic mass of books and papers, I found him reclining on an easy elbow chair. On ordinary occasions he appears careless enough; but never did mortal appear more so than then. His room was but the counterpart of himself. Books, chairs, papers, and manuscripts, all in the oddest combination. In alluding to Bryant, whose works he had just received from Washington Irving, who has republished his works, with a beautiful preface, he remarked, "I have just been reading Mr B.'s poems, and I must reclaim the opinion I pronounced a day or two since (to me) respecting him. I had only just looked at them — I have since read the volume with great pleasure. He is, however, a different man from what I had thought. I expected much imagination, and less taste. But I find him very refined in his imaginations, and very classical in his taste. I wish I could get hold of more American authors. I have just received two volumes of American poetry by Samuel Kettell, which I am looking over; have found some very pretty matter in them. I wish I could learn more about American poets. I have seen some of Bryant's, a

little of Percival's, a long time since, and a pretty little work of Pierpont's, "Airs of Palestine." I mentioned to him among others, Mrs Sigourney. "O! yes, I remember, I received a very good little volume from her, but lost her direction, and never could find it again." I spoke of Willis, Halleck, and some others to him. He told me that he intended to obtain, if he could, a number of the American poets, and should notice them in Blackwood.

We then conversed about American scenery. He expressed his strong desire to visit it; to travel on its rivers; to explore its forests. He had so long written upon English scenery, that there was nothing new for his mind to enjoy. Everything had lost its freshness, and nothing would give him greater delight than to move among new objects, that he might have the luxury of new thoughts.

While there, his daughter came in, a black-eyed, black-haired little miss of about fifteen, to hand a billet and say, "Pa, is there any answer?" and passed away like a dream. After considerable more conversation on American characters, Webster, Everett, and one or two others, I departed. As I went through the entry, I noticed a fishing rod in the corner, which quite reminded me of Blackwood.

As it was five o'clock, called for Mr H. who was, as well as myself, to be a guest at Dr Chalmers'. When we entered, found ourselves in a brightly illuminated parlor, elegantly furnished; the windows hung with blue silk curtains. A pier table was in the centre of the room, with the literary ornaments of a drawing-room, elegantly spread over it. We were politely welcomed by the Doctor, and then shook hands and exchanged courtesies with his handsome and graceful lady, and with his

daughters. We found ourselves instantly introduced into an animated conversation respecting Ireland, which was afterwards renewed when the ladies left the dinner table. It was respecting the circulation of the bible through Ireland; the use of it in the schools supported by government. On this subject the Doctor remarked, "Popish or protestant teachers, no matter which, let the bible be taught — have it not discarded; let it circulate in the schools, even in their own editions, if it must be: let the scriptures be introduced — let the pupils understand them." On Ireland, and I believe he extended it to the country generally, he remarked, — "Now I think the country is just in that feverish state, when common remedies will avail but little; a fearful state has arrived, when nothing will answer but blood-letting."

We were interrupted in our conversation by the announcement of dinner. The table displayed elegance and luxury. It was not brought on in courses, but shone with concentrated glory upon the entering party. A handsome silver dish with delicate lettuce adorned the centre of the table. A fine piece of turbot in its ample dish graced the Doctor's end, a smoking turreen of soup his lady's end of the table. The intervals between these were filled up by all the show of rich dishes, the regularity of plates, the sparkle of cut crystal glasses, the polish of steel, and the shining of silver.

I do not particularly remember any remark that fell from the Doctor at the table except this. We were speaking of London. "When I was a young man in London, I devoted three weeks exclusively to wandering round the city. Taking my breakfast early I went to every place worthy of observation. After wandering for a long time, I would go each day to some new description of house to dine, each presenting some new diversity of

character — some were wonderfully cheap, four pence for steak, penny for potatoes, penny for bread, three pence for porter, and half penny for waiter, which seemed so cheap that I could not refrain the penny, which excited so many bows, and so much gratitude, as failed not sometimes to bring me back again. I was struck forcibly with the remark of Johnson, that one got no idea of the greatness of London, except by wandering through the lanes and populous narrow streets, which he called 'the tortuosities of London.' I sometimes wandered for hours, traversing the interminable ways, lost in the mazes of its uncounted receptacles of being. And I do believe that Pekin must fall short of this thronged and mighty world."

Having returned to the parlor, I had an opportunity of taking a more accurate survey, though I did not think to do so while there; however I could not but notice a fine bust of the Doctor, executed by a female friend, I think he informed me. It was very well done and gives a juster idea of this remarkable man than anything else which I have ever seen.

In the evening we were favored with some fine music from Miss C. As the Doctor was standing near me, I inquired how he was pleased with that style of music. It was one of Hummel's best compositions. His reply was, "I cannot sympathize at all in that music; it excites no melody in my heart. I love the simple Scotch airs." I asked, "of those, which are your favorites?" "Those which I prefer to any others are, 'Flowers of the Forest,' 'Blaithrie o't,' 'Jet, jet black,' and 'Mary of Castle Cary';" then turning to his daughter he affectionately said, "Will you play those, my dear, for Mr M." As it was not late when we retired, Mr. H. remarked that the Irish gentlemen in Edinburgh, celebra-

ted St Patrick's day by a dinner at the Athenian, and I might never have so good a collective view of them, as by stopping there for a few moments. We accordingly did so. There might have been about a hundred gentlemen present, sitting around a number of tables. We went into an alcove commanding the whole room, where we could smile or speculate upon the various exhibitions of character as we chose. There was a very good band playing, and a female who sang some national airs with a rich and captivating voice. Purely national airs were received with great enthusiasm, especially by some who were fast travelling from the regions of sobriety and guarded expression.

Sunday. In the morning went to the High church. The officers of state and justice were introduced in their usual form. As I commanded an excellent view of Lord Chief Justice Clerk, so celebrated for his sarcasm, clearness and force of character, I will endeavor, though so many days have intervened, to describe him. He is a large man. He has a bald head, which, as well as his face, is remarkably red. The hair on the sides of his head is snowy white. His forehead is not peculiarly ample. The flesh over each eye brow, either sinks in or wrinkles up into a resemblance of the pointed arch under which he sits in judicial conspicuousness. Under these, his curious little peering eyes shoot out most sagaciously, scanning with inquisitive search the preacher, the bible, or the auditors. He was dressed in a red gown with a crimson velvet collar, overhung with a rich gold chain.

After church, as I was waiting in the chancel, I had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies with which the magistrates were conducted from the church. They were attended by five soldiers with long Lochabar axes.

These fellows are the last relic of an earlier age. They wore old fashioned frock coats, trimmed highly on the edges, by the buttons, sleeves, and pockets, with wide silver lace, which, as well as their silver buttons, bore the figure of a castle. Their breeches were of a kind of light red velvet, which met at the knee their long black cotton hose, which in its turn entered no less substantially at the ancle, into a strong pair of square toed shoes. Their erect heads were surmounted by singularly old fashioned cocked hats With this venerable and trusty escort in front, moved the judges in their red gowns, and the other magistrates in their black ones, with two officers behind, bearing the large sword and sceptre of state. Thus they were ushered from the church to the hotel, where they were to disrobe or dine.

March 21. In the afternoon understanding that Dr Chalmers was to preach at St George's church, Mr H. and myself proceeded thither. We found a large crowd waiting in the ante-rooms and porch, while the regular sitters were taking their places, which is always customary at this, and some of the first churches, there being a number of beadles employed in showing persons to places. At length with a strong and noiseless rush we were borne into the aisles.

The sermon was a most excellent one, on prayer meetings; the objections recently urged against prayer, and as a consequence against fasting, an argument derived from the regularity of nature's sequences, were met by showing that this chain of causes and effects, rises up far above our ken, until it reaches the throne of God. That a certain unchanging region God has established for prudence and philosophy to walk in; but above this he moves; and thus moves all, and governs all, and becomes the arbiter of every event of life; the hearer and

answerer of prayer. The argument was a triumphant one. There were some beautiful touches in it.

Thursday. Dropped in to hear Professor Hope, much celebrated for his lectures on chemistry. His is one of the most numerously attended classes. From four to five hundred students were present. These by no means exhibit the decorum observed at the Cambridge lecture rooms. Nearly one third remained with covered heads during the whole of the lecture. This, as well as the repeated expressions of approbation, of which there were no less than nine, hissed quickly down if they continued too long, would hardly comport with the sobrieties of our lecture rooms.

I had scarce secured a seat, before Mr Hope entered. He is a man of middle size; rather, though not awkwardly corpulent. His head is handsomely modelled. From his tangled gray eyebrows, a broad and regular forehead rounds up to the top of his head, where it finds a fine termination in the semicircle of dark gray hair, which commencing by the temples, runs gracefully round the lower part of his head. His motions were frequent, free and graceful. He read the principal part of the lecture, which was on the subject of electricity. The excellence of his matter, and the success and readiness of his experiments adequately made up for something like monotony in the tone of his delivery. In performing his experiments, when intent upon the result, he draws up his lower lip and wrinkles up his forehead, in a manner that strangely contracts its size.

CHAPTER XII.

The Author of Mansie Wauch — Melrose Abbey — Abbotsford.

Monday. Visited Rev. Mr J. at Musselburgh about five miles from Edinburgh. Several gentlemen present: among them was Dr Muir, the celebrated *Delta*, the author of Mansie Wauch, and a popular writer in Blackwood's Magazine. He is rather tall, has a good figure, and was dressed entirely in black. His hair was sandy; his complexion of that kind of ruddiness which a face slightly pitted with small pox admits of. — The conversation was animated, but not particularly eloquent.

In speaking of Wilson, Dr Muir thought that for greatness and versatility of genius, he was one of the greatest men living. That he could do more than any man in Europe, in less time, and with less preparation. Spoke highly of Shelley and Keats; of the latter he remarked, "Keats has never been fully appreciated. Lockhart treated him too cruelly. I entreated L. to spare him, but he had become grouped with those against whom he had determined to direct his darts, and each one seemed to go quivering into poor K.'s bosom. I do not doubt but L. repents it now; he must do so. Like a wounded roe, poor K. went bleeding from his pursuers, and at last in Rome, of very anguish of spirit, died. I do not doubt

but Bulwer's beautiful episode of the 'unfortunate Artist.' had its original in Keats."

He spoke of Tait's Magazine; said that Brown, with all his grit and bitterness, would never be able to stand up against the handling that Wilson and the Evening Post would give him.

Took tea at Mr G.'s. Met Mr Aikman, author of Archbishop Leighton's Life, and of the History of Scotland. Though this work has made a fortune of 40,000 pounds for the publisher, he has scarce realized anything from it.

Edinburgh, April 10. At the close of the session, on the third instant, I decided to make preparations for leaving for the Continent, on the twelfth. In the interim, decided to visit for a day or two, Abbotsford, the well known residence of Sir Walter Scott; and the celebrated Melrose Abbey, in its vicinity, about forty miles distant from the city. I have just completed my brief tour, of which I find these few hasty pencil sketches, in my pocket note book.

I have just returned from the silent grave-yard of Melrose Abbey, where I have been wandering. The pale and waning moon was just rising above the low roofs of Melrose; casting a pale and uncertain light upon the shafts and tomb-stones, and giving to the sombre and ruined abbey, a more venerable and impressive character. The silver light scarcely tinged the slender pinnacles, yet was distinct enough to cast a part of the solemn pile into a darker shade. The walls on one side were much broken down. There was something very solemn in standing in a church-yard, for some ten centuries the receptacle of the dead. An indescribable sensation of awe crept over my mind, while under the funereal shadow of this crumbling monastic pile; a place that is connected with all that is proud or humbling — virtuous,

vicious, pure, or superstitious, quiet or disturbed, base, puerile, and intriguing, or noble and generous in the history of Scottish Catholicism. Such a place must deeply impress any one, however much accustomed to the antiquity and associations of an old world, but particularly so must it affect an American.

April 6. This morning I again visited the celebrated Abbey. This extensive pile was erected in 1136; but though in ruins, it retains no little of the splendor, with which successive ages had enriched it. A considerable part has fallen; the portion which is standing appears quite firm and capable of enduring the shocks of centuries. After walking around it we took a guide and entered its sacred precincts. I was struck with the remarkable accuracy of Scott's description of this imposing and splendid edifice. These lines recurred with peculiar pleasure to my mind and now they seem to be rather like a painting than a mere verbal description.

> "The moon on the east oriel shone,
> Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
> By foliaged tracery combined;
> Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
> 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
> In many a freakish knot had twined;
> Then framed a spell when the work was done
> And changed the willow wreath to stone."

The guide conducted us to the

> "Broad flagstone,
> Which the bloody cross was traced upon."

Nor did we forget to sit on the

> "Marble stone,
> A Scottish monarch slept below."

About eleven or twelve started off to try our lines in the celebrated waters of the Tweed. This far-famed

river is neither in this place broad or deep, being in some places scarce two lines' cast from shore to shore. And in one place I saw a person ride through on horseback, and generally I should not think its depth to have been more than eight or ten feet in the deepest parts, at least as far as I wandered. The banks though rough are almost free from bush, which gives a fine chance to throw the long light line with the fancy-flies, far into the rushing stream. Beyond the banks the country, except in patches, is mountainous, or perhaps I should rather say covered with a thousand hills; these are divided off into numerous patches, some torn up with the harrow, some neatly ploughed, others seemed to be wild pastures spotted with white sheep. As I followed the road up to Abbotsford, the Eildon hills lay bare with their colored peaks on the one side, a chain of hills stretched off on the other; here were wide patches of cultivated fields, and there were bleak brown moors along the road side. I at length unexpectedly reached Abbotsford; passed a low red gate and in a moment or two came to a small door of rusty iron open work. On entering this gate I found myself in a shaded walk, above the trees of which, the turrets and gables of Abbotsford were to be seen. As I was walking down the gravel path a large tawny hound came barking at me; however, as I met him without fear, he turned, and proceeding before me with an occasional bark conducted me to a cottage, where I made inquiry for the entrance to Abbotsford. Abbotsford is surrounded by a wall entered by a gate, on the large posts of which are two small turrets. The large open-work gate has towers, with a porter's lodge and windows over the smaller gate; by its side a hound carved in stone gazes grimly at the intruder. On opening this gate I found myself at the top of a flight of stone

steps, which terminated in a court yard surrounded with buildings. Knocking at a gate I was accosted by an old dame who directed me to go round to the other side of the castle, where I would get admittance. After knocking with no other return than a hollow echo at one or two doors, at length at one strewn around with wasted flowers, I heard the sound of distant steps approaching through the entry. An old matron opened the door and to my inquiry whether I could see Abbotsford today, replied " Oh I dare say Mistress Alice will show you round ;" so with this encouraging answer, she straightway proceeded after Mistress Alice, who shortly appeared, and with the air of a conductress, led me up a pair of winding stairs to the ante-room ; from thence I visited the rest.* Before leaving I prevailed on Mistress Alice to give me some of Sir Walter Scott's hand writing, and a seal from one of his letters ; also took a number of flowers from her mantel shelf. After leaving Abbotsford I walked down to the Gala water, some seven or eight miles, where I was to meet my companions.

April 11. *In the Frith of Forth, bound for London.* In bidding adieu to my kind, hospitable, and numerous friends in Edinburgh, I experienced a degree of tender feeling and warm sympathy of which I felt myself to be altogether unworthy. Often, often will the recollection of Edinburgh be recalled with a thousand pleasant remembrances. I can never forget the kindness of Dr Chalmers, on Monday, when after breakfasting with him, he bade me the last affectionate farewell ; thanking me for a little note of kindness, the testimony of my

* A minute description of the several rooms is contained in the writer's pocket journal ; but as it was written with a pencil, the characters have become so obliterated, that the editor has been unable to decypher and transcribe them.

gratitude and esteem, which I had written him. Nor can I forget the sense of unworthiness which overpowered my mind when his last benediction was spoken over me — "God bless you! God bless you!" A hundred interesting friendships are now with me to be forever terminated except in memory; the interchange of courtesies, and language, and smiles, has ceased, and my heart feels all the bitter loneliness of separation.

Note. After Henry's visit to Abbotsford he returned to Edinburgh, where he remained but a few days, and then departed for the Continent. He did not at that time anticipate a return to Edinburgh. It will be perceived that after travelling several months on the continent, he again returned to Scotland, and spent the winter of 1832–3 in Edinburgh, in the attendance of a second course of lectures. Ed.

CHAPTER XIII.

River Thames — London — Thames Tunnel — Westminster Abbey — Lord Chancellor Brougham — Mr Coleridge — Rev. Edward Irving — Catholic Church — Bishop of Calcutta — Leaves London — Dover.

April 16. River Thames. The day is most lovely. The Earl of Weymiss, before a very light wind, is moving slowly up the river. Already we have passed a great number of vessels. Small fleets of twenty or thirty sail, have been moving by us on every side. We have just passed a large naval station, at the mouth of the Medway, where I counted twentytwo or three first rate men-of-war, riding at anchor. Two steamboats have just darted by us, on a swift race, their bands playing merrily. Quite a number of vessels were off Gravesend; three or four first rate Indiamen, of fourteen hundred tons' burthen, and some of them pierced for thirty guns.

Passed Errith, a lovely wooded hill, crowned with a church and mansion house, with a green and sunny landscape below, with here and there a neat cot, with its haystack and pretty thorn hedge. At three, came up to Woolwich, a naval station. Here were a number of men-of-war, and some eight or ten hulks, the gloomy abode of the hopeless convicts. W. is a complete arsenal; I counted nine or ten large buildings, covering men-of-war, and smaller ones for all the various purposes of an

armament, were scattered all along the shore. It is built principally of brick, and has about seventeen thousand inhabitants. Passed Blackwall, celebrated for its commercial shipping. It houses are variously painted.

Greenwich Hospital is a splendid building, with a capacious enclosed square, with a beautiful front of Devonshire graystone. It has two large black domes, borne up by Corinthian columns. The view at a distance is most magnificent.

Passed Deptford, an extensive naval depôt. It has range after range of marine stores, along the banks of the Thames, up and down which the deliberate red-coats were slowly marching.

We are now entering forests of London shipping, but the order is so perfect, that we fly unheeded and unharmed along, at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour. We are sailing in the city. Wonderful! wonderful! Houses, spires, ships, boats, men, horses, all seen flying together. In the immensity of objects, individuality is almost lost. The houses seem old, low, irregular, and are painted with a hundred different colors.

London, April 18. Arrived in London Monday night. Tuesday was occupied in going round the city, of which I have got a pretty good idea — am quite overwhelmed with its magnitude, activity and splendor. It resembles Boston, in its tortuosities; New York, in its activity; Philadelphia, in its magnificence. Passed through many a noted street. Walked over Tower Hill, where I had a good view of the close pent city, within the walls of the dark gray fortalice at its foot.

Started off with two others for the Thames Tunnel. To reach it by foot would have been almost a day's journey, so depositing ourselves safely in a hack, we soon threaded the streets until we reached the vicinity of the

river ; half an hour's walk brought us to the Tower stairs, where taking a wherry, we darted down the running tide past the docks, swollen with the productions of every clime, and landed in about twenty minutes, on the other side. After circulating rapidly through certain lanes and by-streets, we came to the entrance. We here paid a shilling each, and passed through a turnstile of brass ; (which, by the way, is formed with an index, to prevent any deception on the part of the keeper,) to an immense circular building where powerful engines are placed, which were employed to raise the water, which some time since burst into the advancing tunnel. Descending this, by winding stairs, we at length came in sight of an illuminated perspective, which stretches out some five hundred feet before you, under the swift tide of a mighty river. Its effect is quite magical. The gas shines so brightly, yet so softly on the white and curving walls of the tunnel, that one rather imagines it to be a delusion, than the mighty reality which soon forces itself on the senses. We went nearly to the end of the excavation, which extends to the middle of the river ; and were then forced to stop, by a mirror which threw back a thousand lamps, and our own persons on us. While standing here, the guide described the fatal accident which had so much impeded the work. I confess it made the blood shiver in my veins.

In the afternoon went to Westminster Abbey church. After the service there was a burial in the Abbey yard, which I stopped to witness; six figures in black hoods, and an old man, composed the number of mourners; they were preceded by two or three persons bearing black batons, and followed by a respectful multitude collected from various parts of the church yard. I shall

not attempt here a description of the Abbey, but say simply, that this venerable pile has a most imposing appearance. Its architecture embraces the rudeness, the strength, the ornaments, and elegance of various ages. As far as I have had an opportunity of observing, there were four principal parts. The left wing is exceedingly rich in design and execution. The fret work with which the towers, and windows, and turrets, indeed every part of the immense pile is covered, gives it the appearance of one huge pile of lace work. The front of the building, with its low, retiring, pointed, gothic entrance and dark circular windows, is gloomy and grand. The right wing with its heavy buttresses, its giant windows, its mouldering niches, with broken or grim statues, has a masculine and stern character. The overshadowing presence of this majestic pile added much to the natural solemnity of the occasion.

Thursday, April 26. Visited Guildhall. This building stands near the Parliament house and is occupied by several courts. These have all one general entrance; or rather they are all entered from the ancient hall. I visited King's Bench, Chancellor Court, and several other courts. I saw the Lord Chancellor himself. He is a much better looking man than I expected; his strong and inflexible features seemed to express at times somewhat of impatience at the slow and measured course of Solicitor B. who truly moved with all the propriety due his own stiff curled wig. He sat almost constantly either with his hand over his face, or with his finger or thumb against his teeth.

Saturday, April 27. Walked to Highgate to call on Mr Coleridge. I was ushered into the parlor while the girl carried up my letter to his room. She presently re-

turned and observed that her master was very poorly, but would be happy to see me, if I would walk up to his room, which I gladly did. He is short in stature and appeared to be careless in his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering; "Not at all," said he, "my body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind." After some further conversation and some inquiries respecting Dr Chalmers, he remarked "The Doctor must have suffered exceedingly at the strange conduct of our once dear brother laborer in Christ, Rev. Mr Irving. Never can I describe how much it has wrung my bosom. I had watched with astonishment and admiration the wonderful and rapid developement of his powers. Never was such unexampled advance in intellect as between his first and second volume of sermons. The first full of Gallici ms and Scoticisms, and all other cisms. The second discovering all the elegance and power of the best writers of the Elizabethean age. And then so sudden a fall, when his mighty energies made him so terrible to sinners." Of the mind of the celebrated Puffendorf he said, "his mind is like some mighty volcano, red with flame, and dark with tossing clouds of smoke through which the lightnings play and glare most awfully." Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked "we are in a dreadful state; care like a foul hag sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the

wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it move shackled by their expenses; happy, happy are you to hold your birthright in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so! Sir, things have come to a dreadful pass with us, we need most deeply a reform, but I fear not the horrid reform which we shall have; things must alter, the upper classes of England have made the lower persons, *things;* the people in breaking from this unnatural state will break from duties also."

He spoke of Mr Alston with great affection and high encomium; he thought him in imagination and color almost unrivalled.

On my way home, I passed Mr Irving's church, where, as there was a meeting, I entered. Mr I. is, as described, one of the finest looking men living. The dark and long locks which parted over his fine and ample forehead, hanging in graceful curls down upon his neck, give him a most apostolic appearance. His features are very regular and strong; his expression and motions combine ease, elegance, dignity, and command. However dissentient in opinion, his manner completely controls his audience. I wonder not that Canning and Brougham sat enchained by the spell of his mighty, and then well ordered spirit. As I entered, an individual was reading in the scriptures; every now and then he cried out in the most unintelligible manner, something that was intended for the "unknown tongue." Mr Irving, in the midst of a prayer for a sick child near Edinburgh, whose parents had written for "the prayer of faith," was interrupted in the most singular manner by a female (Miss Cardle) who cried out with a very loud voice, till fairly

exhausted, "The spirit has come, it has come; cry mightily, mightily, pour out supplication; the spirit is on you, the spirit is on you, I know it is on you; have faith, oh! have faith!" &c.

Sunday. Being in search of some place of worship, I came to one which had quite a current pouring to its doors. That is the place I am seeking, thought I, so I entered the door. "Sixpence, sir, sixpence, if you please." "Sixpence?" said I, "what, pay for entering the church?" however, thought I, if so many pay sixpence, there's certainly something worth hearing. I paid the silver and was ushered in. To my surprise, the door closed behind me, and I stood in the aisle of a Catholic chapel, one of the best in London. It was adorned with everything that could impose upon the senses, and awe the mind. Behind the altar blazed many a waxen taper. Behind this, thrown as it were out of the chapel, occupying the whole of the arch of the church, was a fine painting of the crucifixion. The roof was ornamented with paintings, illustrative of the scripture history. The mummery was much the same as is usual at the Roman chapels which I have before visited. A pretty good sermon was preached on the tenth commandment, in which the spiritualness of the law was properly set forth. But the manner in which man transgressed it habitually, and the way in which he might conform himself to its pure and holy precepts, were not so set forth.

In the evening went to hear Mr Irving. The house was very crowded. He lectured on the twelfth of Romans. After reading the first verse, he paused and repeated the latter part of it, and observed, "How does this comport with your doctrine? put then away your vile and unholy doctrine, and sin no more. Here we

are told to offer our bodies, a pure and acceptable sacrifice; but this, say these defenders and abettors of sin, (for I call them no better) is impossible. To support so horrid a doctrine, which makes 'sin abound because of grace,' they urge the latter part of the seventh of Romans. Now this was put by Paul in the mouth of a natural man, to express the miserable, destitute, and pitiable condition of one not made spiritually alive, a conqueror over the flesh, through Christ. You perceive that their wicked conclusion rests on a hasty and unnatural misapplication of doctrine." If I understood him aright, or if his words were fairly explained, he seemed to convey the idea that man was originally in the same state that Christ was; that he might have continued in the state that Christ did; that having departed from the state of likeness to Christ, he might return to it, and be precisely like him, even in this world. He certainly degraded the glorious character, and nature, and origin of Christ; or at least these words imply such a thing. "Christ's flesh was mortal and corruptible, but was made pure by reason of his having received and used the spirit, and that continually; he received it clean, and he kept it clean. His flesh was not less temptible than that of others, but the spirit of a perfect believer was in it."

Among other objections which he noticed, was this, "But, brother," say these wily men, "are you, who preach perfection, perfect? have you succeeded?" "No; it is very true that I have not attained perfection, but I am endeavoring to, and as it is written, 'seek and ye shall find,' I know I shall; but ye, having no confidence, will not seek, therefore ye will not find."

At least the first part of this was ingenious enough, but the whole taken together, developes his error. He supposes that because we are commanded to attain unto

perfection, to rise to such a standard, it is necessary perfectly to meet that standard ; whereas, to me, the necessity seems to lie in the endeavor to keep it : we cannot with all our powers, fully meet this perfect, spiritual law, while in the flesh, but if we are chosen, it may be, it must be, indeed it will be, our prayer, our heart's desire and endeavor to keep it. Because we can only attain to a certain degree of excellence in the divine life, is no reason why the standard should be brought down to that degree ; for we can admire its perfection and glory, and can be, and are stimulated by it, while it exalts itself far above our reach. Besides, the higher and purer the command, the more lofty and glorious does the character of the giver of it rise ; and thus does it call out from our bosoms at once, humility and praise.

Monday morning. Breakfasted with the Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Found a farewell party of about twenty ladies and gentlemen. Soon after I entered, a chapter was read, and the Bishop read his remarks upon it from his note book, as he proceeded. They breathed a very humble and scriptural spirit. After this, he made a most excellent prayer ; it was minute and specific, touching everything very closely, and bringing them directly up for the divine blessing, and notice, and favor.

May 7. Left London for Dover. The ride was through the county of Kent. The county is considered a very pleasant one. It is in spots very beautiful, but though diversified, it is not strikingly so. The hills are too regular. On the way, I noticed great numbers of chalk mines. Indeed where the harrow had passed, the ground is in many places fairly white ; though elsewhere it was extremely verdant. The beauty of the landscape was much heightened by the thick and fragrant apple-blossoms, with which the orchards were covered. Many

views on the route took in the Thames ; one particularly, from Broughton Mills, for extent, beauty of villages, richness of cultivation, was certainly one of the noblest I have ever seen.

Dover, May 9. Dover is a small town, very irregularly built at the base of some bold and snowy chalk cliffs. Its streets are narrow and circuitous. It possesses no buildings of importance, except its dark castle, which with rude and time-worn battlements, frowns on the pacific cliffs and hostelrie below.

Dover is a depôt where travellers to and from the Continent, put up for the night. I shall leave in the first boat for Calais, as boats for other ports are still interdicted communication with England, on account of the cholera.

CHAPTER XIV.

Route from Calais to Paris — Pere la Chaise — Funeral of Cuvier — Casemir Perrier — St Cloud — Burial of General Lamarque — Disturbances.

Left the white cliffs of England, for France. In Calais I was ushered to the custom house, reported my name, left my baggage and then went to the hotel.

Calais is an old town, surrounded by ramparts. Its streets are very irregular. It has no buildings worth mentioning, if I except a tolerably decent town house, and a Catholic church fitted up with all those objects which are calculated to deceive the ignorant. The houses are generally two stories high, built of brick, and many of them stuccoed over, painted white and yellow.

At ten the rumbling diligence was ready, and I found myself moving from Calais, at the pace of six or seven miles an hour, in company with two persons who were puffing their wretched tobacco at about the same rate. Soon fell asleep and woke not till we stopped to change horses. I got out. It was a calm moon-light night. The heavens serenely blue. A fleecy cloud or two were near, but did not obscure the orb of night. The street in which we were, was broad, having on each side houses of yellow stucco work, with large windows with blinds. Softened as they were by the moon-light, the scene had

to me all the charm which substantial realities can possess. We soon started; and in a few moments rolled under a long dark arch and out upon the creaking drawbridge. The solitary guard eyed us as we passed, and moved on his deliberate march. Again we left another rampart, trench and drawbridge behind, and soon the silver light had melted from one or two high turrets and spires and we rumbled along over a level and most uninteresting country. At four we stopped at Dunkirk. This place much resembled the last, save that the houses were higher and more irregular. This was fortified in the same manner. During this day I passed over a very flat country. The cultivation was general, but the scenery was uninteresting; there was nothing to relieve the monotony of the landscape, save here and there a cottage of French or Dutch construction, or the lines of rude shaped windmills, or a village of miserable hovels overtopped by the vast turrets of an expensive church. The towers were all walled and trenched, and many a guard stood at every avenue, reminding the traveller of the days of the suspicious Louis XI.

Wednesday. Arrived at Lille, a large and handsome town containing about sixty thousand inhabitants. The houses in this city look more like paintings than reality. This arises from the circumstance, that their smooth stucco is painted in a very light manner, their blinds and doors rather fancifully; this added to the novelties seen in the dress of children and the lower classes of society, particularly the females, and the number of soldiers, mustachoed and uniformed men, gives it exceedingly the air of a fine parorama. Slept at Lille, and decided as a long quarantine would be necessary if I went into Germany, to proceed to Paris, as the cholera was rapidly diminishing.

Paris, May 13. I am pleasantly situated in a family where some of the young ladies speak English. During the month that I remain with them, I hope to make some proficiency in the language; at least so as to be able to travel without imposition and inconvenience. I find great magnificence in the public buildings and gardens, and splendid displays of paintings and sculpture. Of religion there is nothing but a splendid shadow. On the Sabbath there is nothing of it; it is converted to their gayest holiday. Of vice and dissoluteness in other respects, there is a fearful amount. The prints that are exposed in the most public manner — the statues and paintings, breathe the most licentious spirit. But such a state of society carries its own antidote with it, to the well ordered mind; for if one has a christian heart, he will soften with pity; he will retire for prayer, and angelic spirits will then guard his steps.

I have visited this day the celebrated cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and though the day was unfavorable, and my time limited, I will give a brief account of it. The day was unsettled. I should not have selected it, but the celebrated Cuvier, so long an ornament to the literary world, having departed this life on Sunday last, was to be interred in the afternoon. Pere la Chaise, though connected with the city, is about three miles from the Hotel de Ville. It occupies a beautiful and commanding eminence just on the skirts of the city. As I hurried along the Rue de la Roquette; I passed great numbers of stone-cutters' shops, where were urns, croziers, statues, and monumental marbles, that indicated the nearness of the sacred garden. — As I came nearer, the white shafts and little chapels and simple urns were here and there seen peeping up from the green shrubbery, variegated by the lilac, and by

trees sprinkled over with white and crimson blossoms. At the gate I was accosted by a group of little French and Swiss children holding chaplets of roses and of artificial flowers, with "Please buy my sweet flowers?" "You will take a chaplet for your dear friend?" "See, sir, how fresh!" &c. I entered. A beautiful gravel walk extended before me. On each side of this, thickly sheltered by the mourning fir, the cypress and willow, decked with chaplets, with a few simple flowers growing at the base, were shafts and columns, on which were inscribed the names of the departed, and a few lines commemorating their history and virtues. You passed along by the sides of these, to others behind them, by gently removing the overarching boughs. At the end of this broad avenue, two other wide walks conducted you off to the right and left, running along the base of the hill, around which they wound. From these walks, paths wound in various places, up the hill side, each spot of which was occupied with some attractive and tasty marble, or by some touching and affectionate sentiment. Here I stopped to see the honeysuckle, and rose, and violet, striving with chaplets of roses, and the graceful, clustering vine, to throw a charm over the snowy but cold marble, as if to hide or soften the desolateness of the grave. Here I stopped to turn back my admiring eye upon the splendors of the city, which in despite of cloud and shade, failed not to fill me with stirring sensations. There are certain spots that every stranger of course visits; spots connected with the politics and literature and feeling of the country, such as the graves of Abelard and Eloise, Fontaine, &c.

As the procession of Baron Cuvier had not entered the place, I sought out Abelard's grave, so interesting in the history of feeling and poetry. I easily found it,

on inquiry. It was an open temple, surrounded by a simple paling. On a raised altar were laid the full length figures of the interesting pair, sculptured in the dress of the period in which they lived. Around them was scattered a thousand garlands, the tribute of their affectionate admirers. Within the paling, the rose and violet grew in rich profusion, untouched by vulgar hands, for everything remains a sacred deposit, which grows, or is left in this hallowed retreat.

Leaving this spot, I once more returned to the open grave of Cuvier. It was raining, but a crowd of respectful persons were waiting the arrival of the procession. After a short time, it came. The members of the Institute, and various other societies of which he was an honored member, drew near, dressed in a becoming uniform, blue, trimmed with silk flowers, and chapeaux with small ostrich plumes of black. The coffin, which was of strong white oak, or some such wood, firmly clasped with iron, being let down into the grave, the *Lutheran clergyman*, for Cuvier was a Protestant, made a prayer. After this, not less than seven or eight eulogies, short, but highly commendatory, were pronounced by members of different societies, after which, being about five, the grave was closed and I returned home.

Upon my return I seized the first opportunity I have enjoyed, of speaking on the subject of religion to a Frenchman. I embraced it to converse with a philosopher of the Institute, who lives with us, and who reads English well. I found that he despised the superstitions of the Catholics, and respected the bible, and spoke in high terms of the providence of God. I told him I admired his works in providence much, but those in grace more; and then went on to explain them; that is, the

salvation through Christ, by the holy spirit. He listened very attentively, but said little, only expressing surprise at my metaphysical knowledge and clearness. I told him that on all that was essential in these matters, a child could be equally clear; that the bible, framed by God, was exactly fitted to the philosophy of man; man of every age and condition. I then told him the feelings which Christians in every part of the world had for France, and my belief that the bible would eventually be read in every house. "Perhaps it will," said he, "but there is now much reason to doubt it."

Saturday, May 19. This day has been one of great commotion in Paris. The celebrated Casemir Perrier, with all the honors and splendor which but bring out into stronger relief the mortality of man, was conveyed to his last home. At an early hour, about eleven, I proceeded to the Boulevards. A crowd had already assembled. Bazars, windows, terraces and side walks were crowded, but with anything but the expectants of a funeral. Surely I never saw a more smiling assemblage; everybody was in excellent humor; not a sober face, except at some of the tables, where taking most gravely their beer or wine, the politicians gazed with solemn earnestness into the affairs England's cabinet. There was to be seen the cold headed octogenarian, an isolated remnant of the powdered gentleman of the last century; the whiskered and mustachoed gentleman of the present; the red pantalooned soldier, the more burgeois looking citizen, the unwashed artisan, and the — I was going to say very polite beggar, but I saw none on the ground — some sitting, some strolling, but all chatting and grinning and bowing in high spirits. The scene was a fine one. The heaven was brightly blue, with here and there a snowy cloud on its bosom. The bright sunlight falling

and moving on this great assembly and on the fine white stucco edifices, gave a fine appearance to the scene. It was long before the procession passed, so that much time was afforded for examining the bazars and shop windows, and in gazing at the peculiarities of fashion and dress. Now passed two holy sisters in black, wearing on their heads most curious contrivances made of white linen; the crown of the head was covered with a very small kind of hood, and from this diverged in every direction a monstrous brim, shading their not very nun-like faces. Here some laughing misses, from service, with their well combed hair tightly covered over with a linen or lace cap would flaunt by, with their wings of lace spreading outward, in every direction, the very opposite of the good sisters before them. There would come a regiment of caps, literally caps, as tall as those of the day of queen Bess, tossing up to and fro in the crowd. It was long before the procession passed; at length, however, a cavalcade of horse came up the Boulevards to announce it. And presently the swelling crowd came moving on before it. Never was there a more imposing scene; even for France it was unusual, for it is fifty years since an officer has died holding this station, the funeral rites of which are most grand. To attempt to describe the procession would demand more time than I can spare, for I do not know for how many hours, regiments of cavalry, of the line, of the national guard; and carriages of princes and priests, and gentlemen, were passing me. At length I fell into the procession and marched up to the cemetery. I was within one hundred yards of the gate, when I heard some shouts and screams, and soon we were in fine confusion, guns, and bayonets, and swords, and canes, slashing and cuting in every direction; men running and women almost

distracted, and I each moment expecting to be unceremoniously bayoneted by these ferocious-looking fellows ; however it became quiet ; but what caused it, or whether any persons were injured I could not learn ; if there were one or two cut a little, nobody would have regarded it. I decided as the crowd was so immense not to enter the cemetery, and therefore secured as good a station as was in my power on the outside ; it is true not much was to be seen, but more would not have been commanded within ; and truly the scene resembled more a battle than a funeral ; for an hour or two this immense army, occupying all parts of the vast grounds, lining every alley and avenue, were to be seen with their tossing plumes and banners surmounted with the eagle, the whole ground glistening with their fire-arms ; and then the clangor of the cavalry, the terrible and incessant discharge of muskets and cannon, the ring of the ramrod, and bray of the trumpet, the noise of shouting and music all combined to give the scene more the resemblance of a battle than a funeral.

Went also to St Cloud. The gardens and walks are on the most magnificent scale. This was the favorite seat of Napoleon. Here was the centre of his diplomacy. On a very high hill, about a fourth of a mile from his house, exactly facing his bed-room window, (formed from a single piece of glass,) stands his celebrated beacon. It is about sixty or seventy feet high, square, constructed of white stone. With this he communicated with his ministers in Paris. When the light in his chamber was extinguished, this was also. And whenever the red flame ceased to burn here, it was known in Paris that he would see neither Lord or Prince. That light must again burn before his presence could be approached. St Cloud

itself is not very large, when compared with Versailles, and some other French palaces — but everything is neat and elegant. Unfortunately, some of the younger members of the royal family were present, so it was impossible to enter its walls. Passed the stables of the king — one or two hundred horses and their grooms were in the yard.

Monday, May 28. Visited St Denis. When entering the town, met the King and his splendid suite on their way to meet Leopold. He was in a splendid coach and six, accompanied by a number of carriages, and escorted by a regiment of cavalry. He was met in St Denis by the regiments stationed there, who paid him many and loud salutes as he passed. In the evening, called on the Rev. Mr Monode. Conversed respecting the state of France, and the propriety of sending there American missionaries. He was decidedly opposed to it, thinking the money could be much better expended on French ministers, whenever well qualified, and desirous to preach, but had not the means.

Wednesday. Went to Versailles. The splendor of the palaces and gardens is altogether beyond description. The extent of the gardens; the beauty of the fountains; the length, number, and variety of the avenues; the size and architectural splendor of the palaces; the richness of their furniture; the brightness of their mirrors; the perfection of their statuary and paintings, all display monarchical magnificence.

Friday, June 1. Visited the extensive royal library. Here one sees no less than eight hundred thousand volumes, seventytwo thousand manuscripts, five thousand volumes of engravings, and a rich collection of coins. Called on J. Fenimore Cooper the novelist; found him to be a very agreeable person; passed an hour at his house;

saw his lady and daughters; then walked with him to the gallery of the Louvre.

Saturday, June 2. Rode to Passay, where Benjamin Franklin resided, and though we found the street, we could not find the house. However, we had the satisfaction on entering the barrier, to find that it was dignified by the name of the distinguished philosopher. At the barrier, which is one of the iron gates at the entrance of the city, we saw the police inserting their rods of iron into the wagons of hay as they entered the city, to prevent the smuggling of wine, &c. As a matter of form, they threw up the front of our cab as we rode on.

Sunday, June 3. In the morning, went with Mr S. to the English Church, Champ Elysées. Enjoyed a most excellent and pungent discourse from Mr Lovet. The day was unpleasant, but the house was quite full. It was communion day, and we remained. The services were new to me. Much as I have attended the Episcopal Church, I was never before present on that interesting occasion. It was a pleasant season. The form was new, and I felt as if once more solemnly entering on my covenant vows. I was with a christian friend. I was in, I may well say, a heathen land. I trust that its influence will prove good to my soul. In the afternoon we judged it advisable to hold a prayer meeting, as Mr Wilkes was not at that time able to preach. The meeting was agreeable and refreshing. There we were, a little band of twelve or thirteen, in the heart of this great and dissolute city; but God was with us. In the evening, we went to one of the French churches. It was in the school room, where they are doing so much good with the children. It is capable of holding four hundred hearers — about one hundred and fifty were present. The cholera and the season reduces the number. We had an excel-

lent sermon. The audience was exceedingly attentive. The associations and feelings which crowded my mind, were very gratifying to me.

Monday, June 4. Everybody seems full of the Vendee affair. The cafés are full of the matter, but it appears to destroy no man's appetite. Yet after all, Paris is remarkably quiet, considering that the country is in a state of civil war.

Tuesday, June 5. Went to the Boulevards, to see the funeral procession of Gen. Lamarque. As he was a liberal, it was expected that the concourse would be very large. It was preceded by an immense crowd of the lower orders, decorated with yellow flowers, and formed in regular ranks, of the width of the Boulevards. Troops of various kinds followed, distinguished officers, &c. At length, the hearse, covered with banners, and the crape, rich with silver, was seen at a considerable distance, slowly approaching, surrounded by a vast mass of heads. As they rolled on towards where I was, I perceived that they had hold of ropes, by which they were dragging it in triumph along. Soon, the emigrants and strangers from all countries came on, and after them, the young men of the Polytechnic and other schools. The cries of "Vive la liberte" increased as they approached, and it soon became quite evident, from the manner in which they greeted, and were greeted by the crowd, that the day would not terminate in tranquillity. As I was leaving the Boulevards, filled with these thoughts, I met Mr T. We decided to go down to the river. As we passed the Louvre, the iron gates were closed, and the square was crowded with soldiers. By the Hotel de Ville, we passed a regiment of cuirassiers, and of infantry. As we came down by the Pont Austerlitz, we saw the crowd drawn up on a rising ground, while the shouts and shot

on the other side, gave evidence that the contest had commenced. We had waited but a few moments, when we saw the regiment of cuirassiers coming down to the attack. We moved in great haste up the river, to the next bridge, to witness the contest. They trotted briskly by us, with their long drawn swords glittering fearfully. We had scarce arrived at the next bridge, before they came upon the crowd. A short distance before it, they halted; in a moment, they were greeted by a dark shower of stones, boards, clubs, &c. For a time, the conflict seemed of doubtful issue, but presently a quick fire commenced in the rear of the crowd, and they were seen rushing in dense masses across the bridge, and to the boats by the river side. In the meantime, our crowd had increased to a considerable number, so that a detachment was sent to clear the bridge, and as the people began to fly, we deemed it necessary to retire with them. As we returned down the quay, the shops were fast closing, the streets and windows filling with anxious faces, and the whole place began to assume the appearance of a city forced by the enemy. From hence we proceeded to the Boulevards. The troops were patrolling up and down. The shops were closed. But notwithstanding, men and women were collected in crowds, to see what was to ensue. Having dined, we walked up to a regiment of cuirassiers, who were in order for a charge. Presently the crowd thickened in their front, and in less than two minutes, they had up a barrier. This was the signal for a charge; the cavalry began to move, and presently a regiment of infantry of the line, were enfiladed through them, on a quick trot. In two minutes they commenced a fire upon the crowd, which, as it appeared to be returned, and as the troops began to disperse us, rendered it necessary that we should again move. We went through

several streets occupied by soldiers, to the Pont de Neuf, where were some strong detachments. These, I believe, had just had an engagement. From hence, as the shades of night were falling, I deemed it wise to retire for home.

There can scarce be a doubt, from the number and discipline of the troops, but that the whole will be quelled. If there is to be change, things are not ready for it. Much firing during the night.

CHAPTER XV.

French Language — Review of National Guard — Garden of the Tuileries — The Institute — Rue St Honore — Shows — Say — Fourth of July — Chateau de St Germain — A Week at La Grange — Leaves Paris.

Paris, June 15. I regret that I was not more familiar with the French language, when I came; my imperfect knowledge of it threw some difficulties in my way; but I begin to surmount them. Still I find it more trying than I had supposed. This arises from the nature of its pronunciation, and the rapidity of French utterance. At first it was impossible to separate one word from another. Now I do this with more facility. By attending their lectures; by practising with a master; by hearing as much conversation as possible; and by a number of hours' hard study each day, I hope to accomplish something before I leave. Everybody recommends the theatre as the only place to learn to converse in French, but I am determined not to learn the language there.

Paris has become perfectly tranquil. It would be incredible to a stranger entering the city, which has now resumed all its gayety, that these pleasant places were so recently filled with fierce combatants. But their whole history shows that they are as volatile and changeable as

the wind. I am more and more convinced of the effects of climate on national character. I feel that it is perfectly proper to say the physical character as well as the moral character of the people. By the physical character I mean the effects which the food, the scenery, and the climate of a country exerts through the body, upon the mental capacities of its inhabitants.

In reward for the services which had been rendered him by the National Guard and troops of the line, it was proclaimed on Friday that the King would make a general review of the troops on the ensuing Sabbath. This is their favorite day for all displays. The Emperor Napoleon in one of his edicts, particularly recommended that the first Sabbath of the month should be appropriated to reviews. The review was ordered for the Boulevards, I did not therefore expect to see it, as I intended to go to the Champs Elysées to church. However when I came up to Champs Elysées, I found that it was crowded with troops. For the immense semicircle of the Boulevards, running from the Place de la Bastille, to the Place de Louis XVI., not proving sufficiently large to contain them, they stretched the whole length of the Champs Elysées and the avenue to the Arc d'Etoilé. This last line at least a mile and an half in length consisted of the most splendid regiments of cavalry, drawn up two deep on each side of the grand avenue. It was a most imposing sight, as they sat there covered with their brazen or iron armor, the black hair waving from their helmets, the long lances of the "Lancers," adorned with little banners, their swords clanging with the restless motion of their horses. Just as I was about to enter the church, the king, greeted by a thousand shouts, and surrounded by a very numerous train of generals and staff officers, passed by. I had a very good place to view the approach

of the monarch. This affair was kept up from early in the morning until near four o'clock. The city resounded with drums and music; the streets were crowded with women and children; indeed I scarce believe that a well person could be found at home; games, shows, wine, &c., were unusually plenteous.

June 16. Went to the Garden of the Tuileries. As the sun is once more appearing after many days of rain, this beautiful place begins to be thronged with the volatile crowds of Paris. I am now sitting under a wall beautifully trained over with a vine, where a hundred groups, engaged in various pursuits, are around me. Here is the old citizen, with his large-eyed glasses poring over the news "Le National." Here some old soldier in his plain blue dress with red trimmings and his high chapeau, ornamented with white tape and a cockade, leans on his stick, graciously eyeing the sports of the multitude. Here are fifty lines of happy children, two twirling a rope while a third jumps over it; others full of smiles, compliments, and conversation, occupy the time; none are solitary now but myself.

I do not know a prettier spectacle, than French children at play. They are so well dressed, so neat, so polite, so easy. There are now before me four. Two of them wear little well brushed white hats, blue, pointed jackets, with sleeves full and plaited at the top, and small and neat at the bottom. The others differed only by a black hat and cap. But their shirt ruffles were very pretty, white, nicely plaited, and rising like standing collars. A ribbon tied neatly round them, rather added to their simplicity. They were playing with all the liveliness of innocent childhood, and as they came prancing up and down the alleys enjoyed no little share of attention.

June 12. Went to the Institute, and attended one of their meetings. It was three o'clock when we entered. The hall was closely filled from floor to the gallery, and from the gallery to the ceiling, with books. Around the room inclosing the other tables and desks was a narrow table, at which were seated the members of the Institute. In the window seats, and by the wall, was a numerous and attentive crowd. The President was an odd looking little man, with a little black velvet cap running up to a peak. On his large long nose he wore a monstrous pair of spectacles, the dark stained glasses of which completely barricaded his wrinkled face; his mouth, however, was large, and when the under lip fell down and displayed his white teeth, his whole face became very expressive. The members appeared to be all men considerably advanced in years.

Tuesday, June. You cannot look a moment into the Rue St Honore, without being amused. There is such a stream of novelty passing by. Here runs a woman with her hands full of umbrellas; another with flowers; a third with watch chains, rings, and all manner of trinkets; and many more with their short red or blue gowns, their nice ruffles or handkerchiefs, and over all their far-spreading caps, saluting the crowd with their various persuasions. By their side are running the busy porters. There goes a fellow in a blue cap and jerkin, laden with an immense package which is attached to a kind of truck; while another with a tin castle flying with banners, follows with the most attractive tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. Now he shakes his bell under the mustaches of a thirsty, and fierce-looking militaire; now more gently among the panoply of ribbons in the throng. And what a crowd of cars! there goes, with many a crack and shout, and whistle, the noisy cab — the dusty coach of antique

shape — the ponderous car with five or six horses, groaning under their weighty decorations, by which, and their immense painted and shield-like collar, the little animals are almost hidden — off they go with a great clatter. Now here comes unwillingly along, a little donkey, whose masculine mistress is flogging and shouting most cavalierly, ever and anon holding up her vegetables, and vociferating in terms not the most persuasive, to the open windows or the hurrying crowd. There goes a fiddler with dogs and monkeys — there a man with a cargo of cats and kittens, and a collection of most fantastically shaved dogs. Now pass a troop of guards, to the beat of a monotonous drum.

Never was a people more volatile than the French. If there is anything to be seen, there are always enough to see it; if anything to be said, to hear it. This makes Paris, of all others the place of sights and sounds. Besides the theatres and shows, one has only to walk the streets a short time, to find some wandering showman attracting the gazing crowd. A day or two since, I heard the jarring strings of a French fiddle. I stopped to see what had caught the laughing crowd. I was not a little amused at what I saw. Indeed I think if some of my young friends at home had been present, they would have laughed heartily; for there on a little round table, slashing his trunk this way and that, and moving his feet with great dignity, stalked a little elephant, bearing on his back a castle, and adorned with all the trappings of eastern state. Next came a little fat lady, turning this way and that, and mincing around the table, while all the time she played upon a little fiddle. Then came a woolly-haired buxom black, with her gown held nicely up, while she went dancing round to the strains of the lady-musician.

Wednesday. In company with Mr B. attended the lecture of the celebrated Say. He is a small man, his features are irregular and not very agreeable. His dark brown hair curls slightly over his forehead. His voice is not strong, but he reads with much energy, his motions like those of most French Professors, being those of a very nervous temperament. He was surrounded by many attentive hearers, among whom was one lady. His lecture was on "the limits of population." It terminated with a burst of applause from his auditors.

In the evening the Boulevards were gaily lighted, the cafés streaming with brightness. The walks were thronged, the theatres surrounded by the entering parties. The shops and shows, arcades and windows, blazed with finery. How different a scene from the last evening I was there; when the place was thronged with fierce combatants; the shops closed, the lamps extinguished; nothing heard but the martial music, the clang and tramp of the cavalry, the fusilade of the infantry, and the shouts of the contending parties. How long before this gay scene will partake of a darker character, I cannot say; but long it cannot be. All over France are the signs of agitation and burning, which precede a moral volcano. God grant that it may not burst with desolation over the wretched land, terminating in blood, without the attainment of the blessings they desire.

Yesterday was the fourth of July. The day was celebrated in Paris by the Americans in the usual manner; that is to say, by a national dinner. About seventy or eighty gentlemen were present, among whom were General La Fayette, his son and grandson, General Bernard, who assisted us in the last war; Mr Reeves, Cooper, &c. As it was given at the celebrated "Lointier's," of course everything was in great style. The courses and

cooking were all French, but the spirit which prevailed was American, as was fully evinced by the toasts. I had the honor of being introduced to General La Fayette, but had not an opportunity of conversing with him. As I gazed once more on this hoary old soldier, I was forcibly reminded of the day when I saw the interview at my own fireside, between him and his old revolutionary friend and comrade, my late dear grandfather, General Hull. He has not altered much since he was in America, in his personal appearance. The occasion filled him with enthusiasm. He was buoyant with delight. When the president, cheered by the most animating expressions of sympathy from the whole company, proposed the health of the General, with a just and appropriate speech, the old veteran's countenance displayed the thrill of pleasure, which the snows of eighty winters could not still within his beating bosom; his reply was eloquent and feeling. It breathed the spirit which has marked every action in his dignified and distinguished career. I cannot express my feelings, as I stood before an individual who has exerted such a powerful influence over the destinies of two great nations.

Saturday. Visited the celebrated Chateau de St Germain. This is situated about four leagues from Paris. The ride is exceedingly pleasant. You leave the city by the Barrier Arc d'Etoile, where the noble triumphal arch of Napoleon stands, nearly completed. There is a grand simplicity in this monument, which assimilates well with the character of Napoleon. In this, and Column Vendôme, you see the man; while the elegance of the Arc du Carousel, rather reminds you of the family of the Bourbons. You look in vain among its clustered pillars and marbles, for the masculine genius, the severe taste of the great Emperor.

On the way to St Germain, you do not fail to see the displays of his genius, in the direct and noble road, and in the splendid steam engine house by which he supplied the Roman-like acqueduct of Louis XIV. As you see it running with its thousand arches over hills and valleys, miles distant, you at first suppose it the relic of those early and illustrious architects. Discovering your mistake, you are at once certain that the achievement of such an enterprise belonged either to Louis or Napoleon le Grand. It was erected by Louis at an immense expense to supply his splendid gardens and fountains, as well as the town of Versailles, with water. The landscape is more varied in this than many other directions. Here you see Malmaison, and the little antique church spire, where Josephine was interred. You pass some pretty villages, while villas deeply embosomed in trees, by their lightness and grace, give a softness to the scene. There is something very picture-like in a French villa. Its light iron gate-way is pointed with gilded spears. Its walls hang with vines, while here and there a rose bush blushes among the green shrubbery that luxuriates behind. Through the trees you see the trim villa, with its steep roof and gable attic windows. This, with the bright yellow of its stone or stucco-work, and the pale lead-colored blinds and trellises, together with the trimness of some of the trees, the neatness of the scene, and the brightness of the green, give it no little resemblance to a painting.

St Germain is rather a desolate looking place. Some of the streets, it is true, were sufficiently dirty and noisy. Its inhabitants generally appeared squalid and filthy. As usual, however, there was no want of soldiers. They were to be seen on every side. We proceeded to the Chateau. It was a venerable building, surrounded by a

deep, but at present, dry trench. Its air was antique. The lower part was built of stone, the upper part of a dark brick, curiously ornamented along the angles, and round the windows, by bricks of a brighter color, standing out about an inch from the plain wall. We entered its courts. It appeared desolate. However, a little girl came running to us, with a large bunch of keys. Having looked round the yard, which had towers at three of its angles, we entered the old pile. Winding up a stone stair-case, we came to a door which opened into a large and cheerless hall. In the days of its splendor, when knights, nobles and ladies, with the brazen and barbarian magnificence of their times, came to make the royal salutation, it must have been but gloomy and stern ; for the light that pierced its small dark windows, could only add but little cheerfulness to the floor of oak and tile, and to the heavy and rude pointed arches that supported the rough ceiling. From this place we were conducted through long suits of desolate and unfurnished apartments, which were fast falling to ruin. We were shown in particular, the apartments where the unfortunate James II. lived and died, after his expulsion from Britain: also to the room and secret stair-way, (now a closet) by which Louis XIV. when a boy, used to steal up to the apartments of Madame Vallier ; and the room in which his mother confined him, to prevent such tricks. Everything here is of a different age, from the deep set foundation, up to the antique and crumbling towers and turrets ; on one of which I saw, far above the reach of human hand, a beech tree growing greenly. One is much struck in visiting this palace, with the feeling, that he sees here the termination of barbarian grandeur — the last point between one epoch, and that which spread elegance and splendor over the public buildings of France.

Louis left it, not to leave St Denis behind him, but that he might leave a hitherto unknown magnificence after him.

Tuesday Afternoon. Visited the Pantheon. This church is esteemed one of the finest buildings in Paris. It certainly would claim great praise if it was adapted to a useful purpose. But as a national monument it is grand. It occupies one of the highest situations in Paris. This gives its towering dome a lofty and noble appearance not only from the environs but from many parts of the city. Its front is adorned by a colonnade of high and elegant Corinthian columns. Its interior may be divided into two long aisles, intersecting each other in the fine circle which in the centre receives the soft light from the high dome. The whole pavement is formed of mosaic in marble. It is in the beautiful circle that you stand enraptured, for how firmly do the solid pillars rise to support the immense arches, on which rests the emblazoned circle, from which the lofty dome with a soft curve rolls up its pictured surface, as if to terminate its melting lines in the bosom of heaven. What effect! In the vastness, what a tumult of expanding feeling! The spirit, from the narrow habitation of prejudice, from the memory of little places and limited localities, rejoices to start forth in the enjoyment of a freedom so congenial with its nature, into a kind of semblance of those sublime realities which it fondly, but in vain, pants after, in this world of little men and little things.

Paris, July 17. A part of last week I passed with General La Fayette, at his delightful seat at La Grange. La Grange is situated about thirty miles from Paris. The diligence leaves Paris at eight o'clock in the morning and arrives at Rosoy, which is a small town about twenty minutes' walk from La Grange, at three P. M.

Fortunately the General's Secretary was in the diligence with me; not the one however that was in America with him. I accompanied him through the beautiful park by which the house is surrounded, and which is laid out in the most picturesque manner, to the chateau. At length we reached the avenue from which the gray towers overgrown with ivy, with their dark gateway, is seen. The engraving of this is excellent except that no picture can do it justice. Passing over the fosse and under the gateway we entered a square, flanked by two towers; the walls of the chateau enclosing a square on three sides, the other opening into the beautiful park. Crossing the square we entered the hall of the chateau. Here a pair of elegant brass field pieces, bearing the inscription, "Presented to General La Fayette by the Parisian people, 3d August, 1830," recalls to mind some of the great scenes in which the General has been so conspicuous an actor. You pass on — you are upon the stair-way. An American will not be long in recognising Virginia in the fine map before him. It was presented to the General by the Legislature of that State. And there South America and the United States! But turn round. What a noble semicircle of flags! those are no holiday banners. They have each waved where the sword and bayonet glanced brightly. See; that was the banner of the Swiss body guard! that was grasped by the dying hand of the gallant but unfortunate Arcole! And there are the bright stars of the American standard. How honorable a cluster. They are the standards of three revolutions, of two great nations. You stand in the hall of a Brutus! You do more! in the hall of "Libertas." This hall which we enter on the left, how beautiful, more, how honorable to its master! It is decorated with a nation's gifts. On this side you see busts

of Adams and Jackson, the farewell address of General Washington and the Declaration of Independence. From the opposite you look through the large windows upon the fine park below. Another side has the portraits of Washington and Franklin, between which is suspended a large flag which decorated the mast of the Brandywine. Opposite you see a picture of the old Bastile, which the assaulters are tearing to pieces; a view of Baltimore and of the port in Spain from which he embarked for America, on his first noble and disinterested expedition. Crossing the saloon, you enter a large parlor which takes its shape from the round tower in which it is situated. Here as in the former apartment everything reminds me of the services which he has rendered to our country. I was here introduced to his daughter, Madame Maubough, who welcomed me most warmly to La Grange. The General had not then arrived from Paris, but was to be there at six o'clock. After some conversation on America, part English, part French, the servant showed me my room. A fine mirror hung over its marble fire-place; the window, curtained with white, overhung with rich crimson festoons, looked out into the court yard. The bed which was in the recess was covered and curtained with flowered crimson satin. At six the General arrived. He was accompanied by his aid-de-camp. He greeted me very warmly. At about seven we sat down to dine. A grand-daughter of the General was at the table, certainly the most interesting, modest, and refined young lady that I have met in France. The General lives in great style at La Grange. Three servants waited at the table, which was covered with the most delicate viands. The General was active and affable; we walked out into the park after dinner for an hour, after which we conversed till nearly twelve respect-

ing Boston and America. I remained with him until Saturday, when he was very reluctant to have me part from La Grange. Before going I presented him with a copy of my grandfather's memoirs. He appeared pleased with the change that had taken place with respect to the unfortunate affair of 1812. He remembered him as an accomplished and gallant officer. "Few nations would have the frankness to confess that their conduct had, in a single instance, been wrong or impolitic; nothing was more honorable than such avowals." — I confess that I feel proud of my much-injured grandfather, as well as of his brave nephew, the conqueror of the Guerriere. Notwithstanding the early hour at which I came away the General insisted on seeing me before my departure. I was ushered to his library, where I found him in his morning dress. He shew me a number of pictures here and in his bed room—among others, Washington himself and a group of other officers at the siege of Yorktown. A view of Mr Quincy's seat, Governor Hancock's house, which he occupied in the revolution, four by Miss Eliza Quincy, and several others — a beautiful silver vase presented by the Midshipmen of the Brandywine. After having given me a very gratifying invitation to visit him again and pass some weeks with him, if I returned through France, he said "God bless you, Adieu, Adieu!" and we parted.

CHAPTER XVI.

Route from Paris to Brussels — Brussels — Place Royal — St Gudule — King Leopold — Mr Cooper — Antwerp — Aix la Chapelle — Cologne — The Rhine — Boom — Lake of the Four Cantons — Tell's Chapel — Lake Brieuzer — Interlacken.

Left Paris for Brussels the nineteenth of July.

The entire route was unbroken by the slightest undulation, but the cultivated fields, removed in some measure the monotony, by the varying shades of their grass, and grain, and herbs; but at length, even the regular recurrence of these, with the long lines of trees which skirted the road side, and the recurrence of villages, possessing the same mean, contracted, and filthy character, gave pain rather than pleasure. However, we did pass a few towns, not altogether destitute of interest. The first of these was Péronne, an old, and, even now, rather strongly fortified town, distinguished as the scene of Quentin Durward.

Friday. At seven, arrived at Mons. Here we remained about an hour, walking round the town. I saw nothing remarkable, except a very high turret, which in former ages was probably connected with some magnificent pile, but which now stood in solitary grandeur, a venerable, but mighty and imposing relic of Gothic greatness. This is situated in the Belgian territory, which we entered a few hours earlier at Quievrain. Here we

encountered a search, quite vexatious to some of our companions, but quite laughable to us. From our trunks and country, our object was immediately discovered. Not so with some of the others, for having passed our things over rather lightly, they pursued their investigation more systematically and rigorously, among the trinkets and dresses of some of our companions. One Jew in particular, was searched most sharply, while the lace dresses of one of our female companions fluttered most distressingly in the air. Indeed, all the secrets of false curls and rouges, were most unscrupulously brought to light, by the obedient servants of King Leopold. We had scarce passed the frontiers of Belgium, before we noticed a striking difference in the condition and appearance of the villages. It is true they were built in the same compact manner as in France, but an essential change appears in the neat white washed fronts of the brick or composition walls, the nice stone floors, and the neat door-ways.

On the twentyfirst, we arrived in Brussels. We were much gratified at its first appearance. The neatness of its markets, its clean streets, the taste of its buildings, and the general air of modesty and sobriety which reigned over the features of its inhabitants. We proceeded to the Hotel de Flandre, Place Royal. The Place Royal is a fine square, occupied by elegant hotels, and a large and handsome church. It stands in the vicinity of the Park, which is laid out with considerable taste. The Park makes a green and delightful centre to the elegant square, where stands the palace of the King, the Prince of Orange, the Chamber of Deputies, and several other fine buildings. The palace, as well as all the houses of Brussels, are distinguished for an elegant simplicity. It was a long brick edifice, stuccoed, with a portico of eight Co-

rinthian columns. On the other side of the park, directly in front of the palace, stands the Chamber of Deputies, a handsome, extensive, and palace-like looking building, one wing of which being burnt during the revolution, is still in ruins. Though Brussels possesses many elegant edifices, it does not owe its interest to their individual splendor. It is their fine combination in streets and squares, which calls forth admiration. Of course a stranger finds no little interest here in its antique square, where the Hotel de Ville rises, with niches, and pinnacles, and carvings, all stained and dark with time. This cannot fail to call up recollections of those days, when superstition with its dim and shadowy images, gave to the taste of the age a massive indistinctness of design, suited to all the other sentiments of the people, and therefore exciting but ordinary emotions. But now presenting themselves to our regard, who have lived among the sterner realities of a philosophic age, and among objects shaped by a very different taste, they seem like the visions of a revery, or a palace wrapped in mist. This feeling is much more marked in visiting St Gudule. As you approach its massive front, you are impressed by its height and strength. As you draw near, you behold the heavy, deep, and low Gothic door-way; the long lines of light and shade, formed by the turrets, which, clinging to the gray structure, climb up to its very top; you see how time has eat into the rich carvings, and gnawed the iron work over all its surface; but you see that however uncongenial with modern architecture, however scathed by time, that its giant frame will yet endure the ravages of many ages, standing firm, while all that now surrounds it, may lie prostrate, a wreck of ruins. It is imposing; yes, even on the outside; but hark! hear the wild swell of music among its high columns and arches — hark! the

distant bugle — that stirring tone of a martial band. Heavy masses of troops are filing down the street. Hear the shoutings; "Vive le Roi!" Upon a splendid charger, but with simple caparison and simple dress, with his aids and staff, King Leopold approaches. It is the anniversary day of Belgian liberty. He raises his military chapeau, and bows affably to the greeting crowd. He has dismounted. And now the notes of the "Te Deum" echo through the lofty aisles and chapels. When he came out, I entered. It was indeed both a singular and imposing sight. The interior was simple and grand; the pillars high and massive; the cruciform aisles lofty; the windows deeply stained; the light dim and chaste; the altars and pictures softened by the burning tapers around the consecrated places. All these should be solemn and silent. But hark! along the long aisles, hear through every gallery and curving arch of its mighty roof, the long, unceasing, stunning roll of the martial drum, the regular tramp of armed men on the marble pavement. All, how imposing! but see the black cowls and cassocks, the crosiers, the saints and virgins! It is a church. Thus it happened that my arrival was on the most opportune occasion possible.

We next visited the Hotel de Ville. Its interior is rude, but modern taste has given splendor to some of its halls. Here are preserved some of the richest pieces of Brussels tapestry. These are about two hundred years old, but many of them preserve the richness and freshness of recent executions. They are kept in the council and marriage halls; for it appears that before the religious ceremonies of that institution take place, they are legally united here. In this building is a noble apartment, adorned with all the magnificence of gildings, chandeliers, velvets, and gold lace, where the royal balls

are held. At one end of the room was the concealed orchestra, at the other, the throne of his majesty. From this place, we rambled to the lower part of the city, where is a fine canal which communicates with the Scheldt, near Antwerp. A number of canal boats, of more depth than our own, were moored or moving upon it.

In the evening we had the pleasure of meeting Mr Cooper, the celebrated novelist, who with his wife and family had arrived in B. He politely invited us to walk up and see his lady and family, but we felt too tired, and too much out of dress. He pointed out to us his room, showing us how the house had been riddled by balls. He happened to be there a week after its revolution. His room, bed, &c. were completely cut to pieces by balls. He pointed out the house and the Cupids of which he speaks in his Heidenmaur. Indeed the whole city bears the marks of a severe and protracted contest.

Sunday. Visited the cathedral. I was surprised at the large number of persons present, at their attentive, solemn, and devout appearance. They all had prayer-books, translated into French. I think the combined melody of the organ, a numerous orchestra, and rich-toned voices, surpassed anything I ever heard. As from a low, faint, distant sound, it increased in compass and richness, as its delicious swell poured through the aisles, the whole building seemed instinct with life. These services were no sooner completed, and the church vacated, than a part of a regiment entered, to the beat of martial music. With heads uncovered, they halted in the aisles; while to the sound of the drums, four soldiers marched into the grand chapel, where they stood with their heavy bearskin caps, two on each side of the splendid marble altar. Presently a priest and assistant in white, entered and administered, or rather received the sacrament. During

certain parts of this exercise, the drums rolled, and the soldiers bowed down their heads. A few rolls, and the service was ended. Whether the soldiers in the streets, for not more than half entered, or those in the church were most edified, I cannot say; for not a word was spoken by the priest during the whole ceremony. The martial music again commenced, and in a few minutes the last tramp of the soldiers was heard over the threshhold. Such was the worship of war.

I then proceeded to the Protestant chapel. It was beautiful in its interior. The preacher was eloquent and persuasive. A black cross was on the table beneath his pulpit, before which a waxen taper burned dimly. At the door I met Mrs Cooper and two of her daughters. She spoke well of the discourse. It was upon redeeming love. Mrs C. appears to be a Christian.

Monday morning we decided to visit Antwerp. With this purpose, we took the canal-boat. The sail was much of it interesting. The country upon the sides more diversified than what we had before seen, though it became more level again as we approached Antwerp. We passed a number of beautiful villas upon the way, with pleasant lawns and summer houses. The canal extends only to the Scheldt, near Boom. Its length may be about five leagues. From the canal, was ferried across the river to Boom — thence rode in the diligence to Anvers — compelled to go a long distance round, to avoid the Dutch, who possessing the citadel, hold the town in a state of siege.

Visited the grand Napoleon Basins. The design was a noble one. In these massive docks, which almost seem carved out of the solid rock, the ships of all nations ride quietly together, at all times of tide and weather, landing and receiving their cargoes with the utmost facility.

Among others, I noticed the American flag, floating over a noble ship.

From here, we walked round the town to view the citadel. As we passed through the streets, we found barricades in every direction, while all along the docks and outskirts of the town, the gabled roofs and stucco-work fronts were torn with shot; indeed, twenty or thirty cannon balls were frequently seen sticking in some of the houses. I noticed the side of a small house which had been struck with no less than seventynine cannon balls. Here you would see through the corner of a house, here through a chimney-top, where some black ball had cut its way. We learned that twenty thousand troops garrisoned the city, five thousand the citadel. The quays, &c. frowned with cannon, and all the implements of destruction. We returned by the diligence through Malines or Mechlin, so distinguished for its lace; was much interested with the appearance of the place. Everything was neat and elegant.

July 24. Left Brussels for Liege. Passed through Louvain and Tirlemont. At six, arrived at the Bishopric of Liege, where our quarantine commenced. We had the privilege of passing our time here, or in the neighborhood. Three days have now passed away very pleasantly among the antique streets, towers, churches, and convents of the bishopric, and its picturesque neighborhood. Among other places, we have visited the bishop's palace, a dark and massive old building, with a heavy and gloomy arch-way, with, I think, six Doric columns, conducting into a large square with four façades, supported by columns of a Saracenic or Egyptian character. It was in this place that Scott laid some of the most powerful scenes of Quentin Durward. From Liege, I proceed to Cologne, on the Rhine.

Left Spa July 30. The early part of the route was agreeable, but as soon as we began to approach Aix la Chapelle it melted down into tameness. We arrived there at two o'clock. The first appearance of the place was interesting. This like many of the European towns is surrounded by beautiful promenades, where trees laid out with taste, form delightful walks for the inhabitants during their long and delicious evenings. We visited here the celebrated cathedral where the remains of Charlemagne were deposited. A part of the church was built by him. The conception was grand and simple, partaking of the character of his genius; the spirit of the times in which he lived. The marble as well as many of the decorations of the place at a great expense were brought from Rome. This was in the early part of the ninth century, and since that period many additions have been made to it; and once or twice destroyed; but the central part, with the exception of the dome, which was destroyed by fire, and of some beautiful marble columns carried off by the great European ravager, remain, entire. Here are deposited many celebrated relics, which are exhibited once in every seven years.

Cologne, August 1. I stand in its ancient and imposing cathedral. Of what is man not capable! when I behold the extent of this pile; the massive pillars; large and deep stained windows, the perfection of every curve and line through all its parts, how am I made to feel the strength of that principle which in its false developement has led to such an enterprise and execution. When rightly directed what can resist its power. From Cologne to Bonn the scenery of the Rhine is rather uninteresting. On either side are far extending plains or gentle undulations, with frequent towns and villages, with their dark walls, (for nearly all the towns are trenched

and fortified,) and the houses of the villages compacted close together, the whole extent covered with the golden harvest or the luxuriant vineyards. As you approach Bonn however the horizon is filled up with mountains, from the vapory bosom of which the Rhine, swelling with pride, appears to gush. From Bonn, which is the seat of an interesting university, it is a short and agreeable excursion to the Drachenfells and Rolandswerk; the former of which Byron introduces in a beautiful manner in his Childe Harold, Canto 3d. Drachenfells is one of the first of those old ruins, with which so many of the craggy hills of the Rhine are crowned. Seated on the top of a towering rock, its high square towers, in many places reft with a giant hardihood, stoop over the shelving rock, frowning fiercely on the sunny landscape beneath. But its days of power and triumph are over; for a short walk brought us up to its bare and unguarded entrance, and silence and solitude only met us, as we wound up its defences, with no warder to deny or announce us. We entered its large square tower, once the scene of gayety and revel. Now one of its massive walls, by the waste of time, or the force of man, had sunk down the dark precipice beneath, leaving a broad display of mountains, with here and there a gray ruin, with the Rhine rolling beneath, while the blue heavens and flying clouds high above were seen through the unroofed tower. The walls of the tower were, built of a strong gray stone and were about four feet thick. The view from the other side was very extensive, the eye following the winding river up the valley, till its diminishing waters like a silver thread, are seen curling round the towers of Cologne, which are dimly traced on the verge of the northern horizon. Turning back to the former view, just below on a small piece of intervale, lies a pretty town, and in the

middle of the river, which sweeps by it with a bold current, a beautiful island. Here stands a large convent, while on the other side, on a rock, is perched the ruins of Rolandswerk. On the morrow our sail commenced at ten o'clock for Coblentz. It was not peculiarly interesting, though more so than the day before. But it was from Coblentz that the scenery became so remarkable. Each moment I was reminded of the day I spent upon the Hudson. The same wild hills rose on either side, but the high slopes and the ridgy rocks were softened down by the luxuriance of the vine, and each peak crowned by some old castle with all its associations of centuries and legends. Up these where the silver mists of morning rolled from the ravines, rose the dismantled castles, while on the green intervals beneath, stood the white villages with their gray walls and turrets. These perhaps, give an attraction and romance to the Rhine which our bold and beautiful river can never possess; but for all that is grand and impressive in nature, I do not hesitate to say that the river of poetry and song falls far short of its American rival. But in speaking comparatively of this, it is certainly due to both, to remark that each after its own character, is all that the fondest lover of the beautiful and sublime would desire. And such is the national difference between them, that one sensible to the charms of nature would rather pause to admire, than begin to compare. The course of the Rhine from its constant curves, forms a rapid succession of beautiful lakes. In each of these you generally see at least an old gray and once formidable castle, on some almost inaccessible hill, as its height would cause one to suppose, but up which the perseverance of man had built a hundred walls to support the scanty earth, in which was planted the vineyards which decorate the Rhine.

After leaving Bingen, the Rhine becomes much broader; the steep overhanging hills melt down into gentle undulations, and the stern strongholds disappear from the landscape. On every side, cottages and villages, with lawns, and vineyards, and fruit trees, over all which the snowy clouds cast their moving shadows, spread out their smiling attractions. Through this beautiful scenery, the Rhine rolls on its course, having some noble islands upon its swelling bosom. The passengers in our steamboat are scattered in groups about the deck; some employed in reading the guide books, studying their maps and panoramas, or gazing on the beautiful and swift-flying scenery; others in sipping their wine, or tranquilly puffing their pipes. Here you see a mustachoed militaire, here an agreeable group of Prussian gentlemen and ladies, and yonder, the important, grand-aired Anglaise, moving through the limited field of travel in diverse channels.*

It was one of the loveliest days of August that I ascended the Righi. The sun shone with surpassing brightness over the varied scene. Its grandeur had moreover to me the freshness of novelty. I had but lately roamed over the softer undulations of the south of Germany, and the wild and picturesque had therefore unknown charms for my mind. For several hours before reaching its bold summit, I had been shut up among the bristling pinnacles that crowd about its ascent, with but an occasional

* The journal of the tour through Germany and into Switzerland was evidently sketched in great haste; the characters being written in pencil, are often almost illegible, and the abbreviations are so numerous, that it has been impossible to reduce it to a clear and suitable shape, and therefore I have found it necessary to suppress much which I would have gladly inserted. Much of the tour in Italy also is written in so hasty a manner, that considerable portions of it have been necessarily suppressed. Ed.

glimpse of the valleys beneath, or the snow-capt hills above. From what lay around me in my way, I was looking only for a wild tumultuous group of rocks and mountains more broadly stretched out, when I should gain its airy top. But what I now beheld, filled me with unmingled delight and amazement. For if on the one side rocks and mountains beleaguered the heavens, on the other was presented a landscape of indescribable softness. The Righi is the battle-line of rocks which separates the stern Alps from the softer scenery of Switzerland. It was just to the edge of this that I had come.

Thousands of dizzy feet below, softened down from its native asperity by the distance, into the gentlest undulations, lay valleys and hills, spreading off to the north, like a wide and beautiful plain, while behind, the whole scene was piled up with mountains, and crags, and glaciers. Beneath, in sleeping loveliness, lay the Lake of the Four Cantons; others more remote, were possessed of the same heaven-born tranquillity, — while here a silver river glided over the plain. Cities and villages are strown thickly over the scene — their *brightness* catching a new charm from the grand slopes, down which like a brood of wild fowl, they came to the very brink of the blue and transparent lakes, over which they preside with a fairy-like grace. There lay Lucerne — at a greater distance Zurich; while here the peaceful chapel of Tell contrasted with the grim and smoke-blackened battlements of the tyrant of Altorf. It was night when I again looked on this striking scene. But it was a night of uncommon splendor: the vast concave above was bright with twinkling stars, while the plain and lakes — the mountains and shattered pinnacles, the piles of snow and fretted glaciers, were silvered into finer shape by the full moon, which through a mass of white clouds had scaled

the highest heaven — and now scattered its light triumphantly over the rejoicing earth. Never did the face of nature shine with a loftier intelligence: the whole seemed teeming with sentient existence. Catching the inspiration of the scene, the philosopher would have exclaimed "this is God;" the Christian fraught with a higher and purer inspiration, filled with a profound reverence for Him who "established the clouds above," and laid the foundations of the hills, would have exclaimed with holy ecstacy, "God is here," and "he made it."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mount Blanc — Geneva — Dr Malan — Scenery — Milan — Cathedral — Verona — Romeo and Juliet's Tomb — Venice — Greek Church — Piazza di St Marco — Route from Venice to Bologna — University — Veturino — Monte di Fo.

Mount Blanc. Nothing is more impressive than this view. You are shut out from all the world by mountains. You look behind you to the east, and there in billowy masses rise the mountains in long and knotty chains; on each side are sharp, bleak rocks, while behind, with all its boldness of peaks, and brightness of glaciers, Mount Blanc, (the mists and clouds, now enveloping, now scattered round its top,) towers with imposing grandeur over the circling and soft valley at its base. On this spot stands a solitary but neat cabin, occupied by two beings, with nothing but the wild hills around, and heaven above them. This rather adds to, than destroys the unity of the scene. How sublime! It was in the silent contemplation of such a scene, that the philosopher exclaimed, who can doubt that "God is the soul of the Universe?" Pernicious as this doctrine undoubtedly is, with that depth of sense which seeming to sit upon each peak, and with one intelligence, speaking through its light and shade, with one feeling connecting the whole together, how natural would be the sentiment, had not religion passed beyond the limits of philosophy, and bade the heart to say, "God is here."

Geneva, Sept. 2. I am in Geneva. I have just returned from the house of the celebrated Dr Malan. The two days which I have spent in the company of this interesting Christian, form, I may say, an epoch in my life. The clear and simple views which I have been led to take of faith, since my interview with him, I prize as much as life itself. Of what a load of self-righteousness has he not relieved me! of what misery, of what doubt! how simple has he made the plan of salvation! how attractive, how astonishing! Now I feel indeed, as if I could preach the dying love of Christ, the fulness of God's promise, its faithfulness, its force. Now I think I feel it as pure, simple love; before, I felt as if there was something wanting; I knew not what. Mine was too much a religion of feeling; not enough of humble confidence and trust. When that feeling was absent, then the world had possession of me, and the fear of this state rendered me perpetually unhappy. This was not simply because I feared my own weakness, but because I felt not a steady reliance on him who was waiting to be my strength. This blessed servant of Christ has led me away from myself to the promises set before me in Christ, making Christ all, and God all; setting forth in Christ the accomplished work of salvation, and in God, the sanctifier, the entire purification of the spirit. His is the doctrine of assurance. Yes, even the doctrine of assurance in its proper sense. That is, an assurance founded on a firm and unwavering belief in the atonement of Jesus Christ and the promise of God to sanctify all who hold that blessed truth; not an assurance founded on any other ill-conceived and unsubstantial truth; an assurance of the same kind, but perhaps in some instances differing in degree and clearness from that which all Christians enjoy more or less; but which looking more at my own

heart than at the promises of God, I had experienced little of. I cannot explain the change this has wrought in my feelings, but in the beautiful and appropriate language of scripture, I feel now ready to "go on my way rejoicing." I had much conversation with Dr Malan respecting the prospects of young men visiting Geneva, in order to become French missionaries. He thought it a most desirable thing. First, the "influence that they would exert among the French students. Second, the great proneness in the French mind just at present, to receive anything touched with an American character. Third, the mutual interest and interchange of feeling which it would produce between the countries. He thought for the present, money could not be better expended, than in supporting Americans, but the nature of the case demanded that they should be persons remarkable for their powers of acquiring languages with facility.

Dr M. himself is more apostolical in his preaching and appearance than any person I have ever seen. His gray hair parted over his forehead, flows down upon his shoulders, while a heavenly smile or calmness sits upon his face. And then his manner possessed all the affection of "the beloved disciple," as he embraced me like a son after the morning service.

Thursday, Sept. 5. Left Domo d'Ossola for Baveno. The ride to it was a delightful one, through a very fertile valley, with the hills of the Simplon towering up on the one, and long ridges of steep hills on the other side. The vegetation was most luxuriant — the fields abounded with the chesnut, the peach, the fig, and an astonishing variety of trees covered with rich foliage and fruit, producing, from the variety of their shades, with the vines hanging with full clusters of white and purple grapes, and the

beautiful verdure of the pastures, a splendid effect. This was very much heightened by the pretty appearance of the cots and convents and chapels on the hill sides, by the noble kine tranquilly browsing, and by all the life which the peasantry among the vineyards, with their baskets, or in the fields watching their cattle, or moving along the road-path, with bundles of sheaves, or panniers of fruit, can lend to such a scene, where the heavens are brightly fair, and the atmosphere luxurious to breathe.

Bavino is beautifully situated by the west side of Lago Maggiore.

Friday, Sept. 7. We took a boat to Sesto Calende, a sail of about two leagues. On arriving at this place we came under the sharp scrutiny of the Austrian government. Our trunks were taken to the custom-house, and not only were they examined, but we also compelled as usual to fee the rapacious soldiery, to whom these duties are entrusted. After this we went to the officer of police, who treated us very politely indeed, though our soldier attendant did not forsake us without his booty. The town was literally swarming with these gentlemen in regimentals. By the way, with all their swagger, in their neat uniforms, consisting of a blue coat and white pantaloons, they are fine looking fellows. After having despatched these matters, we started in a voiture for Milan. The ride was pleasant; the country as usual, extremely rich, and abounding in all kinds of fruits. The villages and towns thickly scattered along the route were bright and pretty. Near Somma, a small town on the route, we were shown an old cypress tree, which is said to date back several centuries before the christian era. Near Somma, Hannibal after having crossed the Alps, encountered and taught Scipio the lessons of wisdom and caution, which proved so fatal in the end to his great adversary.

As twilight approached, our postilion cautioned us to watch the baggage behind the carriage, as that route was much infested with banditti. We saw none, but the reports which afterwards reached us, fully supported his assertion ; though we laughed as we passed the Simplon, inquiring whether there were any more banditti, &c. yet the very day after, upon one road just in its vicinity, there were no less than seventeen carriages robbed, and in the conflicts which ensued, several lives lost. When we entered Milan, for a street or two it had a very gay appearance, being beautifully illuminated with painted lanterns. But soon we were plunged into the gloom of narrow and almost unlighted streets. Few persons appeared in this apparently solitary city, except where at every corner peering from his box, or his arms glittering by some column, under the full moon, stood the stern sentinel at his night watch.

Saturday, *Sept.* 8. This day being the fête of the Virgin's birth-day, the shops were all closed. I visited the cathedral. If the outside was impressive, the interior was certainly not less so, with its massive columns of marble, its delicate fret-work roof, white as the purest ivory, its abundance of statues and paintings, and the splendor of its altars. The pomp of its priests, whose white robes glittered with gold, received a new attraction when seen among the columns of the temple-like altar, softened down by the white smoke that curled up from the rich censer. The effect of this, with the measured motion of the priests, is certainly very soothing and subduing to the feelings, and I can well understand how in breathing such an air, amid such scenes, one may mistake his sensations for those of devotion and piety. It is the nature of man to materialize religion ; many other sects than Catholics do this ; but it is peculiarly natural so to do, with the rites and ceremonies of this church.

Do the Catholics repose confidence in saints, paintings, and marbles? Let a person visit Milan, and at least of that place he will have no difficulty in determining: — there you see crowds bowing and kneeling at the shrines of the Virgin, around the sepulchre of St Carlo Borromeo, of whom the Church is the splendid tomb. Here you see these poor zealots rubbing their beads upon the cold marble figures, as if there was efficacy in the decaying canvas, or the senseless marble.

Sunday. I was again at the Cathedral, where there was a sermon. There is no English service in this great city, — nor any but Catholic, except that of a body of Jews, who meet in a very private manner.

Sept. 10. Visited the famous amphitheatre: this, in the form of an ellipse, easily holds 30,000 spectators, around its immense plain, which may be filled with six feet of water in three hours. It is a little more than a mile in circumference; erected by Napoleon. The Austrian government, apprehensive of tumult or revolution, no longer permit exercises there.

Sept. 11. The country little, or rather except upon the horizon, not at all diversified by undulations, still presents a wonderful contrast to the wide extent of plains over which the weary eye travels in France. The variety of vineyards, and of various cultivation, renders each spot along the road enchanting. The villages and towns on the route are peculiarly neat and pretty; there is usually one long street, at right angles with one or two others shorter; the whole overtopped by the small tower of its churches. This, with here and there some gray old Roman column or relic, with the rich cultivation of the fields, the occasional passage of a carriage, and the merry trip of the harvesters, renders it far from monotonous.

Arrived at Coccaglio. Visited the church, which had a very pretty front with a fine fresco, as is quite common in Italy. The frescoes on the wall tolerably good. Ascended a hill in the vicinity which commands a remarkably extensive prospect of champaign country, under a beautiful state of cultivation, and prettily diversified by towns and villages. At a short distance to the north lay the Tyrolese hills, not unlike those of Scotland; while at the south dimly seen through the silver vapor of the horizon, runs a line of shadows formed by the Apennines. Not far distant from the hills of Tyrol, was a fine lake, with here and there its pretty village.

Sept. 13. Left Brescia for Verona. Passed over a delightful country, more diversified than the early part of the day before. The route passed by Lago Garda, anciently Lago Benacus, mentioned by Virgil, as particularly tempestous. The view from the hotel is peculiarly fine, — of the lake with its island and boats, and high green waves, surrounded on the one side by a plain, mellow with fruit, on the other two, with a tumultuous extent of mountains. Arrived at Verona. Verona is illustrious as the spot where two of Shakspeare's plays are laid,—Romeo and Juliet, and the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Went to the tomb of Romeo and Juliet. After turning up a narrow, out-of-the-way lane, and looking in vain for it, we saw a woman approaching us with a key; we soon discovered that she intended to show us the tomb. Unlocking an old gate we were introduced into a small yard, which might have once been splendid, but was now surrounded with old and apparently deserted houses. Against a wall stood a marble tomb, once white, now stained by time, empty and without a top; by it in one corner, were the pieces of slender marble columns

and pedestals which once ornamented it,—these were the remains, the sole remains of what has afforded a subject of such melancholy interest, upon which the great dramatist has reared so imperishable a fabric.*

Sept. 15. I have just arrived, by the canal packet from Padua, at a small town about five miles from Venice, which with all its towers and domes is plainly visible at a distance. Here we were surrounded by gondoliers anxious to convey us to the city. Our passports were taken from us, and a certificate received to be presented to the police, within twentyfour hours, under pain of punishment. Among our company are two Capuchins, dressed in rough coats, bound with a girdle of rope; having their beads and crosiers, and sandals strapped to their feet. They seem to borrow a deeper show of gravity from their long beards, which flow down to their breasts. I was struck with the lightness of the numerous slender shallops, (not unlike those of our Indians, though of greater length) which shoot through the water with incredible speed.

After crossing the Adriatic we entered Venice. When you enter the grand canal you see houses of more splendor than before, though their splendor is of a melancholy kind, as they are fast falling to decay.

Sunday, Sept. 16. Visited the Greek church. The number of persons present rather greater than usual in the Roman churches. They were principally disposed at the sides of the church and by the door, at a considerable distance from the altar. It was highly ornamented with splendid crosses, and with many figures and

* The editor has been forced, in consequence of the incomplete nature of this part of the journal, to omit the sheets descriptive of Verona, the route to Padua; the description of Padua; and the ride to Venice; and also the chief part of the description of Venice.

paintings. The altar was separated from the body of the house by a partition with three doors, veiled by red curtains, which at times were open, and at times closed. Behind these the venerable priests with their long gray beards flowing down upon their red garments, partook of the sacrament, occasionally repeating sentences in a language which sounded to me like the Greek, though I could not fairly catch any words. The people accompanied them apparently in the devoutest manner, bowing lower and lower until they almost reached the ground. When the veils were drawn the first time, a priest clothed in black robes, his hoary beard flowing over his breast, came forward and offered short prayers or exhortations. When they were drawn the second time, a young priest in a dismal monotonous kind of howl, chanted apparently a hymn, at the conclusion of which four youths in red robes and caps, bearing waxen torches, moved slowly through one of the doors, and formed in a line before the red curtains of the middle one. This was slowly withdrawn and the high priest, as he seemed to be, having finished his performances at the altar, turned round and repeatedly crossed and blessed the audience, which closed the ceremonies. During the service two silver plates of the richest workmanship and nearly two feet in diameter were handed round, upon which a considerable sum was collected; even some gold pieces were placed upon it. In the evening the Piazza di St Marco was a scene of great brilliancy, the cafés illuminated, the piazzas filled with persons elegantly dressed, sitting on sofas and chairs, and the square thronged with gentlemen and ladies, while a large military band performed the most splendid airs of the best masters. In some of the cafés or strolling leisurely up and down the piazzas, were groups of the proud dark looking Turks, in their red

or dark robes, their red caps or white folded turbans, silk hose and red slippers, with unchanging gravity smoking their cigars or puffing the luxuriant smoke from their curling pipes.

Sept. 17. Took steamboat for Ponto Lago Scuro. The course was uninteresting, as we were generally below the banks of a level country, undiversified by the varied luxuriance so common to Italian scenery; however, the sunset was most lovely. I have never seen so rich a crimson upon the western sky; and yet so soft and deep. The effect was fine, as its dye became dimmer and dimmer to the remote east, where a silver star seemed to shed a lustre over half the heavens; for the moon was still below the verge of the horizon. From the departing sun, with its chastened glory, the retiring line of river, and the trees on either side, from a well defined, took a dimmer and darker character, and the delicate branches and leaves at the west, sketched distinctly on the horizon, became at the east blended in one common shade. At Ponto Lago Scuro having crossed the river in a boat our baggage underwent a strict search. A short ride brought us to Ferrara, distinguished as the residence and the dungeon of the author of "Jerusalem Delivered." Some relics of his are still retained here, but we had not time to see them. From Ferrara to Bologna the ride was not very interesting, owing to the level nature of the country, the heat and the dust. Near Bologna, however, the country was richer and the trees beautifully trellised with rich folds of the vine, hanging with luxuriant bunches of blue and yellow grapes; occasionally cottages built of a kind of reed. Late in the afternoon arrived at Bologna, a handsome city built almost entirely with piazzas, which leave a singular, and, were it not that the houses are high and of a light yellowish

cast, and the streets rather broad, a gloomy impression. The shops were gay and the city thronged and active. Many gentlemen were to be seen on its walks, which were constructed of a composition, of which marble is a considerable part; they were neatly dressed and generally handsome looking men. Before evening we walked to see the inclining towers, the lowest of which stoops in a fearful manner; the inclination of the highest is three feet two inches from the plane of its base, its height four hundred feet; the lowest one hundred and thirty, and inclines six feet.

Sept. 20. In the morning visited a number of churches, rich in paintings of the great masters born in this city; of the three Carracci, of Guercino, of Guido Reni, of Domenichino and Raphael. What other city can boast of such names? Among these was St Gallaria and its oratory St Pietro, a church exhibiting a simple and elegant taste: the paintings in its chapel were very fine. Visited the University. Were it only that the history of this institution is so intimately connected with the last dawn of a reviving literature, the proud seat of science to which Europe was attracted while obscurity enveloped the nations, it would be interesting; but it possesses other claims also, for while the universities of Paris, Oxford, Berlin, &c. have advanced before her, there still remains collections over which the beholder will look with pleasure and improvement in its valuable and extensive cabinets. That of anatomy and of human physiology is very full and perfect.

We left Bologna at about four o'clock. The sun had not risen, and the curved moon shone palely upon the long lines of piazzas, giving a kind of grand gloom to the city. The purple of dawn was upon the skies, as we passed the gate-way of the city. As usual, a crowd of

beggars, porters and rogues collected around us, with a thousand demands upon our liberality. The earlier part of the ride was through a fertile and diversified country, crowded with pleasant mansions, which shone prettily from the hill-sides, from among the vines and rich verdure. As we proceeded, the scene assumed a more rugged character. Short, sharp hills, with their bare, clayey brows, scantily furnished with foliage, gathered thickly around us. In the numerous valleys which they formed, or in straight lines along the bases of the hills, were slender trees, often overhung with the clinging vine, like innocent and playful youth, at the feet of age. At times, the slender, bare peaks, stretching off from each other, left a broad view of the wide plain, on which Bologna, Parma, and Milan, with a thousand villages, are situated; and afar off to the right, like a silver line of light, rolled the restless waters of the Adriatic.

September 21. At noon we arrived at Lojano, upon the Apennines. Before leaving Lojano, we had quite a contest with our veturino. We had made an agreement for the carriage, the lodging, and for dinner; he, being half intoxicated, insisted that he was only to take us to Florence, we paying all of our expenses. It was indeed rather provoking, to be detained there among a crowd of beggars, priests, and postilions about this affair; but still to see this fellow in his tarnished velvet jacket and breeches, blustering round, his red face swelling with rage, his body rolling and reeling to and fro, and his arms extended with the most emphatic gestures, was enough to provoke a laugh in his face. At length we decided to pay, and report the case to the police in Florence; therefore coolly demanding his name, which a little startled him, we paid it. Before arriving at Pietro Mala, where we underwent a search from the Tuscan

police, whose territories we had just entered, Joseph Rosi, our worthy escort, became relieved of a large part of his passion, and then came very humbly to us and said that the place we stopped at, was not the dining, but only the lunching place, and that he had promised to get us a dinner, and bed there. This being thus all settled, with a guide, we started off to visit the Monte de Fo, a singular phenomenon in the vicinity. A pretty smart walk of about half an hour, over a rough path and through some fields of stubble, brought us to this remarkable spot. Here, over a space about twenty yards long, and six or eight wide, the fire rushes up continually from the face of the earth, in bluish and red flames, emitting a strong nitric odor, which is particularly sensible, when it is between you and the coming wind. The fire generally burns low, with a running flame, licking or floating over the ground, though without materially changing its place; however, in some places it burns more briskly, rising about a foot in height. Here the flame was much more characterized by the red flame, as the other was perfectly blue, unless I threw dirt or stones on it, or stirred it with my cane. It then emitted brilliant red sparks, and glowed after a moment's interruption, with a deep flame. The ground around it was perfectly cool, and that in the midst of it but moderately warm. These two circumstances enabled us to walk without fear across it, over the small stones and gravelly ground, from which the flames rose.

Some have considered this to be the outlet of some very ancient volcano; others, as the beginning of one, which threatens a future desolation to the spot. But to me, it appears much more probable, that it is the outlet to such fixed gas as is often met with in the coal mines of England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Approach to Florence — Catholic Church — Church of England — Ducal Palace — Pitti Palace — Michael Angelo — Leaves Florence for Rome — Scenery — Peasantry — Ancient Temple — Falls of Terni — Rome — Antonine Column — The Pantheon — Forum — Colosseum.

Friday, Sept. 21. We arrived at Pietro Mala about dusk. In the voiture, besides myself were two French gentlemen, and two Irish gentlemen whom I met in the steamboat from Venice. The one was a priest of some intelligence and much superstition, though certainly, I trust, connected with true piety; the other a true Irishman, talkative and witty. He had passed many months in Rome, and prided himself on his Italian; took every occasion to speak it, often to our great amusement, often somewhat to our inconvenience and chagrin. Its soft sounds harmonized but ill with his Irish tongue, and came accompanied with an odd grimace, as he endeavored to give it a rich and flowing pronunciation.

Sept. 22. The route as we approached Florence became gradually more interesting, the country softening down, and displaying all the riches of a fine climate and careful cultivation. The luxuriance of the vine was here most striking. It seemed to revel over nature with a thousand new charms. Now supported by a slender prop, its delicate tendrils shot out into the sunny air, its transparent leaves and rich clusters waving with the soft breeze; now clasping the olive or fig tree, it wound up

to the very end of the tapering branches, mingling its luscious fruit with the green fig and tender olive, and throwing a new grace over their beautiful forms. As we approached the city of Florence, signs of its taste and its presence were discerned in the fine palaces and mansions spread round in every direction. Now riders and carriages passed swiftly and frequently by us, and the returning peasantry enlivened the road-side. The immediate proximity is not interesting, for after having caught one fair view of its walls and domes and shapely turrets, with the silver Arno winding down the expanse of its classic valley, the view was entirely shut up by high walls, which intercepted all other objects.

Florence, Saturday eve, Sept. 22. Immediately after leaving the voiture, almost careless of my course, I followed the crowd moving down the street. Many were entering a splendid church. I entered also. The black curtain fell after me and I found myself among a crowd who were kneeling on the marble pavement. Passing through them I came more into the body of the church. Few and stained were the rays that pierced the deeply colored windows, but the taper's light gleamed from many of its chapels, a chaste light was shed from the wax candles of the grand altar, upon the kneeling audience. The physical effect was soothing. I stood in the shade of a pillar, — a finer aspect was thus borrowed for the soft light of the altars. It was the distribution of the sacrament. Everything which would impose on the senses was introduced there. The church itself was composed of the richest marble; the altars shone with gold and silver, the chapels were adorned with the finest paintings, the high ceiling rose to a sublime height, with its imposing show of fresco. The rich strains of the organ were in harmony with all this; the notes seemed to

pass from chapel to chapel, and picture to picture, and linger along the gilded frames, and float among the clouds and angels of the painted vault. Nor was this sensation diminished as we regarded the distant high altar; and here a statue of the virgin mother, painted large as life, was enshrined among the jasper columns of the altar — before and around her, burnt the waxen candles, while three priests in green silk elegantly fringed with gold, in harmony with the music, swung up the silver censer, profuse with incense, and paid their homage of bows and crosses. The motions of a crowd of other priests of various orders tended to render the scene more striking. It had a kind of pleasing, soothing influence, such as would naturally carry the body easily into certain attitudes, and the mind into a sober if not a solemn mood; the impressions of these few fleeting moments, a few crosses, a few aves, a hasty regret, and a kiss of the Virgin, complete their ceremonies, and is called their religion. I had seen enough — as I left the church and these feelings behind me, I could not help saying, how many weary souls are there seeking like myself a portion of consolation in the midst of their sorrow and anguish; how many, sharply suffering under sore troubles, are seeking in vain for relief among those paintings, statues, marbles, priests and incense; while the pure word of God, which can only give permanent comfort, is withheld from them; or at least, how few the gleams which beam upon the dark eyes of those who wait most patiently and earnestly for the bright day-spring, amidst the shows of this subtle and gorgeous idolatry.

Filled with these thoughts, I continued on my course to the Church of England, hoping for better things. The sermon was upon the duty of content and resignation under all circumstances, though it was not treated quite

in the manner I should have preferred. But my own necessities made me feel most strongly the awful responsibility under which a minister of God rests in addressing imperishable spirits in our deplorable condition: how momentous is his obligation, to bring his arguments and the whole spirit of his discourse from the deep fountain of eternal life, which can only satisfy the fainting or nourish the longing soul. I felt this feeling especially, as a servant brought in his arms a beautiful female, and placed her tenderly on the seat before the clergyman. Her father, whose gray hair and sadness won my sympathy, followed behind with trembling steps, and assisted to place the sweet sufferer gently on the seat. She might have been his grandchild, for she was not more than seventeen. But the hectic flush upon her pale cheek, spoke sadly of a career that was nearly finished; like a rose in winter, sheltered by a rich crimson curtain, whose leaves would fall with the first exposure or shock, her spirit needed but a breath to loose it from its delicate casket. And this was one of the spirits to which a lifeless sermon, without either consolation or direction, was given. If this is ever my duty, may God of his grace make me faithful! How happy must the faithful minister be!

The state of things and society where I now am, is such as lies out of the reach of conception, to those who have not been acquainted with it. The prince of this world is completely dominant here, and all is for pleasure and for this life. I can scarce realize, when I see the gayety and thoughtlessness around me, that the people here are affected with the same sorrows; that they feel the same pains, exposed to the same death as with us; at least, except in their churches, they do not appear to show it.

Sept. 24. Visited the ducal palace. The ceiling of the hall is of arabesque work. The effect of this is by no means so imposing as that of fine paintings and rich frescoes. This very extensive gallery is adorned by fine paintings of the old Florentine schools, by some good statues, excellent busts of the most distinguished of the Romans, and by a long line of ancient monarchs of every country. Here one sees Saladin, Mahomet, Tamerlane, Charlemagne, Henry VIII., Catharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Mary Stuart, Wolsey, and many other great names in history. As you go down this long hall, on the left you enter the tribune. Here, with the Venus de Medicis, are collected some of the rarest pieces of the chisel which belonged to ancient times, and some of the richest productions of Raphael, Titian, and the favored spirits of the sister muse.

Sept. 25. Visited the Corsini. This superb palace, rich with paintings, and combining more elegance and comfort than any I have seen, or even supposed to exist in Italy, belongs to a rich and ancient Florentine family, said to be descendants of illustrious Romans; a circumstance which is almost sufficient even to attach an honor to their title, even in the eyes of a stern republican. It has a low and elegant front, of a piazza-like character, with commanding wings of a simple but majestic architecture.

Walking through several finely curving avenues, we drew near an ancient grotto, formed of a dark stucco, embellished with several antique busts; a cool retreat from the parching heat of summer in this sultry land. Turning away from the entrance, a few steps brought us round to the other side of it, where lo! an old ruined castle rose above it, with its shattered walls and airy tower. Ascending this, we had a fine view of the city.

Another avenue conducted us to a chapel, designed for a ruin, but finished with paint too raw and showy to impose upon a northern judgment. The garden contained a number of collections of birds, such as the pheasants of different climates, ducks, thrushes, linnets, &c. The trees were well selected and arranged, and the flowers rich, and the house large and elegant, but the whole wanted that appearance of nature, which gives such a charm to English mansions and gardens of that description.

Sept. 26. Visited the Pitti palace, so called, because built by a nobleman of that name, who, to surpass a rival family, impoverished himself in the enterprise. The palace is now the residence of the Grand Duke, whose servants in a white livery of lace, wait to guard the royal residence and conduct strangers through the splendid suite of apartments. A majordomo, with his golden headed cane, with portly gait, preceded us to the hall, where meeting another, we were ushered into the various halls of the palace.

Visited the house of the celebrated Michael Angelo. The rooms appear to be much in the state in which he left them; his brushes, models, &c. As I sat down in the old fashioned chair, looking by a dim light at the full length pictures of him which adorned his rooms, I almost expected him to descend and greet me.

Sept. 28. Visited the botanical garden, and anatomical preparations. They are the finest in Europe. They occupy a great number of rooms, each devoted to some particular part of the body. Besides these, there are other rooms devoted to representations of those delicate marine, and other plants which cannot be well preserved in the fine botanical garden connected with

the institution. There is also an admirable, though not very extensive collection of minerals and shells.

Oct. 3. Left Florence for Rome. The ride was through an agreeable country, but presenting nothing very different from the charming scenery which we had before seen. There was everywhere the same air of smiling fertility. Perhaps to this may be added that the peasantry appeared to be a finer race, and the towns in better order than those usually seen in Italy. The country was more undulating than on the other side of the Apennines. Our journey was not a long one, being but little more than thirty miles.

Oct. 4. The ride was through a country which though now reduced to cultivation, bore evident marks of having been formerly in a marshy state. This is the country of which Livy speaks, as being "a marsh through which Hannibal marched his army."

Oct. 6. We left Foligniano where we slept, at a very early hour, on the way for Spoleto. The moon had not set, and the stars shone with a twinkling brightness over the wide firmament, shedding soft light upon the excellent road, the vineyards and hills, and giving a pleasing and chaste character to the scene. It was not more than four o'clock, yet already the peasants with their patient little mules shuffling along between two large panniers, filled the approach to the town. As soon as the morning light beamed upon us, they gave a picturesque aspect to the scene, dressed in their rich colors, not unlike some of the displays of Swiss costume. As the hills around us lighted up, for we were in the midst of a beautiful undulating country, it was pleasing to see the mists reposing like unbroken water in the deep valleys. Indeed we even admired in one place the beautiful reflection, to the top of what we conceived to

be water ; when as we came near, the deception ceasing, we discovered that what we imagined to be the reflection of trees and houses, were in truth real scenes, bathed in this delicate and mirror-like mist. In the midst of these pleasant hills now smiling in some agreeable valley, now frowning with their stern old walls upon some steep hill, were spread around in full contrast, the ancient and modern towns which diversified this truly Italian landscape. It was just as the rays of the rising sun were slanting through the trees, making long lines of bright and dark shade in the rich vineyards, that we saw, the beautiful Clytumnus celebrated by Virgil, pouring its copious stream with many a soft curve, along banks smiling with sunshine and verdure. While we were enjoying the freshness and loveliness which it gave to the scene, we came suddenly upon a little temple beneath which its limpid current was gliding. It was an ancient temple to the River god Clytumnus which had afforded us so much pleasure. We descended from the voiture to examine it. Eighteen centuries had not effaced the fair impress once placed on it. The marble was stained, and eaten by the tooth of time, but its symmetry and the delicacy of its cornice, and the fine proportions of its slender Corinthian columns and pillars, attested to the pure taste of the age and genius that designed it. It was pleasing to look upon this small but beautiful relic, connected with the superstitions of a people, though once so great, now living only in memory.

The Falls of Terni. This cascade, so celebrated in poetry and the fine arts, is now before me in all its beauty. Byron's description is by no means exaggerated. The falls possess all the beauty and sublimity which my mind had pictured. The fall, which is in the whole about three hundred feet, falls first in one un-

broken sheet; after foaming and tossing up from the basin into which it is first precipitated, it descends in many beautiful falls, down a ribbed rock, where collecting again, it pours in a broad sheet, and then rolls on as a beautiful river.

Friday was not remarkably pleasant; clouds darkened the heavens and the air had a disagreeable feeling. The country was considerably more broken into hills and in some parts had a wild character. Ruins were here and there thrown along the way, and not rarely fine old castles, firm and strong even in decay, graced the hills. Some of these girdled within their walls, towns looking wonderfully desolate.

Our next stage was to Rome, over a country desolate and uninhabited. We rode for the two last days, part of the time over the Flaminian, part over the Appian way. These notwithstanding their great antiquity appear in many places to have remained unaltered and broken.

Rome, Oct. 10. In the morning after much difficulty discovered the house of our consul, Mr Cicognani; but not without seeing much modern splendor and some interesting remains of antiquity on the way. Of the former we admired the fine lines of streets stretching off in every direction, the broad and noble palaces and the elegant fronts which the large churches almost everywhere presented. Of the latter, the first which we met was the column of Antonine. From its resemblance to that of Trajan, we supposed it to be the same. It stands in the centre of a large square, surrounded by handsome palaces and houses. The ground is plain on which it is elevated, but if the street which has recently been discovered eighteen feet below the palace Piombino be the Flaminian way, it must formerly have stood upon a considerable eminence. This circumstance shows the

strange changes which have taken place since the days of the emperors. In fact every monument which claims antiquity in Rome, mournfully demonstrates the same, as I shall have cause to mention when speaking of them. This monument was erected in honor of the talents and worth of Marcus Aurelius. His kindness to the Christians at least entitles him to our regard.

We were fortunate enough to pass the Pantheon also. Surrounded by modern edifices as it now is, one could not long mistake it for one of them. Though compassed by them, it seems to stand at a wide distance from them. Ancient remembrances at once isolate it far from all. Its own massiveness, its well marked form, its grave and venerable air, the Roman character once impressed upon it, all render it as solitary as though it stood alone. There it stands, as when some solitary, far from his race, dwells on the rugged rock, while his thought dwells upon the memory of things afar off. What can be more impressive than those lines of columns, from which the lofty vestibule rises! They are sixteen in number, formed of dark and oriental granite. They are each single shafts, about fortytwo feet high, by fifteen feet in circumference. They are of the Corinthian order, with the bases and capitals formed of beautiful white marble. Time has marred them, it is true; their fine capitals are shattered; here and there the rude blow has struck a piece from the shapely column; but what a firmness and unity do they still preserve! And who can follow the long sweep of curve which the dark wall behind makes, without a feeling of the profoundest respect for the genius that raised it? "Notice," said I to my companion, "those mean houses built into the very wall; they seem solicitous of hide their littleness by companioning with one so noble." "I think so," he replied, "for it appears to

draw itself up proudly from them, weary of, and disdaining their intercourse." And like a Roman he seems wrapped up in his noble toga; let us enter. What a noble gate-way! undoubtedly from some old temple — who knows but from the Temple of Janus? We entered. To what a sublime mood does the soul rise, when the vaulted roof spreads swelling out, lifted up on a broad circle of wall, at the same time adorned and fortified by rich columns and pilasters. And what is more calculated to produce this effect, than the bold dome of the Pantheon, from the centre of which, the light pours upon each part of the building. This effect is the better, in that while the light is strong in the centre, the lines grow dimmer as they depart from it, giving that grandeur to the whole, to which indistinctness is so favorable. The altars around the temple were thus thrown into a shade, which lent a pleasing effect to the tapers, whose glimmering light poured through rich columns, or just served to give life and softness to the saint or virgin behind them. How many devotees catch this spirit for a mysterious life, and in the smile of tenderness that their imagination places there, find approbation and forgiveness!

While the man of taste therefore laments to find often chef d'œuvres of Raphael, Domenichino, and other illustrious spirits thrown so into the shade, this circumstance has without doubt given to them that magic power over the minds of the superstitious. But those altars which now occupy the domes of the Pantheon, did not always stand there. But the mysterious dimness of the place was not less necessary to the purposes of the building. The cold marble was to receive the same meaning. Superstition's replies were to be discovered only as the flitting shades shaped various expressions on the un-

changing stone. How natural then was the structure suited to their superstitions. And now with what little alteration has it been turned from one superstition to another. On every side are the same columns, and the same niches, the idols between them only are altered. Indeed, in one case the name only is altered; for in one niche stands a Vestal and child, discovered some years since in the subterranean part of the edifice, which is now recognised as the Virgin and child.

In the evening we visited the Forum and Colosseum, guided by a ragged and almost savage boy, who had come to us for charity. He seemed to think his half-paul hardly earned by an hour's walk in an evening delicious as moonlight and a soft atmosphere could render it. Crossing over a dark hill, shut up between the desolate looking houses, we came almost without notice, up to the venerable arch of Septimus Severus. Being naturally dark, as the moon cast the side towards us into a sterner shade, it seemed set there as a great spirit, to guard the ruins among which it was placed. There was an austerity in its ragged arch and shattered columns such as is displayed in the mood of one who has been cast by fate from a princely fortune, into a proud adversity. Seated as it was, among a heap of ruins, over which it darkly brooded, one could hardly fail to feel as if Marius amidst the desolation of Carthage was before him. We passed by it into a scene of melancholy stillness. We stood in the precincts of the Forum. The arch of Severus was now bathed in a soft gray light, while columns sustaining broken capitals, on every side rose up over a waste of ruin with dim grandeur. Here a well preserved colonnade was half silvered over by the chaste moonlight, while its remaining columns rose with darker grandeur from the blending shades which fell on

them. Here three shafts, like mourning sisters, were clasped together by an elegant shattered capital. That had been the proud temple of Jupiter Tonans. Now it seemed by its attitude to implore the clemency of heaven.

Here, rising from a deep excavation, stood the solitary column of Phocus, assimilated with the dark age in which it was placed there. To the right, the Capitol towered over the scene with a cluster of high buildings, which from the silence that reigned over them, seemed sleeping under the mantle of heaven. It was darker when Brennus stole in upon its untimely security; but yet I almost looked to see the iron-armed Gauls stealing along some of the dark lines of shade and ruin, which lay around its base. Near the centre of the plain, three beautiful fluted columns of the Corinthian order are the sole remains of the Roman Comitium. To the left, under the shade of an old church, we perceived a long line of large columns. They belonged to the temple erected to Antoninus and his wife Faustina. We approached them: like all the others, their bases were fifteen or twenty feet below the ground on which we stood; so singularly has time and the wild rush of war thrown the earth over them.

How many circumstances did these scenes recall to my mind. How many illustrious names were intimately united with these interesting ruins. What stepping-stones do such monuments form for the venturous foot to go down upon into the vista of ages! How sublime to stand among the shattered links of those great and adamantine chains, which for ages have bound the world's history and destiny firmly together! to press with our feeble feet, and even trample on the great staple link which held them in its iron grasp! What melancholy steals over the mind, as here and there the eye catches a fragment to wonder and mourn over. For the Roman

Forum, the centre of the world's destinies, has but these relics of its former greatness; so that the spirits of departed kingdoms gathering around it, may well say, "Is this he that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness? How art thou fallen from heaven! O Lucifer, son of the morning! art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?"

Along the Via Sacra, a grove of trees shuts in the Forum. It was near here that Romulus was driven by Tatius, before he arrived at the columns which marked the site of the Temple dedicated to Jupiter, for the peril from which he was so miraculously rescued. To the right of these, along the brow of Mount Palatine, are the massive ruins of the palaces of the emperors; to the left the fractured temple of Remus, while above the dark line of trees, like the fallen angel, rising from his awful ruin, with a terrible majesty, emerges the immense pile of the Colosseum. I have stood, in the days when my fancy was strong, before reason had explored the regions which lie between the province of plain reality and unknown mysteries, among the shades of groves and desolate places, where tradition working with some fatal deed committed there, had given being to the plaint of the trees, making the spot fearful to dwell in. In walking through some such spots I remember well the strange suspension of breath which I have experienced; and also a kind of outgoing of my own spirit as if to commune with the unearthly existence fearfully close to me. If you have been touched with that unseen, unfelt, yet thrilling finger which reaches to the inner nature, you will know my sensations, as, above the grove, I caught the grave expression of this great pile, instinct with life. My breath became quick and short, and for

a moment, like a bird before the eye of its charmer, I felt that the struggle was going on, which the mind at first has with grasping a great object. We had now crossed the grove ; to the left stood the bending and broken dome of Venus ; to the right, the arch of Titus ; in front, the mighty Colosseum. We stood riveted to it, or rather like some bark by moon-light, moored to a mighty cliff, swinging with the tide, yet ever with its prow toward the coast, straining all its ropes, so we in all our motions seemed bound by some deep and invisible power to its magic circle. How, as in the vortex of a whirlpool, is the mind carried round its wide circle and through the dark shade ; now over the gray stones which seemed brightly silvered beneath the moon, drinking in the sheets of liquid light, which came pouring through so many high arches and windows. Our silent contemplation was now sharply broken by the voice of a sentinel, who stepped out from an archway near us, his polished weapon gleaming in the light, with the ordinary challenge, which, however it might for a moment disturb the current of our thoughts, at least gave us assurance of protection. After having examined for some time the exterior, we approached the sentinel to demand permission to enter. This, like all other forbidden things, was readily granted, in hopes of a trifling " bona gratia." Conducting us to the other side of the building he called a capuchin priest, who was accustomed to accompany strangers among the arches and galleries of the place.

Having lighted a lamp to conduct us over some of the galleries and parts that lay in the shade, we ascended by a flight of stone steps to the first gallery. The moon was falling upon the part where we were, while the other part was cast into a dark shadow. The broad area beneath us was of an oblong shape. Around it rose

up the piles of galleries, or where they had fallen away, the broad arches which had sustained them; the light streaming into the deep caverns thus laid bare, seemed pouring into the vaults of a grave yard, which had been fearfully rent by an earthquake. Above them a massive wall went round, from which the galleries that it had supported had long since fallen. In the centre of the building, where many a struggling gladiator had breathed away his life, perhaps where the aged martyr had been torn by the ruthless beast, a slender cross now pointed to the heavens. No matter how it may be and has been abused, that symbol of principles so at war with those upon which this place was erected, and to the ideas of the people who thronged it, could not but draw the mind into some strange reflections, and thoughts like spirits of many ages came clustering to the mind.

After having walked round it, climbing up to the highest part of which its present state of preservation admitted, we saw a new exhibition prepared for us. I remarked that our guide was a capuchin. Like many of his sect, his face was worn wan by vigils, while his dark brown garments and pointed cowl, his waist bound by a knotted rope, and his feet bare to the pavement, gave him at all times an interesting appearance. But now he broke upon us with a more fearful appearance. My companion had just been speaking of a celebrated scene in Robert the Devil, when a dark red glare shot along the pavement. We turned round, when we saw the capuchin issuing from beneath a projecting arch with a flambeau blazing redly in his hand. The effect was magnificent. Its glare rose brightly up the broken arches around him; it spread wildly over the arch beneath which he stood, and as it shone on his pale, fixed features and the withered finger with which he beckoned to us, he seemed like a fearful visitant from the realms of the dead.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Pope — The Capitol — Adrian's Villa — Terni — The House of Mæcenas — The Vatican — Museum of the Capitol — Lucien Bonaparte — The Catacombs — Villa Borghese — The Ancient City — Thorwalsden's Studio — St Paul's — St Augustine — Leaves Rome for Pisa — Peasantry — Villages—Religion — Ronciglione — Siena — Pisa — Leaning Tower — The Duomo of Pisa — Leaves Pisa for Genoa — Sestris — Peasantry — Genoa.

Oct. 12. In the afternoon went to see the Pope enter his palace; an extensive pile, sufficiently magnificent and mean for Italian splendor and sufferance. It is well situated on Mount Cavallo; has a fine but irregular front and square, extends a great distance back; its windows having here an officer stuck up to show, there a shirt hung out to dry, which is often the Italian composite order. The gray smoke curls up from the castle of St Angelo with loud explosions; the cavalry issue with haste from the high archway; the noble body form a double line of guards through the area, a distant murmur is heard; sundry carriages at intervals, with servants, priests, and soldiers, drive hurriedly into the gate. At length the pope in a carriage and six approaches, distributing his fatherly blessing on the kneeling crowd. He was a cheerful looking man, attired in red, with a red cap on his head. He laughed with great glee as he waved his hand at us from the coach.

Oct. 14. Went to the Capitol. Admired the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. Though colossal, its execution is masterly. The warrior sits there now as majestic as when ages ago he looked proudly upon the Roman crowd. He seems to feel, but it is Roman feeling; to think, but it is of Roman circumstances; but if he could now see Rome's ruin, and could hear of all that has since been done on the world's wide course, would not the iron charger breathe, and the iron rider speak? Ah, there would be a stirring in the capitol. Even the dying gladiator would forget his wounds, and the lightning-torn wolf howl fearfully. Then would Cato believe, and Cicero doubt not of the soul's immortality. And Julian! thy bust would shiver with fear, for the little leaven that thou wouldst have trampled in the dust, will it not leaven the whole lump? Speak! what has worked those changes in man's moral history? Ah! a few more ages, and those who now doubt of high truths, to which their weak reason cannot reach, as thou from a lower pinnacle once doubted of what is now clear to all, shall from their oblivion and dust, rise to wonder at the high and full accomplishment of Heaven's promises. The principle is omnipotent and it will prevail. In the capitol there were a hundred philosophers, but Jesus Christ has triumphed over all, for he only came with pure intelligence from the presence of God, to the sons of men. What know ye of eternity but through him? be ye wise and learn with simplicity of him those truths which from the nature of our minds we can learn in no other way.

Oct. 15. At an early hour we were up to ride to Tivoli. It was but a short ride to Adrian's Villa. The astonishing extent of the ruins surprised us. The whole covers a square of three miles. They are how-

ever more desolate than grand, for a large part is buried up by the dust which has been accumulating for ages. Of these parts long arches are to be seen, through which the light breaks dimly, and upon these, the palace and temples formerly stood. Here and there however large remains indicate the grand scale of this once magnificent villa. This spot is marked by a group of rooms with the walls rising raggedly up around them; this heap of ruins with its broken dome was a temple; that long line of high but shattered arches was probably connected with the royal apartments; here were the quarters of the Roman Legion; and here the circus for mock fights and gladiatorial shows. In one place there is a kind of piazza under ground which formed the foundation of the palace, the whole extent of which is two miles.

A short ride through a grove of the largest and oldest olive trees which we had ever seen, brought us to Terni. Some of these were not less than five and even six feet in circumference, and gnarled and twisted into one complete mass of knots. The peasants in this vicinity, like all those whom we had previously seen in the Roman states, were a diminutive and miserable looking race. The lands also formed the same contrast with the rich plains of Lombardy and Tuscany as before. However just in the vicinity of Terni, the silvery olive groves and luxuriant vines began to spread once more a beauty over the scene.

Terni is beautifully situated among the Sabine hills, from an opening of which, like a silver river it seems rushing down to the plain below. We proceeded through the narrow streets to visit the cascades, the temple, and grottoes. The temple is beautifully situated. It stands on the brow of a rock, on three sides of which

is a deep and picturesque ravine. The slender circular tower, with its delicate fluted columns and the elegant architrave which they support, receives a soft beauty, when contrasted with the grandeur of the scene beneath, like a beautiful girl stooping over the brink of a deep precipice. The broadest cascade, with a narrow and frail bridge thrown over it, is altogether too artificial; the water pouring under it like a thin sheet of melted silver. The other is more majestic. It bursts out of a dark cave, like a new born giant from the womb of the earth. The grottoes lie beneath the temple. A narrow pathway twines round the face of a rock down to them. Having descended this, we found ourselves in the midst of the spray which flew from the heaving falls. The view from below is magnificent. I remarked that it poured from a dark cavity in the rock down into the dark ravine; now we saw it among the bursting foam which rose like smoke, from the agitated abyss. There was a terrible beauty in it, for it seemed to rise like a fearless virgin martyr from the flames kindled for her destruction. The grottoes at our side were fearful to look at. They were deep caverns scooped out of the dark rock, from the black chambers of which a heavy waterfall was pouring, which from its indistinctness and roar, was well calculated to excite the most superstitious feelings. Visited the house of Mæcenas. The arch on which it rested and under which the Roman road passed still remains entire. It is now surrounded with modern buildings. The situation is most romantic. It stands over a high rock, down the fretted side of which a hundred currents were wildly pouring. Off on the right and left, and far behind, were the dark grouping of the Sabine hills, while the broad Campagna de Roma stretched off in front, garnished with ruins and commanding a distant view of

the imperial city. Among the hills nearest to it, drawn up to their very tops, like dark gray clouds, little towns were here and there to be seen. Green terraces of vine, lines of gray wall, with here a tower, and there a battlement, set thickly among a cluster of roofs, rose up behind. Well might this have been the favored spots of Mæcenas, of Virgil, of Horace, and those bright spirits who have hallowed the spot to the classic mind forever! Well might the great Augustus retire to this green and beautiful region from the cares and dust of the city. Never have I felt it easier to think of and enter into the spirit of ancient days than here. After a pleasant day we reached the city just as the gray twilight was stealing over the landscape.

Oct. 18. Passed the day at the Vatican. After a single visit, it appears quite impossible to say anything about this place, it is so vast, and so numerous the chefs d'œuvres, which are collected there; though it is true it derives its chief interest from the antiques, with which it is so amply adorned; for with the exception of the paintings, nearly everything dates back to ancient Rome. For a time, the attention is too distracted to fix itself intently on any particular object, but roams over sepulchral inscriptions, sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, busts and statues, lost in a kind of general admiration of the harmony which prevails among them. However, there are some objects that cannot fail, even under these circumstances, to exert a lively and powerful influence over the mind. Of these, the Apollo Belvidere and Laocoon are certainly the most striking. These have often been most powerfully described, but I never was more sensible of the inadequacy of language, in conveying just impressions, than when looking at the Apollo. Indeed, any conception of it, formed in the mind from the combined

notions drawn from other statues, paintings, and poetry, falls short of the vivid impression which the great original excites. It is so full of life, feeling, intelligence; there is such symmetry and beauty of outline; there is such freshness in the marble, that one forgets that it is cold and inanimate, and quickly invests it with all the sensations which it creates in the mind itself. I can only say, if others can describe it so as to throw even one fleeting image, into the soul of a person who has not seen it, they possess a faculty far above anything I would attempt to call out, for to me it seems quite in vain. Of the Laocoon, I can only say, that I have seen the finest descriptions and copies of it in America, and various parts of Europe, but had never the slightest idea of the sublimity of the conception, or the terrible force of the original itself.

Oct. 21. Entered the museum of the Capitol. The collection in the gallery is not only extensive, but well arranged, and remarkable for the superiority of many of the statues. In this museum there is a hall devoted to the busts of the philosophers, certainly an uncommon and grand collection of genius. It is of itself almost sufficient to make one a believer in physiognomy, or at least it sufficiently shows that the general character and ruling passions of man are traced upon his countenance; and also that where there is much character, there is ordinarily much expression. The Dying Gladiator is the most grand and affecting piece I have seen. It is associated with the Apollo, the Laocoon, with those great efforts of the art which seem not only placed above all present fellowship, but even any future equals. This is one of the few things, which, like the sea or the heavens, defies criticism. The mind receives it, as if it was one of its own ideals, and dwells upon it with unmingled de-

light. The same apartment contains several other admirable statues. Of these, the Cupid and Psyche struck me forcibly; their easy and elegant attitudes, the beauty of the one, and the spirit of the other, make them very pleasing. Besides, there is something that I like exceedingly, in small and delicate proportions in marble, except where great massiveness is accompanied with some terrible display of masculine passion. On this account, I am often disappointed in Canova's statues. The limbs, perhaps, are beautifully turned, and the face softened down as much as curved lines can do it, but still there remains a heaviness, which seems to arise more from the bulk of the figure than from anything else. Introduce such spirit as you find in this piece into his productions, and I think the fault would be even more conspicuous. His pieces should be placed it St Peter's, to show to advantage, where corresponding greatness diminishes everything to natural proportions.

In the evening, the Consul called on us to go to the Prince Musignano's, or Charles Lucien Bonaparte's. The gate was immediately opened, by a servant in waiting, and we rode up through a long and dark grove, to an elegant portico, where a number of coaches were waiting. Servants with lanterns, chasseurs in their rich uniform, were present in great numbers. When ushered in, we were introduced to the Prince and Princess. She is a handsome lady, rather embonpoint; having her hair bound to her brow by an exquisitely beautiful chain of silver, with delicate drops hanging over the centre of the forehead. She spoke very good English, with a pretty accent. The Prince is of middling height, full face, florid complexion, and inclined to corpulency; he does not speak very good English, but was very pleasant and polite, without the least formality. There was not

much company present. The princess Cayenne, and an American lady, five or six gentlemen and ourselves, made up the whole. The room was small but elegant, the ottomans and curtains rich. On the table I noticed a copy of the Token, and a French Souvenir, published in America. During the evening, Prince Leon, natural son of Napoleon, entered. He is a good-looking young man, having some trace of Napoleon's features, but with too sharp a nose.

Oct. 24. Went to the catacombs. They are entered by a staircase in the church of St Sebastian, which stands about a mile out of the city. We were accompanied by two capuchins, as guides. Each of us received a wax candle, giving just sufficient light to render this city of the dead more fearful. The account which our guides gave us, of this and that opening in the labyrinth, where parties had been lost or buried up, did not tend to render them more cheerful. One was shown us, which forty young men entered, and never returned or were heard of; they had run on before the guide, the earth fell in between them and him, and thus they were lost forever! These galleries are generally high enough for one to stand erect in: they are arched, and seem simply dug through the earth, and mortared over, though now it has much fallen down. On the sides are cavities about five or six feet long, by a foot or two in height, in which bodies were deposited: the marble or stone slabs were mostly broken out, or at least shattered, though here and there one retained its original state. We inserted a wax candle through one which was slightly broken, and distinctly saw the skeleton within. Here and there it terminated in low small chapels. It is said that the remains of many of the martyrs were deposited here, and that this was a favorite retreat for them in the

days of their terrible persecutions. To what fearful extremes these humble but fearless men submitted, rather than forsake the principles of piety to which they had become attached!

Oct. 25. Visited the Villa Borghese. In company with Mr L——n and lady, of Boston, entered the grounds, where was a great crowd, of all sorts; cardinals, princes, priests, and peasants — carriages of every dimension and harness, winding up and down in every direction. A band of music added to the spirit of the scene. Nor could one walk long without hearing the tinkling tamborine, and meeting a group of dancers in their bright robes moving over the green plain. It was certainly a merry sight, for the maids were both handsome and graceful. As they moved, their steps were timed not only to the tamborine, but to small pieces of ebony or bone, which being fixed to the fingers, they struck, as though with a snap of the fingers, to a kind of rude melody.

Oct. 26. In company with a numerous American party, went to see the ruins of the ancient city. Visited the street where Tullia rode over the dead body of her father — to where Horatius passed under the yoke, after the murder of his sister. Visited the forum of Nerva and the Temple of Pallas, which is near it. Of this, only three fine fluted columns, deeply sunk in the ground, remain. Passed on to the baths of Titus. These are raised upon the foundation of Nero's golden palace. They now lay in desolate ruin, yet sufficient still remains to indicate their former magnificence, or rather that of the palace on which they stood. This was evidently entered by nine long corridors, once all filled up with dirt and rubbish, whether for a foundation for the baths is not known at present; some of these have been excavated, and the work

is going on with others; through these you enter into other corridors and rooms. Upon the ceiling of these galleries the beautiful arabesques are found, so remarkable for the preservation of their color, under the disadvantage of centuries of dampness. We admired the drawings of many figures, as of fauns, females, slaves, deer, and eagles. From these, Raphael is said to have drawn his conception of the Vatican arabesques. In a niche of one of these apartments the Laocoon formerly stood. We thence proceeded to the arch of Drusus and the Aqueducts. Riding a mile or two out of the city, we came to the fountain of Egeria. The goddess of Numa has been nearly carried off by the curiosity-collecting visiters. In fact, I was so much of a barbarian as to disjoint a piece of the marble from her arm, as a memorial of my acquaintance with her. The ruins of a small temple of Bacchus stand on a hill near it.

Oct. 27. Visited St John Lateran, and the Sancta Scala. At the former we were shown a number of relics, as the curb of the well at which our Saviour met the woman of Samaria; the pillar of Pilate's door, in Jerusalem; the column rent by the earthquake during our Lord's passion; the stone on which the lots were cast for his garments; candelabræ of Constantine; a marble chair of one of the first Popes; and four columns supporting a wide table of stone, under which our Saviour was just able to pass, which shows his height to have been quite six feet.

Monday. Visit Thorwalsden's studio. There was here a splendid statue of Lord Byron. He sits in such an attitude as to display his whole figure to fine advantage. His right hand holds a pencil against his chin; his left, a book which he has been perusing. He has turned away from it, and his mind seems to rush on

over the tide of ideas which it has created. There were there a number of fine colossal pieces for some of the sovereigns of Europe. Among these is a sublime conception of the Saviour after his resurrection from the dead. The idea might well be supposed to be, "touch me not, for I have not yet risen."

Visited St Paul's. This once magnificent church is now an awful pile of ruins. The whole of the roof has been struck down by lightning, its beautiful mosaics destroyed, its massive columns shattered to pieces. It seems as if the wrath of heaven had burst over it. Its former magnificence and grandeur only serve to render its present state move dreadful. Thus will it be when "Babylon has fallen." On the way stopped in at the Church of St Augustine. This, like all the Roman churches, is full of splendid marble columns, statues, and paintings. It is enriched with gildings and mosaics, with costly shrines and carvings; but all the extravagance of its splendor is lavished upon one object. This is a wooden image of the virgin. This monument of superstition is enriched with every variety of jewel. Her neck, her hands, her ears, her head, and every part of her dress is covered with jewels, while the infant Saviour is no less loaded with them. Indeed, the whole place is covered with paintings representing deliverances which her interference had accomplished. Beside these, on every side are knives and deadly weapons hung up. These, without doubt, are connected with the history of those who have come as penitents to her shrine. She was surrounded by a crowd of worshippers, each anxious to obtain the privilege of kissing her sacred feet. It is considered a very ancient relic. It was sent by the mother of Constantine to Rome after her sons embraced

Christianity. The Romans firmly believe it to be the work of the evangelist Luke.

Oct. 30. Left Rome for Pisa, in the voiture, with Mr G——e of Boston. The route possessed but little of interest. The fields and hills on either side lay broadly bare. Here the apparent desolation was occasioned by the brown stubble of the gathered harvests; and there, by the actual and disgraceful absence of cultivation. This was too frequently the case; for the peasants, though often good looking, are lazy and slothful, and much more inclined to employ their time in fêtes, than in the industrious pursuits of husbandry. But notwithstanding this, their beasts were generally fine looking animals, and they themselves were well and comfortably clad. They looked particularly well, wrapped in their voluminous blue or black cloaks, which they wore gracefully. But as I speak of the peasantry, I must not omit to make particular mention of the females. They were generally well, often elegantly shaped. Their forms were full, their features regular and feminine, and their complexion delicate and soft. They rarely fail to obtain a compliment from travellers, of which they are very fond, and if there should be an elderly person in their number, the compliment is sure to be returned. The traveller is surprised to meet such great numbers of peasants in the roads, some working, others shooting, and others driving their mules or patient jacks before them; because along this part of the Apennines, habitations are less scattered upon the roadside, than in some other parts of Italy. Instead of a country thickly covered with houses, you meet here and there a town standing on some high hill, or grimly frowning from a dark gorge, like an iron-clad warrior, upon you. You meet, it is true, with many of these towns; which after

all do not differ much from each other. They are, for the most part, constructed of a dark, grayish stone, of volcanic character, looking as if they came ready built from the vortex of a volcano; and one might say the same of the whole country, for it is all one vast bed of lava. They all have their old, dark gateways, their steep, crumbling walls, their dome or spire, and some a dark keep or citadel, and a formidable ravine around the whole.

If you enter them, you will find one long, broad street, and perhaps a hundred little crooked and narrow ones. As for the Roman towns, there seems to be but little business transacting in them. Here are a few calico shops, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, and tinmen, on a small scale, but all going on slowly enough. But the cafés appear to be the places of chief resort. There you see some at billiards, some at cards, some sipping coffee, and many too lazy for any employment. Priests and peasants you find mingled indiscriminately together.

The first night we slept at Ronciglione. This town is singularly situated among ledges of rocks, which are of a volcanic character. The castle, a grim looking old building, flanked with towers, gives the town, with its dark houses, an imposing appearance.

From R. the whole of the next day's journey led over a country in a very bad state of cultivation, and only interesting from the ravages which the eruption of some volcano, at a very early age must have caused. On every side the ground is gray and barren, while, where it is torn away by the road, several successive layers of lava are distinctly marked. One can hardly conceive of the awful condition into which the whole territory must have once been thrown. The vortex of this might probably have been the lake of *Bolsena*, where are seen the two

The square within is filled with earth brought during the crusades, from Mount Calvary. On the other side of the Cathedral, stands the celebrated Leaning Tower. This wonderful stucture is composed of marble, and surrounded by numerous galleries, sustained by elegant columns. This is calculated to give it an air of lightness. But when you see it inclining over to one side, as if it would pitch itself with an awful destruction on the houses beneath, the feeling of its lightness is quite overcome, and gives way for one of surprise and fear. That it has taken its present position either from an earthquake, or by a settling on one side, I have not the slightest doubt, either from the circumstance of its being represented in an erect position in an old painting in the Campo Sancto, or from examining the nature of its base. But a stronger evidence is derived from the positive though slight inclination of the church and baptistry, standing on the same plain, and undoubtedly affected by the same cause, be it the former or latter. However, if I had entertained the least doubt as to the cause, whether it was a natural effect or an artificial design, it would have been dissipated on the next day, when in one or more structures I perceived the same kind of inclination, though not plainly marked. Pisa has rather a *triste* air. Some of its streets have the low, dark piazzas, so common in many of the cities in the north of Italy. However, on a rainy day we were ready to acknowledge their luxury.

Nov. 5. The effect of that beautiful church, the Duomo of Pisa is very fine. It is in the shape of a Latin Cross, and constructed of white and black marble. It is spacious, light, and rich. The light pours in from the high nave upon the gilded and carved ceiling, while the tall and shapely columns which support the galleries

are softened by the mellow haze from the stained windows. Yet with all its richness of marble, statues, columns, and paintings, the splendor that they create is of a most solemn and pleasing kind. This solemn impression is aided also by the burning tapers, the grave prelates, the priests, the crosses, the pulpits, the devotees, and the sepulchres of the dead. There is something singular in the variety of the columns, owing to the circumstance that many have been brought from widely distant lands.

Nov. 6. Left Pisa for Genoa in a small cabriolet. It was a journey of three days. The road was everywhere admirably made, and preserved in perfect repair. In its formation there were many difficulties to contend with. It passes over a very rocky and mountainous country. It winds amongst hills like those which the Simplon scales. This it has done in the most successful manner possible, so that one now passes the once formidable maritime Alps with slow but very gentle curves. The first and last portion of the ride was very agreeable, particularly the last day. On the preceding day the blue Mediterranean was but rarely to be seen through some gorge in the mountain, or off at a distance, almost blended with the blue of the horizon. But on the second night we slept at Sistris with its graceful waves breaking over the yellow sands beneath our window.

The situation of the hotel of Sistris was one of the most lovely that could be imagined. Here rose the Alps with its majestic and cloudy summits; on the other side stretched a gentle region of grass land, olive groves, and vineyards, brightened with spires and villages. Here flashed the Mediterranean, its waves bursting in sparkling foam over the sands, or against the jutting rocks, for many miles along the curving shore.

From Sistris the journey was delightful. It was somewhat different from what the view from the higher country had led me to expect; for the hills were by no means so gentle as I had imagined, when viewing them from a distance. But if this undulation of surface rendered their passage more difficult, it also rendered them more picturesque. As we wound along the beach from Sestris, nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene; the hedges bristled up so greenly with the spears of the Indian fig, and the fields so rich with the orange and olive tree. The sky was not perfectly serene, but the rich fruitage, the novel tints of azure and purple that hung over the sea, the ceaseless music of the waves on the shore, the mellowed harmonies of the church bells, the fishers busy with their nets, the white sails scudding before the breeze, and the hills covered with snowy sheep, all conspired to form a very pleasing scene. Even the falling rain did not destroy the effect of its picturesque beauty. There was something so truly rural in the situation of the many villages above which we wound, (for they were often situated in little retired ravines sacred to all the joys of innocent seclusion,) while around them the vine and the orange tree hung too thickly with fruit to admit of the idea of distress and poverty while regarding them. Indeed the peasants of this region are a strongly-proportioned, well-dressed people, and their countenances, like those of all persons who live by the waters of the sea, were grave and hardy; indeed it scarce needed to see the distant fishing-boat, or the nets on the shore, to discover that a portion of the time of most of the male peasantry was passed on the bosom of the deep. The peasantry often wore an uncommonly long jacket, not unlike the pea-jacket, while the lower part of the leg was frequently left bare, in all

its Indian-like brownness. Many of them wore a red woollen cap, turned up with black, which gave them quite a Moorish air. There was something peculiarly novel also in the appearance of their dwellings, their fronts exhibiting every variety of color. Some were white, others yellow, or red ; several combined a variety of hues, or perhaps displayed a showy, if not an elegant fresco on the front. Nature has done sufficient for these people. It appears to have furnished every resource for their happiness. But it has pushed its expedients against a nature too perverse for it, and has made the fact clearer, that man, though created with the highest susceptibilities for enjoyment, and surrounded with all the external comforts necessary to its completion, may be, and often is, miserable. The peasants are here apt without intelligence, superstitious without religion, indulging in the bitterest enmities, and the most debasing licentiousness.

Before arriving at Genoa, the road cuts through three fine arches in the solid rock. As you approach the city the effect of the scenery is very fine. A straight line of coast, with projecting promontories, not unfrequently the site of villages, spreads along its green and cultivated hills, strongly contrasted with the expanse of the Mediterranean, which opens out to the horizon. At the extremity of the view, the curve of its panoramic bay, terminating with its bold fortifications and tapering light-houses, stands Genoa.

As we approached it, the shades of night gathered over it, and its lights glimmered dimly through the hazy air. Our entrance into the city led through streets of the most ample magnitude, lined on either side with splendid palaces. There is something very pleasing and dazzling to me, in rushing so through the streets of an unknown

city. The eye has just time to catch the dimensions of the grandest and gayest objects, while those which are less striking are unseen. One observes a noble palace; for a moment he is in front of its fine portico; the spacious stairway, with its columns and statues and chasseurs, has hardly struck upon his eye, before he comes upon others as splendid, from which he passes as hastily. The theatre with its palace-like front, and columns of white marble, excited our admiration exceedingly, as we were whirled by it. In a few moments we were in the midst of a crowd of carriages and porters of the grand piazza. Of porters no one will stand in need, except to get rid of them; for a dozen at least, fastened upon our baggage when we descended at the hotel of the "Quatre Nations." Indeed, we had no little difficulty to get it all into the hands of an individual of their number, and this being effected, we succeeded in forcing our way through the veturinos, who surrounded us with reiterated offers of "Voiture for Rome, Pisa, Milan, Turin," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XX.

Genoa — Streets — Palaces — The Theatre — Palazzo Durazzo — The University — The Church Annunziata — Santa Maria — Leaves Turin for Chambery, on his Return to France — Passage of Mount Cenis — Leaves Chambery, and arrives at Pont de Beauvoisin, the French Frontier-house — Leaves Lyons for Chalons — River Saone — Macon — Leaves for Paris — The Siene — Havre — Leaves for England.

Thursday, *Nov.* 4. Arrived in Genoa in the evening. The view of the harbor by night was very striking. The chief part of the shipping was collected in one place, which bristled with a forest of slender masts. Beneath the high wall, under our window, a crowd of boats were moored, while here and there a vessel lay along the shore, or at anchor in the harbor. At a distance, between the jutting pier which protected the harbor from the violence of the sea, and the fort which stood on the other side to guard it from naval foes, a light ship with its tapering masts, and lines of cannon, was riding at anchor. It was his majesty's port-ship. The lamps glanced out from many a window along the curving shore, spreading red lines of light over the black and glassy mirror, of which they seemed the gilded parts of its massive frame.

Nov. 5. Walked to see the beautiful theatre, which we had passed the evening before. The streets had a very lively appearance. It was amusing to observe at some of the fountains which we passed, the groups of

girls washing most briskly, without regard to the carriages whirling by in every direction. The street, Nuova, is one of the most elegant in the city. It would do honor to any emporium. This and another connected with it are lined with palaces. They are built of stone, marble, and stucco. Many display a severe and elegant taste. Some of their porticoes and halls are truly noble. The streets, instead of being wholly paved, like those of France, or wholly flagged like those of Florence, have a line of flagging in the middle, and generally one near the shops. The theatre deserves rather to be a palace. Six white columns, of the fluted Corinthian order, support a beautiful entablature. The portico, as well as the whole body of the theatre, is composed of a pure white marble. The colonnade, which surrounds it, is of a handsome black marble.

We then went to the Palazzo Durazzo. The entrance to this splendid palace is very magnificent. You are struck by the noble entrance, and by a fine court, paved with marble, and surrounded with graceful columns. As I passed from this, up the long flight of marble steps, which seem suspended in the air, to the saloon, I was impressed with sensations which can only be excited by the grandest objects. Though the whole flight must contain upwards of sixty or seventy steps, each formed of a long slab of white marble, with an elegant balustrade, of the same imposing material, yet the whole has no other apparent support than the wall up which it winds. The halls into which we were conducted, were elegant. They were fitted up in the Italian style. Elegant curtains of blue and crimson silk, with rich borders, were suspended before the long windows. The arched ceiling was rich with gilding and frescoes, while the fine paintings, with which the apartments were hung, were set off by a rich back-ground of damask silk. Yet with all this

splendor, the varnished floor of oak frame work, gave the rooms a cheerless air, and had not a domestic and comfortable look. They did not display a knowledge of the art of living; there was need of a rich carpet and rug, of tables and books, and all the conveniences of every-day wants. I must say, that the paintings were superb. I may add without hesitation, that they surpassed the national collection of some kingdoms, through which I have passed. Among these there were many by Vandyke, Rubens, Guercino, Guido, and Titian. The drawing-room is ornamented with paintings illustrative of the history of Achilles.

We next visited the University. It is a noble building. The entrance is imposing. The balustrades which run down to the door, are terminated by two lions; the force of their execution is wonderful, and the effect they produce on the mind very singular. The hall of the University is elegant, and adorned with some remarkably fine statues in bronze. They came from the masterly hand of John of Bologna. Those of Faith and Hope are magnificent productions. Some of the halls contained fine frescoes. They usually have from five to seven hundred students, and about twenty professors. The museum of natural history was neither extensive or remarkable.

Visited the church St Annunziata. The exterior is by no means striking; the interior is dazzlingly so. It is too gorgeous with precious marbles, paintings, and gilding. You are confused with the splendor that reigns there. The ceiling is a massive frame of gold, containing fine frescoes, supported by rows of marble columns, two being set on each pedestal. The chapel is adorned with precious marble, rich altars, shining with gold and jewels; and choice paintings were lit by suspended lamps of the most elegant shapes and proportions, seeming to

be made of the silver of Peru. This splendid church was built by the largess of an individual of the Lomelini family. This kind of religous charity has ever been common among the nobles of Genoa; for some of the richest, though not the noblest or best designed churches I have seen, owe their origin to the promptings of their religious zeal or charity. One of the churches of Genoa which I visited, is said to contain the mortal remains of St John the Baptist. They are deposited in an iron urn, under a splendid altar. The same church (or rather I should have said the cathedral) contains also an emerald vase, found at Cæsarea, and brought from thence when the town was captured by the Genoese, in 1101. This also is guarded with singular care, for it is considered as one of the precious gifts presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It is enclosed in other vases of different metals.

Nov. 6. Visited the church Santa Maria in Carignano. This, with the house, in its environs, is separated from the main part of the city by a bridge, not unlike that which connects the old town of Edinburgh with the new; numerous houses and streets are grouped in the ravine under it; the bridge is however more slender than that of Edinburgh. The church, of which I was speaking, is modern, simple and imposing. It is not large, but there is a grandeur in its dome, which rises up from four heavy pillars, each adorned with colossal marble statues, which many a larger one cannot boast of. Two of them are by the celebrated Puget. Alessandro Sauli is a noble and manly production, but St Sebastian is truly grand. It almost robs Titian of his glory. Every nerve and muscle are forcibly brought out, while the attitude and expression are unutterably grand.*

* The editor has been unable to find that portion of the Journal which forms the completion of the writer's visit at Genoa, and also

Nov. 22. Left Turin for Chambery. The land on the route was divided into parcels but not fenced; the principal part of it is grass land. In this region the houses are entirely collected into villages. The peasants are a good looking race. Their carts are exceedingly like our own; but the wagons are heavy and old fashioned; the pole turns up high above the oxen's heads, and serves them to back with. The mountains begin to rise up around us, though the road appears for a long time to continue in the valley. Just beyond this place at the mouth of a bold gorge stood a high castle, towering over the cliffs, like those of the Rhine. Beneath, with an aspect hardly less fierce, stood a dark square tower, but now dismantled and overrun with the wild vine. Away to the left, on the unequal sides of an irregular hill, with broken wall and shattered towers, the gray roofs of a little town were grouped together; the whole scene recalling vividly the days of feudal tenure and warfare.

Having now ten horses attached to the diligence, we moved on more briskly to Susa, the last town which the plain had rescued from the snows and wildness of the mountains. We arrived there about ten o'clock. The hills were gathered darkly around us; the river brawled loudly under the bridge, over which we passed, while the heavens sprinkled with stars, and the lamps shining from the windows over the walls and on the white and tapering church tower, gave the place a romantic interest. The scenes into which we now entered were of the sublimest description and did not fail to remind me of some of the powerful lines in Manfred. We had en-

the route to Turin, and the description of that city, which he visited on his return to France.

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* The editor has been unable to find that portion of the Journal which forms the completion of the writer's visit at Genoa, and also

Nov. 22. Left Turin for Chambery. The land on the route was divided into parcels but not fenced; the principal part of it is grass land. In this region the houses are entirely collected into villages. The peasants are a good looking race. Their carts are exceedingly like our own; but the wagons are heavy and old fashioned; the pole turns up high above the oxen's heads, and serves them to back with. The mountains begin to rise up around us, though the road appears for a long time to continue in the valley. Just beyond this place at the mouth of a bold gorge stood a high castle, towering over the cliffs, like those of the Rhine. Beneath, with an aspect hardly less fierce, stood a dark square tower, but now dismantled and overrun with the wild vine. Away to the left, on the unequal sides of an irregular hill, with broken wall and shattered towers, the gray roofs of a little town were grouped together; the whole scene recalling vividly the days of feudal tenure and warfare.

Having now ten horses attached to the diligence, we moved on more briskly to Susa, the last town which the plain had rescued from the snows and wildness of the mountains. We arrived there about ten o'clock. The hills were gathered darkly around us; the river brawled loudly under the bridge, over which we passed, while the heavens sprinkled with stars, and the lamps shining from the windows over the walls and on the white and tapering church tower, gave the place a romantic interest. The scenes into which we now entered were of the sublimest description and did not fail to remind me of some of the powerful lines in Manfred. We had en-

the route to Turin, and the description of that city, which he visited on his return to France.

tered the regions of snow and precipices. The ground was thickly covered with it, while the mountains rose whitely around us like snowy clouds. In the midst of the silence of this wild country, the contrast of the clear, starlight sky, with the deep and fearful ravines beneath us, was terribly impressive. Often we rode on the very verge of them, with not even a parapet to separate us from the gaping danger. To a deepening sensation of fear which might naturally arise, we had the heightening influence of a terrible catastrophe, which had taken place there but a few days before. The courier with a French officer, his lady, and daughter, were plunged down one of these horrible abysses to destruction. What rendered it more impressive on my mind, was, that I had nearly decided to pass Mont Cenis by that very conveyance. In the morning of Friday we commenced the descent of the mountains, and for the whole day and night following, the route was along an easy descent. The country though wild was not without considerable cultivation; indeed every spot capable of it was garnished with green, or torn with the harrow. But still the country was exceedingly wild. High hills rose on every side, brown near the base, the tops mantled with snow. At a distance towered the king of hills. Along the green spots of the narrow valleys, numerous villages were placed. The peasants that thronged them, or who were to be seen tracing many a perilous pass among the hills, with their strings of mules before them, were a hardy and healthy looking people. But more can scarcely be said, for never were persons less attractive, unless among some of the less favored Cantons of Switzerland, and never did bad taste contrive so poorly to hide the poverty of nature.

Near noon, we entered into what might be called a

gorge of the mountains, for they had approached near together, and only stood separated by a narrow, but deep and rocky ravine. This favorable situation, his majesty, the king of Sardinia, has seized on as a strong pass to protect his kingdom. In order to add to the natural advantages of the place, he has built a commanding castle, looking more like a defended city, on a high rock that frowned severely over the narrow ravine. The road then enters into a narrow and wild gorge, where scarce a tree or herb is found to soften the gloom of the scene. As we traversed this stern route, night overtook us, and all nature was shrouded, until with the breaking of early light, we entered Chambery, the capital of Savoy. It was a small and bustling town, with all the air of a frontier place. The language spoken was French. The houses and shops, which were constructed of a brownish stone, though furnished somewhat after the lively French style, had not a little of the Italian gloom.

From Chambery, we at first rode through a pretty valley, and then approaching wilder scenes, passed through an immense grotto or excavation in the rock. It must have been nearly two hundred yards in length. In passing out of it we found a singular transition of scene also. For instead of having wild and splintered rocks only on every side, we stood on the very face of a precipice, with a wide and green country, sprinkled over with villages in every direction. At evening we arrived at Pont de Beauvoisin, the French frontier custom town, where we were treated with the usual French courtesy; our trunks being scarcely opened, and our words being held sufficient guarantee against deception. What was the more to their praise, they neither sought by request or by any sneaking device, to rob us out of fees, an ungentlemanly practice which my English friends and

myself had such frequent occasions to complain of, among the officers of Italy.

After riding all night, we arrived in Lyons. Left it November twentyseventh, in the steamboat up the Sâone, for Chalons. The river is neither very wide or deep, but it preserves its channel so well that the navigation is agreeable on it. Its banks are not particularly interesting. They are slightly diversified, and contain a great number of towns and villages. The river is crossed by a number of bridges, both of stone and iron, on the route. One of the largest of these, is at Macon, a flourishing town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. This has fourteen arches, but as for the purposes of navigation, the largest arch has been placed on one side, the whole rather fails in effect. Macon was characteristically French, as seen in the capricious height, style, and color of its houses, its cafés, restaurateurs, and reading rooms, and the light hearted groups that our bell had attracted to the dock. I ought to commend its massive and elegant stone dock, which would do honor to any city. Arrived about eight at Chalons. And the next day left for Paris.

The country on the route from Rouen, is diversified and well cultivated. The houses are like those between Calais and Paris, but neater and better constructed. The cross-lines of timber in the mortar have rather a singular, but yet not disagreeable appearance. The land is divided into well cultivated patches, by hedges or lines of trees. The hedges however were by no means so neat as those of England, though the people and houses looked more comfortable.

A short ride from Rouen, brought us to the banks of the Seine, now swollen into an ample and imposing river. Its breadth and scenery compares well with that of the Thames, though the vessels on its surface, are neither so

numerous or large as those of its rival river. The villages upon its banks, however, are generally more pleasing in their appearance, and filled with a better dressed peasantry. In the evening of Saturday I arrived in Havre, where I stopped a part of the time at the Hotel de Londres. Havre is beautifully situated upon the Seine. It has fine and well filled docks, beautiful environs, and an active population of about forty thousand souls.

Sunday Morning. Heard Mr Mines at the American Bethel. The room was filled by an American and English audience, among which, scattered over the benches, were to be seen many a hardy sailor, listening with profound attention to the words of life, and engaging with devotional countenances in all the exercises.

Dec. 11. Leave Havre for Southampton, England.

Dec. 12, *Morning.* Under the Isle of Wight, and can see the high cliffs of which Rev. Legh Richmond speaks. The scenery of the island is in general soft, and much as I expected to find it. The land was well wooded, and villages, and houses were here and there to be seen. Away to the northeast, a number of vessels are riding on what is called Mother Bank. Cowes lies off about ten miles to the left. Over on the other side stands Portsmouth, its monotony scarce broken by a spire, though many a ship and man-of-war indicate its naval power.

CHAPTER XXI.

Arrives at Southampton — An Election Scene — Salisbury — hairing a Candidate — Stonehenge — Scenery — Bath — Route from Oxford — University — Stratford-on-Avon — Shakspeare's House — Birmingham — Liverpool — Dublin — Belfast — Returns to Edinburgh.

Southampton, Dec. 12, 1832. At one o'clock the packet passed by Netley Abbey with its gray old castellated walls, and came to anchor in front of the town. Before, however, we had done so, we were boarded by the custom house boat, and by several boats to take the passengers on shore. I found that they were canvassing for members in the town. Walked up the street to see the chairing; met a great mob, many of them wearing badges of red and blue ribbons in their coat button-holes, and not a few of the crowd giving manifest indications of intoxication. The whole town was put in an uproar by the election. The shops were all closed. The windows and balconies were crowded with ladies, while banners suspended on cords across the street, fluttered gaily in the air. We had just got involved in the thickest of the crowd, expecting to see the two successful candidates chaired, when we heard a shouting and tumult. This we afterwards understood arose from the breaking of the chair of the Tory candidate. The Whig it appears, had refused to be chaired; the Tory, however, persisted to be so, though it should be alone. This was injudicious. For the crowd being excited by it, seized the

chair and tore it to pieces. The afternoon and evening were spent in drinking the beer and spirit liberally distributed. Directly by where I was standing, a large hogshead of beer was brought out, the crowd collected round, and a few blows were given on the head of the cask, which laid it open to the invasions of the thirsty and rapacious mob. I heard one girl crying, "father! father! run, run, there 's the people all drinking and getting the beer 'fore we comes in for our share; father! I say won't you never go in the lucky time?" Father, however, turns it over to a son, who already half drunk, rushes off with a pail, to fight for his share of the beverage, which had already worked such effects over his motion and reason. In the evening I walked out, and really the whole town seemed one great mass of inebriation.

Friday Morning, Dec. 13. Left Southampton at eight o'clock for Salisbury, where we arrived at eleven, just in time to see the chairing of Mr Wyndham. He was in a kind of arm chair surrounded with banners, carried by the shouting mob. He was accommodating himself to popular feeling, by waving his hat in the same manner as the crowd around him. I was shocked to see the numbers who were evidently under the influence of liquor. The windows were filled with persons attracted by a show which could hardly be else than disgusting to a feeling mind. Walked up to the cathedral. One of the most perfect and uniform Gothic churches in England. The severe yet finished architecture of the exterior was remarkably impressive. Its shape was cruciform, though with some deviations from the regular form, having several projections from the nave, which certainly rendered it more striking than it would otherwise have been. It was constructed of a dark gray stone, had pointed windows, and low pointed arched door-ways, with rich and

deep carvings. The inside is perhaps hardly so imposing. The pillars that support the inner walls are numerous and massive, though the small columns which thickly cluster around them, rather diminish the general fine effect. Between each stands an old tomb, many of which have figures of knights in armor stretched on them.

Stonehenge, Dec. 13. I never thought to be sitting at this moment in the centre of the Druids' circle; but so it is; the mysterious gray stones with their inexplicable traditions, and strange history surrounding me. These stones which without the cross pieces, are from fifteen to eighteen feet high by eight wide, form parts of two circles. Eight pair support large flat stones on their tops. These are from ten to sixteen feet in length by two, three or four high, and five or ten wide. At the sides of the greater pillars, both of the inner and outer circles, are smaller stones. While in the centre is a mass that once completed the pile. They stand upon a vast and rather barren waste, which from its elevation commanded a very extensive view. In the immediate vicinity there are several low mounds which evidently have had a connexion with the Druids' circle. We unfortunately remained upon the spot until nearly dark, making our observations, and endeavoring to splinter off some pieces from the rock. This however, we found very difficult, as they were of a very hard species of quartz, but we persevered until we were rewarded by getting a few small pieces. But our delay had brought the shades of night around us, in a moor as wild and desolate as any in England. However, the road was direct, and we accomplished it in a masterly manner, though not without some little apprehension. At length after a walk of about two hours or so, we arrived at Deptford Inn, where we passed the night.

We started for Warminster. The road was rather prettily diversified; it was not all moorland, but divided into meadow and ploughed lands. Here and there upon the wide plain, or upon some gentle hill, spotted with sheep, beneath their venerable oaks, were displayed the green roofs of the lowly cottages. Though humble, they were pleasing. They were often spread over with the vine, while the rose bush trained up over the door-way, blushed with many a flower, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. The hamlets were of the most unpretending kind, boasting only of one or two houses with a higher luxury than that of homely comfort. Yet the neatness of everything was charming. In this section there were not many hedges. The peasantry were healthy: the females quite handsome.

Arrived at Bath. On Sunday morning in looking for a church had an opportunity of seeing something of the town. It is entirely constructed of a dark stone found in the vicinity. This gives it rather too sombre a cast. The houses are generally three stories high, broader than those of the French, without blinds, though the lower story has shutters; yet they derive from their symmetry a pretty good effect. Like Edinburgh it displays the taste of a place laid out by design. Many of its streets, squares, and crescents are in a style of no little elegance. There are several public buildings also of much excellence, particularly the King and Queen's Baths and the Guildhall. One of the most interesting buildings in the city is the Cathedral. From the great number of windows it is called the English Lantern. It derives the title from the number and size of some of them. Yet the church does not want for firmness. Its stone is dark and its carvings elegant; its

tower is high and noble, pointed with fretted pinnacles, in good keeping with the antique body, every-where strengthened with flying arches. Its interior in its original state was simple and imposing. At present, a part of this, though properly set apart for divine worship, by detaching a portion from the centre, destroys the unity and injures the effect of the whole. Beneath this church are deposited the remains of the Rev. Dr Hawees whose name is so intimately and in so interesting a manner connected with the missionary enterprise. I attended the evening services there. They were performed by Rev. Mr Marshall. He advocated evangelical principles in a way suited to do good; in a manner that harmonized with the recollections of the place. In the morning at one of their churches I heard a very singular and incongruous discourse pronounced, after reading the creed and church service, in the most emphatic manner possible. Between church I attended a prayer meeting. It was composed of simple, uneducated, and poor persons, yet taught well of the spirit, and rich in the Lord. Pronunciation and grammar were very broken; yet the vein of piety and feeling was rich and deep, and the command of scripture language such as surprised me. I could see that I was directly aimed at in one or more of the prayers. I am sure I felt grateful, and thanked God inwardly for their faithfulness.

Monday Morning, *Dec.* 17. The route between Bath and Tilbury is by no means so beautiful as I expected. It had been neither so richly cultivated, so prettily divided off by hedge rows, or so picturesquely diversified as it is often described. It is soft, because it is made up of curved lines, but monotonous because these sweep over the slopes of the same length and height. The taste, however, of many of the cottages, with the door-

ways twined over with ivy, and red with the rose, would please the most fastidious. Tilbury is about twentytwo miles from Bath. It has a fine old Gothic church, of a chaste and solemn character. Leicester, which is about ten miles farther, has also a fine church. The spire is severe, lofty and strong. Perhaps it partakes of that character which excites the high powers of the mind, but if at all those of a devotional kind, they would be rather of the sterner sort. There was an election going on while I was there. The town therefore was full of flags, menageries, pigs, puppets, politicians and drunkards. The same affair was going on at Lechlade ; flags, blue and red, with all manner of mottoes, floated from the windows, and many an idler sipped his gin, or drank his porter, or lounged round the place where the voting had taken place. We arrived at Oxford at eight o'clock. Found the city more compact than I had imagined, but venerable and imposing.

Tuesday, Dec. 18. This day was entirely occupied in visiting the various colleges. In this town as far as the number and external character of the buildings are concerned, my expectations were more than realized. Its air is indeed scholastic and venerable. Its spirit pervades the place and expels every other feeling. There are modern buildings, there are shops and hotels, but they are lost among piles of solemn and monastic mien, and thus are overlooked, or are themselves tinctured with the prevailing air of the place. Go which way you choose, there stretch off these dark battlemented colleges with their Gothic door-ways, their narrow pointed windows, with their grim faces and grotesque carvings, and the green ivy clasping their crumbling walls. Look above you from any position, and the

high towers emerge from the lines of walls or the swelling groves, with their piles of fretted pinnacles, giving a sober dignity to the scene. The city is certainly unique.

In Edinburgh you find a fine college; in various parts of the continent, you meet noble ranges of collegiate buildings; but here alone do you circulate through a city composed of them. I know of no place which at all resembles it, except Cambridge, in Massachusetts. It is true, the difference is wide, but there are points of similarity. The latter, however, possesses but ten buildings, while Oxford must have about one hundred. I visited a great number of them, indeed all of any importance, examining their refectories, chapels, halls and libraries. But extensive as these are, they need concentration. Their whole system needs it. At present, the very purpose for which these institutions were brought together, is frustrated, and they might almost as well be dispersed all over the kingdom. They have professors, but they have not a powerful body of them, to bear systematically upon the students, as well regulated classes. The fellowships, if properly conducted, cannot be too highly appreciated, and would be particularly useful in fixing the literature and science of our country. The students with their black caps and gowns, reminded me strongly of those of Cambridge, on an exhibition day.

Left Oxford on the evening of the eighteenth, for Stratford-on-Avon. Arrived at Stratford-on-Avon, at five. After an early breakfast at the Golden Lion, I walked up to the house of the prince of poets. It was a small and antique house, stooping with age. Two houses of stronger proportions supported it on either side, with which ranges of buildings were connected. Its face

was of plaster, with here and there a dark line of plank thrown across it. "It is a small house for so great a man to be born in," said the old lady to me, as I entered. The lower part was divided off into three rooms. The ascent to that in which he was born, was by a flight of narrow and crooked stairs. The room was nearly square, was floored with hard oak, though showing the wear of time. It was very low, lighted by one small window, and its walls traced over by thousands of names, marked with the pencil.

Remained in Stratford until one o'clock, during which time walked round the town, visited the church where are deposited the remains of the immortal poet, and the hotel where is preserved the painting presented to the town by several distinguished men. From S. it is a pleasant ride to Birmingham. There is nothing in the scenery or cultivation to distinguish it from that which I had already passed, except that it is somewhat more level. Take any one scene, and it doubtless claims the praise of prettiness; but take many, and they would receive that of sameness, if they were not even called tame. It was just getting to be dark, as I arrived at Birmingham. The shops have a brilliant, and the town a lively appearance, by night. The print-shops are peculiarly attractive; there were none of those naked and disgusting pieces, which the modest eye turns from in Paris. The cutlers and silversmiths also made a most pleasing and rich show. Walked round the city — found some fine churches and streets, several of which exhibited appearance of wealth and elegance, though the houses in general, of other parts, are small and the streets dirty.

Leave Birmingham for Liverpool, in the stage at twelve

o'clock at night, and arrive in Liverpool at twelve the next day. In Liverpool visit the Exchange, the docks, and the cemetery. Enter a temperance meeting in the evening, and unexpectedly make an address — went on very well without embarrassment, though a little disconcerted by the applause with which it is their custom to cheer any sentiments that strike them. Leave Liverpool the next morning at eleven, in the steamboat for Dublin, where I arrived Sunday morning, in time for morning service. In the evening heard the Rev. Mr Stuart on "The day is far spent." It was a repentance sermon, and he a revival man. It was affectionate, eloquent and stirring. He is considered one of the most eminent of the Independent preachers.

Dec. 24. Took a general view of Dublin — struck with its splendor, and especially with its resemblance, in many respects, to Boston. Noticed several of its fine streets and public buildings. Sackville Street — fine broad street — elegant shops — noble Post Office, of granite stone, with a front of two hundred and twenty-three feet, and a grand portico with six noble pillars of the Ionic order. Its pedement is ornamented with three statues, a style very common in Dublin, which gives an air of elegance to its fine buildings. It was erected at an expense of more than fifty thousand pounds. Near it stands a fine monument of Lord Nelson. It is about one hundred and fifty feet high, of the fluted Tuscan order, and bears a statue of his Lordship on the top. It resembles that of Lord Melville, in Edinburgh, but is not so light and tasteful. Its expense was about seven thousand pounds.

Dec. 25. It is impossible to proceed in any direction without encountering buildings of great magnificence.

This splendor is the more pleasing as it is uniformly connected with usefulness. Proceeding to the end of Sackville Street, and crossing a short but elegant bridge, you command at once the view of several noble edifices. I was especially struck by the Custom House, which lay at a distance on the face of the fine quays. Its front was of massive granite, presenting a face three hundred and seventyfive feet in length. Like many of the public buildings of Dublin, it was formed by two pavilions joined by arcades and united in the centre. Its entablature and cornice are bold and elegant. Its statues well finished and appropriate. They are those of Neptune, Industry, Plenty, and Mercury. The whole is surmounted by a noble dome, surrounded by columns and surmounted by a figure of Hope. This is one hundred and twentyfive feet in height. This, with one of the docks connected with it, is said to have cost three hundred and ninetyeight thousand pounds. Advancing a few steps, you get a full view of the splendid Bank and University, which occupy the two sides of the streets nearest you.

Friday. Having passed a few days in Dublin, I proceeded to Belfast, in order to take the steamboat for Scotland. On arriving in Belfast, I found that my old friend and classmate at the University of Edinburgh, had once more left Ireland to pass his winter in Scotland. Though the young gentleman, Mr H——a, was absent, his parents had received and read the letter which I had addressed to their son, to apprise him of my intention of visiting his native city. On calling at the house, I was invited into the sitting-room, and the Doctor, a very talented, pious, and agreeable gentleman, came down. After welcoming me to Belfast, and observ-

ing that he had heard his son frequently mention me, he said "But where is your trunk?" I replied, "I have left it at the hotel." "That won't do; you must bring it here; we all expect you." "But I leave in the morning, and therefore think it will be more proper to remain at the hotel." "Not at all, my dear sir, an embargo is laid on you, and therefore, stop you must; so just walk up to the parlor, and the ladies shall confirm the sentence." We entered the parlor. — I was immediately introduced to several ladies and gentlemen, who were passing the evening with him. I was immediately engaged in an agreeable conversation, and before the evening concluded, promised to stay until Monday. The days passed quickly and pleasantly by. There was no boat on Monday, and as Tuesday was New Year's, and as several parties were made for me, it was decided that no excuse should be taken for a departure on that day. And so it passed on until Saturday. During that time there was no limit to the kindness and polite attentions which I received. One offered me his carriage to see the country; another procured tickets for the botanical gardens, museum, &c. and all vied in their efforts to render my visit delightful as possible. I never met with persons so cordial and frank.

I could not help often thinking, when in Ireland, of the different opinions which we hold of it. We have hardly once imagined a beautiful island, fine cities, pretty country estates, and a rich and cultivated society. We have regarded them only as an unfortunate people. We have only seen them as such, and all our dealings with them has been as with the poor and distressed. I have often been led to feel, while experiencing their hospitalities, that God was thus repaying the unceasing chari-

ties which a distant and humble class of their fellow countrymen have, and are doubtless now receiving at home. Thus does God redeem his promises to those who scatter liberally and cast their bread upon the waters. And may I not say the same of Scotland? Yes, God's word is true, and his Providence determined. Their kindness was unparalleled; it was well timed too; for to confess the truth, my heart was heavy with home-sickness. Not weak and unmanly sentimentality, but with the urgent want of social communion, and the irrepressible anxieties and longings of nature after those from whom that nature and those feelings were derived. This noble christian lady, Mrs H——a, talented, active, and affectionate, did much to revive my spirits; and if it had been possible, to supply the place of a mother to me; while the Doctor taking my arm, as my father would do, almost led me to the momentary but pleasant delusion that I was at home. I have sometimes feared much that these and the extraordinary attentions which I have enjoyed, would work on the pride of my natural temper, to render me conceited, and build me up in a narrow minded vanity. But I hope not. I certainly despise the spirit, and it is my constant prayer that God would check it. It is always contemptible; in a Christian it is intolerable. I did not leave Ireland without regret.

After a favorable voyage we arrived in Glasgow on Sunday morning; and on Monday returned to Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr O——s — Sacrament — A Dinner Party — Professor Wilson — The Opium Eater — Mr Hamilton — Dr Chalmers — America — British Travellers in America — Established Church — Reform — Fellowships — Professor Wilson's Family, — Leaves Edinburgh for Liverpool — Mr Southey, and Mr Wordsworth — Extract from Journal of Voyage to New York.

[The Editor does not find that a very full or connected journal was kept by Henry after his return to Edinburgh, where he spent a second winter in the prosecution of his religious studies. The Editor has been compelled from want of room, to omit much that is interesting, and content himself with a few brief extracts.]

Edinburgh — Monday, Jan. 21. In the afternoon dined with an old friend, Mr E. Mr E. is of the old school; a man advanced in years, and well to do in the world. He is tall, stoops forward, and in face is at once lengthy, witty and wise. Such characters abound here; he is one of a numerous species, and as it requires a combination of circumstances, such as only meet in this country to form it, you will look in vain elsewhere for his resemblance. Of course Scotland and his 'ain' city are his only ideals of the perfect, and "London, whence he had just come up, with its bewildering, crookit streets, and hamely breek houses, was nae the place for him." However he was a kind gentleman, and

what is of vast importance in this aristocratical city, 'weel connec'it,' (of a high family). There were a young clergyman, his physician, two young ladies, and his family at table. After the cloth was removed, a fashion of ancient date, though falling into general desuetude, showed that he still clung tenaciously to ancestral practices. Pouring out a glass of wine, he commenced and went entirely round the table before it reached his lips, with Dr ——, with a bow, Miss B., with another, Mr M., still bowing and naming his guests and family, till the round was made, after which he drank his wine. The gentlemen and ladies following his cue, all did the same. After sitting about half an hour longer, the ladies rose to go to the parlor, though not without "D'ye gang sae early?" from the old gentleman. After their departure, the conversation fell on temperance. Here the Doctor came in with me as a coadjutor, though not without fear and trembling, so fearful are these people of braving established customs, though convinced they are vices. However, I could but laugh at one thing he told us. — "Weel," said he, "it sure's an awfu' speaking sin to pour out naggins and penny drams to the puir bodies that are shivering for claes and fire at hame, and that too in a' the closes and streets in the city. I 'm nae one to blush at a' things, but I blushit to the eyes, as I went in to Baillie B.'s to see him all deckit up wi' his gold Baillie's chain, helping the puir bodies, to what would be tears and wounds amang their ain kith, for a' he was a Baillie!"

Dined at Mr G.'s. A Scotchman never likes to have his country called poor before a stranger — it touches his pride sharply. However, murder will out sometimes. They were speaking of reform. Said

one, "Our nobility are unfortunately quite toryish." "That 'll not continue long if the present ministers keep power, for our folk follow the 'meat' side; they 're not slow to find who gives the gifts, and there 's some little need that bare titles should get them." "For a' that, they 're not so poor though," said another. "Well, who are rich?" So an enumeration commenced, and though he could collect but a small number with all his zeal, yet even their claims looked but threadbare. The subject of *Temperance* was again introduced and discussed.

Thursday Evening. Small party at Professor Wilson's. Several of the company in fancy dresses. Lady in the style of Queen Elizabeth's day, a Mohammedan, Hamlet, officers, &c. &c.; it was the night of the fancy ball. Some conversation on the author of "Pleasures and Pains of Opium Eating." During his stay of eleven months at Wilson's, he was up all night, in bed during the day — lived much on coffee! After taking opium was often very tedious — gave the greatest importance to trifles. "I got up twentythree minutes and a half after seven," &c., then describing in the most minute and pompous manner all that followed up to the particular moment in question.

Mr W. expressed many desires to visit America. — Hopes to accomplish it some time. Gave an interesting account of his summer expedition in the Vernon man-of-war. He spoke highly of Bryant's poems. Observed that his friend Mr Hamilton, the author of Cyril Thornton, was preparing a work on America, where he had been travelling. Said he saw no reason why a staunch friend to the constitution of England, and a steady adherent to English principles, might not at the same time admire that of America. Thought that the different distribu-

tion of property, the diversity of interests and the peculiar habits and prejudices, geographical situation and political relations of the two countries, admirably fitted each to their present forms of jurisprudence and government. He thought on the whole, that the work of Mr Hamilton would be favorable to us.

Monday. Dined with Dr Chalmers. It was St Patrick's day, and his own birthday. The company was therefore mainly composed of Irish students, at least at dinner. The table was well spread, no spirit was introduced, and but little wine used. There was a "Scotch haggis" on the table, which was a subject for much merriment. It was partly concealed in a napkin; "too much swaddled," as the Doctor observed; he wished to see it in "its native beauty, its sonsie face unhid," he then quoted Burns's song to this "Prince of the Pudding race." In the evening several gentlemen and ladies came in. Some of the gentlemen were called upon for Irish songs; they certainly appeared rather ill-timed and singular, as coming from theological students. Indeed, after one, there was an awful pause, and the better part of the theological students certainly looked very ill at ease. A gentleman beside me remarked, "Don't you think those are very strange songs?" "Very singular taste," said I. "Quite a mixture of the mirth and savageness of the people, it strikes me." Had some conversation on Foster. "Do you not think, sir," I said, "that his style combines much that is philosophically accurate, with not a little of mystical grandeur?" "Yes, quite so," replied the doctor, "the excellence of the first, belongs to the finish of his mind; the fault, if it be so, of the other, to the deficiency of our language."

Wednesday. At Mr H——'s. After breakfast the

conversation turned upon America. Mrs Trollope's book was alluded to. A young gentleman present spoke in favorable terms of the work. I simply said that I had read a part of the book, and regretted its publication, more for the injury it might do the English than ourselves. For what can Americans think of a country where such a work passes as sterling? He then spoke of Mr Stuart's late travels in America, and thought him very partial to us. I replied that his partiality consists in detailing facts and statistics; and in permitting our public men to speak their own language; and instead of speculating on our constitution and laws, had the candor to write them down. My opponent during the conversation, told a story from Mr Stuart of "the sheriff driver." He did not tell it fairly, and I set him right, much to his discomfiture.

At Mr ——'s. During dinner the conversation turned on America, of which my host was an enthusiastic admirer. He read much, and thought justly of us. He supported our cause with great energy against several gentlemen, assuring them that they knew nothing about America; they judged of it by things at home. Some of them were evidently disposed to jest on the matter. "O! no," said one, "we cannot take your profound philosophic view of the case; you can read, but we can't, you know." "You mean don't," replied my friend, "and you never will go into detail about it, or compare the authors which have treated of America, with each other." "Ah! come, now," said they, "you wish to put poor Britain down too low! well, we 'll believe all you say of America, after you have spent a dozen years there, and especially if you return with a good round fortune." "Well," said my host, "you wait a little, and see. There never was a nation which made such unparalleled progress; towns, villages, and cities, springing up with most

surprising alacrity." I made a few remarks, though with moderation, on this subject. "Come, gentlemen," said my host, "I have to propose a toast. I am sure, though you are a little restless now and then on the subject, that you, as well as every enlightened Englishman, will receive and respond to it with pleasure. You will have anticipated me, when I propose, the United States! I feel that no words which I can employ, can do justice to the merits of that country, and to the sentiments with which I regard it." He then spoke of its schools, commerce, laws, and liberty. He was occasionally interrupted by a "hear! hear!" or by a good humored remark, as "come, come, where are you leaving Old England!" I made a reply to my host's speech, which was very favorably received. I alluded to the good feeling which was beginning to subsist between the two countries; to the influence a reduction of tariff would exert in binding the two countries more closely together; to certain resemblances, as in laws, education, common language, and common religion. After dinner, one of the gentlemen, a merchant who had lived long in Liverpool, spoke very highly of the Americans whom he had met with there.

March 1. At Dr Chalmers'. The Doctor cannot conceive how a country can do without an Established Church. On this subject we have to keep clear of each other. It is at present the great matter of debate and controversy. Society, indeed, stands separated here into two great factions. The one party rallies round what they consider the venerable and well tried institutions of the land, the other demands a reform, extending through all the range of abuse, venality, and intoleration. The church, even in Scotland, comes in for a large share of the contest. Every weapon is used by the two parties, which ridicule, argument, or sophistry, experience or

religion can supply. Many of them you will naturally suppose to be crude enough, at least to one acquainted with the prosperous state of the church in America. But the Establishment party cannot, or will not hear anything of all this. They are making the most desperate efforts against innovation. Perhaps they will succeed for a few years, but no question can be had, as to the ultimate issue of the contest. In the midst of their troubles, of reform on the one side, and Ireland on the other, the unhappy disaffection which the tariff has occasioned in America, becomes a subject of no little interest. The Tories triumph in it, as the volcano that is to burst with awful ruin on the land; the Whigs regard it with no little dismay, trembling, lest their brightening anticipations should be defeated, when the scenes to which they have looked with delight, as opening up new hopes to liberty and man, begin to present the fatal aspect of discord and passion; the fields to bristle with arms and blacken with cannon, and the first deep defiance against law and justice utter its voice. It comes like the hoarse roll of bursting thunder across the Atlantic, that the constitution has received a shock, that dark treason is abroad upon the land, and that it stalks unpunished beneath the illuminated vault of heaven. This must not be. The constitution must be held sacred. The law *must*, I am persuaded *will* remain inviolable. I am convinced that Christians do not pray enough for our magistrates and legislators, and for those who preside over us. They may cry church and state, and what they choose, but it is the duty of every clergyman and Christian to pray that those who occupy the high places in our government may be men of intelligence, moral honesty, and piety; endued with the fear of God, and having no other fear.

The Doctor expressed himself strongly on the impor-

tance of "Fellowships," in the Scotch Universities, when these were well bestowed; the laughable nature of some of these in the Universities of their sister kingdom, especially of the warden of Cambridge, who has his coach and four, with butter and bread, and beer, "to his full," and nothing to do. "Now these I would have well guarded," said the Doctor, "so that they should fall to men of genius and acquirement. This would place them on an easy and respectable vantage ground, where they could exercise their abilities without being hampered with professional duties; I would have them fixed in a happy retirement where their literary labors should be uninterrupted in the course most peculiar to their genius." Illustrated it by the case of Adam Smith, &c. "He was rewarded. But how? He was set to work his weary pen over the common concerns of custom house clerkship. Thus his talents were frittered away, and the splendid work which he had proposed to perform lost to the world forever."

April 1. At ten, P. M., in company with Dr W. visited Professor Wilson. We did not expect to meet company, but found a few gentlemen of the literary world present. On entering an elegant parlor as the servant announced us, Professor Wilson in a dashy pair of black breeches and silks, came forward and politely received us. We were soon engaged in a conversation on American habits, arts, literature, &c., all of us laughing heartily at the silliness of Mrs Trollope's book, which had just appeared. On looking round the room my eye was attracted by three females. The eldest was fair and winning. Her light auburn hair which on the top of her head was tastefully thrown over her comb, fell in playful ringlets on the side of her round and high ivory forehead, being held by a delicate white necklace. Her

hazle eyes were liquid, expressive and restless, at times flashing, at times pensive. Her small ruby lips played sweetly over fine set and most exquisitely shaped ivory teeth. Around her neck was a black fur tippet, and many rings with their gems sparkled on her fingers. Her full rich voice was rising to its highest swell when we entered, nor did it sound less sweetly as she continued to charm us with a number of fine pieces. Her execution was more graceful than that of any lady I have seen in Scotland. The second daughter with less of the art has more of the life of beauty. She is the counterpart of some of her father's beautiful descriptions. Her features were more regular than those of her sister, and more overspread with the rich crimson of health and feeling. Her eyes and hair also were darker, her smile warmer, and her style of beauty on the whole more attractive. As her form was uncommonly fine and her hand very delicate, she made a most beautiful display at the harp in two or three splendid executions. The youngest was a bud, bright and beautiful, just expanding its tender leaves, then in the midst of happiness, and buoyancy, and hope. O! may no rude wind ever ruffle it. Her features were those of her elder sister, though time is necessary to mature them; she was most lovely. At about eleven the bell rang for supper. Winding down the hall stairs we entered the supper room, enfilading off to the one side and the other of the generously and tastefully spread table. On sitting down W. observed, "I believe, Mr M., that you have not this pleasant and friendly meal in America." I remarked, not so generally as in Scotland, but it was by no means unusual, and when it was the case, the outspreading of the one resembled very much the brilliancy and promise of the other.

As coveys of pheasants and quails were flying over the table, veal cutlets, and tongue, jellies and tarts spreading out their varied attractions, the conversation was of that broken and pleasant kind, with which well bred and lively companions, side by side, diversify the vulgarities of eating; indeed by which they contrive to throw a very charm over the exercise. After the fierce hostility of appetite had ceased, the conversation became somewhat more general, until nuts having been cracked and toddy introduced, the gentlemen and ladies began to favor the company with songs. Mr Power, a novelist and comedian, sang with great wit. W. did not sing, but remarked that he was always a most attentive listener. The hours went swiftly off, so that it was after two when the company rose to depart. Before going I told Miss Wilson how much I should value a piece of her father's hand writing. "O! enough of that is here I dare say; Mamma, what shall I get?" "Oh, go to his study and bring something from his table. I wish you had suggested it before, and he would have written something original. But stop till tomorrow and you shall have something. Where shall we send it?" I regretted that I was to leave so early as to deprive me of that honor. Miss Wilson immediately ran up stairs and brought down two of the original manuscripts of the last "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which of course I received with suitable thanks. By the way, I told Mrs Wilson, which not a little pleased her, (what indeed I had felt the truth of all the evening,) that "in enjoying the happiness of meeting their pleasant family circle I was introduced into the secret and the source of much of her husband's poetry and feeling, and wondered, not so much, though I admired the more, the creations which had delighted for years the literary world." Wilson having entered

from the entry expressed the pleasure which he felt in the acquaintance, regretted its briefness, and that if I would write him from London he would give me a good long letter in return. The streets were solitary as I passed through them for my room, for the last time. There was something very melancholy in my feelings as I passed through the silent but splendidly lighted streets, meeting here and there vigilant watchmen, or under some lamp post the sad, forlorn and miserable ruin of what was once female innocence, virtue and loveliness.

[The subject of this memoir upon his return to Edinburgh remained there until April 2, when he left for Liverpool, by the way of the Lakes, where he met with a kind reception from Mr Wordsworth, Mr Southey, and Major Hamilton, (author of Men and Manners in America,) and others, to whom the politeness of his Scottish friends had introduced him. Of this tour the editor has found but a very brief account. We extract from it a short sketch of an interview between the journalist and the two former gentlemen, at the residence of Mr Southey.]

April 9. Visited Mr Southey at Derwentwater. I had scarcely touched the bell, before Mr Southey himself came to the door, and ushered me into the library. Mr Wordsworth and his son were there. Mr S. took me by the hand and put the little piece of poetry in it which he had promised me the night before. Mr W. then said, "You are from Boston; you know some of my friends there, Professor T——r, &c." "Yes," said Mr S., "we're well acquainted with Boston, but we'll not fly there in the revolution; no, we'll stand by the interests of our country to the last." "I hope, however," said I, "your prospects are not so dark as to

demand that alternative, to fight or fly. Is there not sufficient conservative spirit abroad?" "I hope so, but could things be worse than they are? See the present ministry — reckless of everything — pushing everything to the crisis. Men at war with lords, commons, rights of property, in short with everything that conflicts with their own interest, without principle." *S.* "Rather acting with sustained bad principles." *W.* "Do you know, by the way, Professor Mc——, of N. York?" *M.* "By reputation only; he has high respect with us." *S.* "Deservedly so." *W.* "Yes, I hold him in high esteem — his political opinions are most valuable. I have scarce ever met with a person whose views were so judicious and sagacious. I had much conversation with him. He understands the policy of England well. He wrote me a very interesting letter before he sailed, in which he spoke of the condition of England and his own happy country." *S.* "Ah! but the elements of disorganization are not at work here alone. The spirit of Democracy I fear will at length run to its worst, and most unmanageable form with you." *M.* "Perhaps so; the elements of evil are fast accumulating in the West; the vagrants of continental Europe are fixing themselves there; the venturous, the wild, and the profligate of the East are pouring into those forests; without the kindly influences of religion and education they are rapidly accumulating; long lines of forest are laid prostrate, and these rude elements are gradually settling into thicker masses. When time has compacted these fierce materials closer, if all does not redden into fire and blaze into a volcano, it will be because religion and intelligence have reached every hamlet to diffuse their blessed harmony." *W.* "Under any circumstances, I think you must divide; the country is so wide, and has not external foes to

force it to a centre. There never was a country without enemies, that did not break into parts; it was so with Rome. We also will lose our colonies, and Ireland perhaps will be dismembered, then forced in upon ourselves. I think we shall better maintain our dignity than ever, when our affairs are few with the world, and we stand in our own power and dignity." *S.* "Yes, nor do I think you will be worse for it, your country is so wide." *M.* "I trust that dismemberment, if it come at all, will not come for many years. At present, notwithstanding the affairs of South Carolina, the feeling is strongly against it. The individual restraints are few, yet I conceive that there are many influences which will bind society to order in their present condition for a period, at least. Yet if the change which you speak of should occur, it would be a division of the country into three parts, with the same government as at present, certainly in two of them. But I should rather fear from the turbulence of an ungovernable democracy, if it comes ever to that fearful height, the rise of an unflinching, cruel, but wily despotism, and then perhaps a series of anarchies, terminating in a government something like the present, adapted to the contingencies of things." We conversed also on the poor laws, and had a long conversation on the present state of England; downward tendency of present changes; power of the conservative principle if brought out.

[Henry immediately proceeded to Liverpool, where he remained but a few days, and embarked for home in the ship Grafton, on the 22d of April, and arrived at New York, June 9th, 1833. He was then in excellent health, and most eager to enter upon the sacred duties of his profession, but

God had ordered otherwise, and in less than three months he was laid in Mount Auburn. We conclude the Journal with a brief extract from his record of the voyage.]

April 25. For a few days the wind has been more favorable, and we have left the British coast behind and are upon the wide Atlantic. For some days there has been as usual much sickness on board. Yesterday morning however we were informed of the death of a child. I visited the steerage once or twice during the day, and prayed with the parents, and communicated all the consolation in my power; I saw also that suitable arrangements were made for its burial. Today at eleven, after having conversed with the parents, I read the English burial service, and the body was committed to the mighty deep until the day when the grave and sea shall give up their dead. The day was mild and accompanied with but little wind, and therefore favorable for the solemn performance of the ceremonies. There were about one hundred on deck; a crowd also were grouped beneath the hatch over which I stood. A respectful silence prevailed. When the services commenced, all hats were removed, and a deep solemnity was fixed on every countenance. The mother lay in tears in her berth; the father could scarce repress his anguish, and I felt all the agony of his grief, as I pronounced the solemn words which accompanied the body into the pathless deep. Even the hardy sailors were moved. The deck has been more silent today than usual. Have thought much of home this day.

ADDRESS.

[We have kindly been permitted to insert here the following Address, delivered at Mount Auburn, at the interment of Henry, by the Rev. Dr Codman, of Dorchester.]

We have assembled, my friends, to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Henry B. McLellan, a name peculiarly dear to many whom I address, and which will be embalmed in their recollection as long as the power of reminiscence continues.

Seldom do we witness a more striking instance of the disappointment of human expectation, than in the affecting event which has convened us together. Our young friend had just completed his preparation for the sacred ministry. In yonder academic halls he pursued his classical course in company with his youthful associates, to whom he greatly endeared himself by his affectionate and social disposition, — his bland and winning manners, — his kind and courteous address. The presence of several of them on this occasion, and their grief at his premature removal, testify to his unblemished reputation, and the strong hold he retained on their affections. Having finished his academic course, he made choice of the christian ministry, as the profession to which he intended to devote his future life. With a view to more extensive usefulness he left his native land, and devoted the last two years of his life to theological studies, principally in Edinburgh, under the guidance and direction of that distinguished man and powerful preacher, Dr Chalmers.

A few months since he returned to his native country in perfect health and with the most flattering prospects of future usefulness. He was on the point of offering himself for license to preach the gospel at an association of ministers, which assembled in Cambridge, a few weeks since, when he was seized with that fatal illness, which terminated his mortal career and his earthly prospects.

Mysterious Heaven! how unsearchable are thy judgments and thy ways past finding out! To us, short sighted mortals, the life of our young friend appeared peculiarly desirable. We had fondly anticipated that he would be eminently useful in the Church of Christ. But God's ways are not as our ways. He had other employment for him in the world of spirits, and he has called him home in the morning, and saved him from the heat and burden of the day. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!

But, though the expectations of his numerous and strongly attached friends are thus disappointed, they have rich consolation in his death. His christian character, to those who knew him best, was most satisfactory. We have reason to believe that he lived very near to God, and enjoyed much of his presence and the consolations of his spirit. He had the confidence of many highly esteemed christian friends, with whom he delighted to associate, and to mingle his supplications with theirs at the throne of grace. He was peculiarly formed for the endearments of friendship; and his friends were not confined to his own family, nor to his own land. Wherever he went, he made friends, and he has left many on the other side of the Atlantic, who will deeply mourn his early exit.

I have had occasion to know much of the interest he excited in many highly esteemed and beloved friends during his short residence abroad. Letters, which I have received from much valued correspondents, breathe the most ardent and affectionate interest in the welfare of our departed young friend. If he was so valued by those, who were comparatively strangers to him, how will his loss be felt by those who have known him from his infancy, — by his

venerated parents, who have expected much satisfaction from his increasing usefulness in the ministry of reconciliation,—by his brothers and sisters, to whom he was greatly endeared, —by his early associates, who have been called to part with a pleasant companion and warm hearted friend, —by his christian brethren, with whom he delighted to go to the house of God in company? Their loss is indeed great, but their consolations are also great. They sorrow not as those without hope.

Although the nature of his disease precluded that satisfaction which is often experienced by religious conversation in sickness, his previous life is the best ground of evidence of preparation for death; and this evidence the friends of the departed have in no ordinary degree.—Dry up your tears then, my respected and beloved friends. Weep not for him, for he is tuning his golden harp to the praises of redeeming love in heaven. Be thankful, christian parents, that you have had such a son, and that he has ripened so soon for heaven.

"Ye would have sought your offspring dear
A station in a temple *here*;
But Jesus' love prepared a place
Where he beholds him face to face.

"Cease then to mourn his early doom,
Nor wish him rescued from the tomb;
For lo! to yonder courts of light,
His seraph soul has winged its flight.

"Rest on the Saviour's promise still,
And, tarrying, wait his gracious will;
Ere long a voice shall bid you come,
And Henry breathe your welcome home."

Let his pious example induce all the members of the domestic circle to be followers of him, as he was of Christ. May the breach, which has been made upon a numerous and united family by sundering the fraternal tie, be sanctified, especially to those members of it, who are just entering upon life, with raised expectations of future usefulness and happiness.

The associates of my young friend, especially those who have passed with him through the interesting period of college life, will accept my sincere sympathy under this affecting bereavement. I am well aware of the strong attachments that are formed on this classic ground. The lapse of thirty years has not weakened my own impression of the strength of this attachment; and the scenes, by which we are here surrounded, are as vivid in my recollection as they were when, with the friends of my youth, we delighted to ramble in these shady groves, which we then little thought would become the resting place for the ashes of the dead.

But this quiet retreat, this scene of our youthful musings, this resort of our leisure hours is *well appropriated.* Here, as time revolves, when we visit this consecrated asylum of the dead, and perambulate these lovely woods, and stroll along the paths, endeared to us by so many youthful associations, we may pause at the simple monument that records the name of a beloved classmate, and drop a tear over his tomb. This sad privilege will you enjoy, my young friends, as the endeared name of Henry meets your eye, in your visits to this field of graves.

But while you are thus reminded of the friend of your youth, and of those days of literary pursuit and social intercourse with which his name is so closely associated, let me urge you to regard with special interest, that holy principle of divine grace which made him what he was, — which sanctified his naturally amiable temper, — which restrained him from youthful levity, — which excited in him such an interest for the welfare and happiness of others, and which led him in the bloom of his youth to consecrate himself to the service of God in the ministry of his Son. It was *religion*, that constituted the charm of his character; that procured him so many attached and faithful friends; that brightened his short course through this vale of tears; that prepared him for his early departure and ripened him for immortality. His religion was not speculative and controversial. It was deep, experimental and practical. He learned it, not from the

schools and the commandments of fallible men, but at *the cross of Christ.*

"He came to the *cross,* when his young cheek was blooming,
And raised to the Lord the bright glance of his eye,
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was glooming,
The *cross* did uphold him, the Saviour was nigh."

If then, my young friends, you would imbibe his spirit and imitate his example, let me direct you to *the cross of Christ,* to that precious Saviour, who died that you might live. It was faith in his atoning blood, and the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit that prepared our young friend for heaven. Be persuaded to trust in the same vicarious sacrifice, and to seek the same gracious influences, that you may be prepared to join his immortal spirit in that bright and happy world where you will part no more.

My hearers, how solemn and affecting is the scene we are this day called, in the providence of God, to witness! We have seen a young man of promising talents, of the most amiable disposition, of unquestioned piety, surrounded by everything that could make life desirable, with the most flattering prospects, cut down like the flower of the field, and consigned to the narrow house appointed for all the living. What is our life? It is a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. Lord, make us to know our end, and the measure of our days, what it is, that we may know how frail we are! So teach us to number our days that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom!

SERMON.

[We have also been permitted to make the following fine extract from the funeral sermon preached by the Rev. Mr Winslow, of this city, on the Sabbath succeeding Henry's death.]

I. Cor. xv. 56, 57. — *The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

The mortality of man has ever attracted a strong and melancholy interest. It is a subject on which every man is compelled to think and to feel. Hence genius of every name has brought to it an offering. Poetry has sung it; philosophy has bestowed her profoundest speculations upon it; religion has discoursed upon its design; while all the discovered powers of medical science have industriously arrayed themselves against the approach of the king of terrors. Religion can divest him of his frightfulness, and the healing art can sometimes retard his step; but his are eventually all the living, by a law as immutable as that which rolls the spheres in their orbits.

> "Death, great proprietor of all,
> 'T is thine to tread out empire and to quench the stars."

The sting of death is sin; and among the secondary causes through which it becomes to us an object of dread, are the following.

1. It is an appalling *physical* change. Behold that lifeless form! Those lips, which once addressed us, are sealed in

silence; that countenance, which beamed upon us with intelligence and cheerfulness, is fixed and ghastly; the celestial fire, which kindled in those eyes, is extinguished; and the whole body, once instinct with life, is become cold, pale, inanimate as marble. The too frightful spectacle for human sight will soon follow, — "The worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee."

2. It intercepts all intercourse of the *minds* of the living with those of the dead. When our friends embark on a distant voyage, though our bodies be separated, our minds still commune together by epistolary correspondence; but no friendly epistle ever reaches us from those who have gone forth upon the returnless voyage of eternity. All move in one direction — onward — onward, — none return. We read of one who, not permitted to return himself, desired to send a message back to his former friends in this world, but was refused even that; — and frequently do the living desire to communicate with the souls of the dead, but the desire is never gratified, excepting in the reveries of a distempered imagination.

3. It separates its subject from all the *sources of worldly happiness.* Is his heart given to the pleasures of sensuality? They must perish with the body. To the ambitious distinctions of society? These must be buried in the grave. To the pleasures of domestic life without religion? Even the sweetest cup of earthly bliss is dashed and broken by the stroke of death. Unless the heart possess a treasure not of this world, it is then lost to happiness forever.

4. *It introduces him to the final decision of God's righteous judgment.* "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The reasons why this fearfulness is not *felt* by all irreligious persons on the approach of death, are, some are stupified by sin; others exhausted by disease; others under the influence of medicine; others unapprised of their approaching end; others given over to strong delusions.

In some pagan countries, it is a capital crime to speak of death in the presence of the king. In some nations of corrupted Christianity, it is considered a mark of ill breeding to

speak of it in refined society. And even where a purer faith prevails, there are not wanting some, who think it needful to invest it with an air of romance, disabuse the current sentiment of mankind, instruct the experience of all ages, and persuade us that to die is but a philosophical and harmless event. What is all this but laughing at our calamity, and mocking when our fear cometh? We would neither have death kept out of our view, nor would we have it presented to us in any other than its real aspect.

It is a truth that can never be successfully disguised, that there is a sting in death; and that the sting of death is sin. Were it not for sin, its present circumstances of terror, if indeed it existed in any form, would be entirely alleviated or removed; and our transition from time to eternity would be the happiest event of our existence. But ever since the apostacy of our race, God has intended for us a terrible death, as one of his mightiest scourges to bring us to reflection, to repentance, to Christ. Without it, none would probably heed the calls of the gospel; the whole human race would go down in a solid phalanx of sin to everlasting moral ruin. Just in the degree that you remove the natural sting of death, you diminish the moral power of the gospel over men.

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Seldom has a church and congregation been more afflictively admonished than those I now address. But a few months since, you were called to part with an officer of this church, of distinguished excellence — one of the most brilliant lights of our common Zion. Since then, in addition to the removal of your beloved pastor by ill health, and the death of other valued members of your church, the Destroyer has fallen on him, whose decease is the occasion of this discourse; one who was not only dear to his family, to his numerous friends, to this church, to all who knew him, — as a child, a brother, a Christian, a friend, but who was soon to have become peculiarly dear to the eternal interests of mankind as a public ambassador of the christian salvation.

I have thought it expedient on this occasion to expose some of the appalling aspects of death, in order to enhance

our valuation of the gospel, which, in the case of our departed friend, has displayed its benign power over this enemy of all the living, and secured a triumph over the grave, by bringing life and immortality to light.

The present is an instance of peculiar intensity, beyond that of the ordinary stroke of death, arising from the distinguished value of the subject on which it has fallen. It is a striking illustration of the sentiment so often repeated because so true,

"Death loves a shining mark."

The earthly career of our lamented friend was short, but beautiful and bright. Even in his childhood, so correct and amiable was his domestic character, that he never inflicted a wound upon his indulgent parents; what cannot probably be said of one child in a thousand. Besides his circle of acquaintances in this city, as he passed the several stages of his education, from the school to the university, and through that institution to the theological seminary, he of course became intimately known to many others capable of appreciating not only the infant germs, but maturing growth, of intellectual and moral worth; and was known by all only to be loved and esteemed.

Soon after the close of his collegiate studies, he became personally interested in religion, entertaining hope of pardon and of reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ. From that time he consecrated himself to the profession of the christian ministry. Before completing his theological studies in Andover, it was judged expedient that he should visit Europe, to enjoy the advantage of the older seminaries, and to enlarge his mind with a general knowledge of the institutions, manners and spirit of the old world.

He remained in Europe about two years, pursuing those studies which might tend to enlighten and liberalize his mind on the subjects of his contemplated profession, and visiting its most important seats of learning, and scenes of profitable interest.

During his residence in Europe he secured an affectionate interest in many valuable friends, from whom he received

those kind attentions so grateful to a stranger's heart; for which the gratitude of parents and other relatives will long survive. Every successive journal and letter received from him by his parents during his residence in Europe indicated the progress of his mind, the growth of his piety, and the diligence with which he was pressing towards his contemplated profession; making all his acquisitions subservient to that object. After an absence of two years he returned to America.

Parental hopes were most fully realized. He was apparently in perfect health; his intellectual powers were rising and developing themselves with high promise; his christian character was maturing with uncommon symmetry and completeness; he had arrived at the confines of his anticipated profession; all things conspired to promise in him a long life of eminent usefulness. How clear was the sky, and how bright the sun of that family for a few days. But oh! what uncertainty attends all terrestrial prospects. Scarcely were the congratulations of meeting over, and the pleasurable emotions arising from dangers passed and hope secured fully experienced, when the grave opened upon him, and buried every prospect as in a moment. Lord, what is man! Surely at his best state he is altogether vanity. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

For the sake of our departed friend, we certainly cannot mourn. The faith which he had secured in life sustained him in death, and ministered unto him abundantly an entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We have the best of evidence for believing, that he is now ranging the blest fields of eternity in the likeness of Christ, and awaking his immortal powers to more exalted joys and duties than earth affords. His body also rests in hope. Peaceful be its slumbers in yonder Mount Auburn, till the resurrection morning shall break upon the world, and all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth. Then will his corruptible put on incorruption, and his mortal put on immortality.

To the bereaved family the affliction is almost overwhelming. But the same grace which sustained the dying, can also sustain and bless the living. The Lord hath done it, and never is he more ready to bestow the abundant blessings of his grace than when the rod of affliction is heavy upon us. Then is pre-eminently the time when his providence is calling us, severely and urgently, yet mercifully, to himself. In this hour of your affliction, may the language of your hearts be, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us, he hath smitten and he will bind us up."

What glory beams in the gospel; and what necessity urges its acceptance upon us. Some of you, my dear friends, have already realized its benign influence upon your souls. May the same be realized unto you all, and unto all the bereaved friends of the deceased, out of this affliction. The gospel is the only antidote to death's sting; the only true victory over the grave. In the elegant language of Sir Humphry Davy, it "makes discipline of goodness, creates new hopes where earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life in death; and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame, the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

No sooner do we receive the gospel in all its fulness, and obey it in all its commands, than the terrors of death are vanished; its sting is removed, its gloom dispelled; serene prospects open before us into eternity; glorious and immortal life become ours. Death is swallowed up in victory; O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!

LETTERS.

[A number of letters from various quarters, have been received by the friends of Henry, since his death, from a few of which we make extracts, believing they will not be uninteresting. The first we give is a letter from the Rev. Dr CHALMERS, of Edinburgh.]

Edinburgh, October 17, 1833.

MY DEAR MADAM — Your affecting message was conveyed to me by Dr Dickson, and has awakened very deep emotion both in my own heart, and in the members of my family. Your estimable son was one of our most interesting visiters; and was very much valued by us all, both for his intelligence and the soundness of his principles. We feel the greatness of your bereavement, and cannot but regard it as a most trembling demonstration of this world's vanity, that one so full of vigor and of promise is cut down in the flower of his age, and removed so suddenly from the busy haunts and occupations of living men. To you the chief alleviation of this heavy blow must be the recollection of his faith and devoted piety; and the well grounded hope of that better world, where sin, and sorrow, and separation are unknown.

It is my earnest prayer that your faith and fortitude may not fail in this hour of dark and distressful visitation; and that as the earthly props give way under you, you may lean the whole weight of your dependence on Him who is the friend and comforter of the childless. He is often dark and mysterious in his dealings with the

children of men. Yet though clouds and darkness are round about him, there is wisdom in all his ways and kindness in all his visitations.

May you have great peace and joy in believing; may you have the blessedness of that heart which is stayed upon God. May you richly experience the succor of that merciful High Priest who is touched with the fellow feeling of our infirmities; and who makes our sorrows his own. His blood cleanseth from all sin; and he is able and willing to save you to the uttermost.

Mrs Chalmers and my daughters join their affectionate condolence with my own, on this truly mournful occasion.

I am ever, my dear Madam,

Yours most respectfully and sincerely,

THOMAS CHALMERS.

The letter which follows, is from the pen of a lady in Edinburgh, to whom Henry was deservedly attached, and who ever treated him with the fondness of a mother. Its beautiful and affecting language could only proceed from the kindest heart, and the most profound sorrow. It was addressed to his mother.

Edinburgh, November 8, 1833.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, — It was with the deepest sorrow I received the afflicting intelligence of your beloved son's death. No one can enter more fully into your feelings under such a bereavement than I now do. Having laid six *too dearly loved* children in the silent tomb, I can from sad experience sympathise with those who are called, by a God of infinite wisdom, to endure such bereavements. How much deeper then is my sympathy with the parents of my much loved Henry. Yes — he filled a place in my affections I do now believe God purposes should not be filled by any creature living. His language to his children is, 'From all these idols I will cleanse thee.' How often has this been addressed to me, and yet I have too often forgotten it. Your loss,

my dear Mrs M. can scarcely be estimated, for in Henry you have not only lost a dear affectionate son, but one who, had he been spared, would have been the solace of your future pilgrimage in this vale of tears; guiding and instructing you by the heavenly wisdom with which his mind was so fully stored. Few, very few at so early a period of life, attain to such lofty, heaven-born ideas as he was possessed of, but he was as we have seen only fully ripened for that glorious eternity, where he dwells with his Saviour, he so much loved while on earth, and for serving and enjoying him through the endless ages of eternity, and where we shall meet him, and all we love (if they are the children of God) never more to separate.

"Your letter I received the end of October, and how shall I ever thank you for such kindness, in writing to me, when you were so unwell and also little inclined to any such exertion. I could not have expected you to write so soon, although I did long to hear the particulars of your dear, dear, too dear Henry's death. Oh that I could have seen him, and yet I may almost say I was with him, for on the morning that his immortal spirit fled from its clay tabernacle, I awoke with the impression that I had witnessed as I thought in my sleep, the dying scene of my own dear son, whose loss I was mourning when I first became acquainted with much loved Henry. All that day I was very sorrowful, even at times to the shedding of tears. I did then even weep with you on that solemn day. You say had my sisters and I known his situation, our prayers would have been offered for him. Yes, my dear Mrs M. they would indeed have been earnestly presented to him with whom are the issues of life and death. My prayers, feeble and unworthy as they are, were, long before he himself asked an interest in them, daily put up for him at that throne of grace, where no one who asks sincerely, and in submission to Divine Will, can ever fail in receiving all that God, who knows our wants and circumstances, sees good for us. My anxiety about Henry was very great all the time of his illness; he was so much on my mind that I frequently asked myself why I was more anxious about Henry than about my son,

who was frequently from home during the summer; and more extraordinary still, that after the time of his death my anxiety ceased, my prayers were not as they were wont to be, earnest, and as frequently presented at each season set apart for prayer, for him, as for any one of my own family. I can scarcely describe my feelings, when I frequently would have risen from my devotions without once remembering Henry. I then would have knelt down again, but my prayers were restrained; I could ask nothing for him, but that I might soon hear from him. About you and your husband I feel more than ordinary solicitude. I did then ask myself, why do I feel less interested in Henry; is it possible I can love him with less affection than formerly. I feel humbled in the dust that I, so unworthy, should have ever been permitted to pray for one so heaven born as your Henry. Precious were his prayers to me; his expressions were truly divine; his language was the language of heaven.

"E. S. T."

The passage which follows, is extracted from a letter from the Rev. Alexander Urquhart, formerly of Edinburgh, but now a resident of this city, between whom and Henry there existed a close intimacy.

"By the motives, precepts, and promises of religion, Henry was invariably governed. Habitual, firmly seated, masculine piety seemed to be the vital root of his character. This leading principle influenced every movement and feature of his career in life. Few had a keener relish than he for all that is ingenious, novel and dignified, the results of human labor and capability, and which he enjoyed so many rare opportunities of witnessing; but all that belonged to the arts and sciences, he viewed only as accessories to more spiritual and enduring gratifications.

"All that the toil and dexterity of man could unfold of what is grand and beautiful and impressive, served but to fill his mind with pure and elevating musings concerning the infinitely great and glorious source of moral beauty and perfection. Those who knew him best, can well recollect the

pleasure produced in his society from the graphic delineations of what he had seen and felt in foreign travel, and how unconstrainedly and instructively those delineations were made to bear on the mighty concerns of religious truth and mental amelioration. Yet although his whole soul was engaged in his sacred profession, and in the contemplation of future usefulness, there was nothing shown in his manners of that official peculiarity, which so often proves offensive to men of taste, and so injurious to the real interests of religion. His spirit was too enlarged, and his views of life too maturely formed to aim at eccentric departure from the conventional rules of society. His wholesome experience in the analysis of worldly habits, would have enabled him, in the anticipated field of his ministerial labors, to exercise a most important influence over the minds of his flock. But alas! that pastoral influence was never destined to impart its lustre and effect to the Church militant. The champion of truth was ready to enter the lists of mortal warfare, but a voice was heard summoning him away to the enjoyment of undisturbed and everlasting blessedness. He listened and obeyed."

We close the volume with the insertion of the following beautiful elegiac lines, from the pen of Miss H. F. Gould, of Newburyport. They are marked with the pure thought and felicitous expression, which have rendered her poems so widely popular. She had no personal acquaintance with the subject of her verse.

And may a stranger's trembling hand presume,
Its humble wreath to twine upon the tomb
To which McLellan's youthful form was borne,
And not be deemed profane, by those who mourn?

May now the eye that ne'er beheld his face,
Seek out, and fall upon his resting-place,
Where nature hangs the fragrant evergreen,
To deck Mount Auburn's calm and holy scene?

Here by his tomb, a stranger, yet a friend,
To read his name and age I pensive bend!

And o'er the part that is resigned to earth,
Pay the soul's tribute to departed worth.

Shall Science rue the deed that death has done,
And here bemoan her lost beloved son,
When he had gained the knowledge pure and high,
To fit him long to live, or soon to die ?

Shall Truth bewail her champion, when the Lord
Gave his young soldier buckler, helm and sword,
But took him ere he reached the field of strife,
To bear the palm and wear the crown of life ?

Shall Earth lament that he whose feet have prest
Her many lands, is here so soon at rest,
When through her distant windings called to roam,
He still looked up and sought the spirit's home ?

Parental fondness, and fraternal love,
Weep they, that he is gone to taste above,
The full fruition of his hopes of bliss
Which from that world he drew to brighten this ?

Yes ! they may weep ; and Friendship shed her tears
For one so ripe in worth, so young in years !
For, *Jesus wept !* — and those who would pursue
The path he trod below must sorrow too !

But though their eyes with nature's mists are dim,
They soon shall brighten ; for they follow Him,
Who to a glorious life the dead will raise,
And on the lips now silent, perfect praise !

Then fare thee well, thou quiet, sacred spot !
Farther " the stranger intermeddleth not,"
With peace like thine ! Hence faith and hope shall rise
Where all are known and kindred in the skies.

ERRATA.

Owing to the unfinished state of the manuscript, the following errors have occurred in the printing.

Page 19, line 34 from top, for *grace* read *house.*
" 19, " 15 " " " *this* read *his.*
" 36, " 21 " " " *confirming* read *confessing.*
" 60, " 21 " " " *animum* read *animum.*
" 124, " 8 " " " *late* read *later.*
" 128, " 8 " " " *he* read *the.*
" 161, " 25 " " " *is at* read *is not at.*
" 264, " 27 " " " *speaking* read *speak.*
" 297, " 19 " " " *broken* read *unbroken.*
" 298, " 31 " " " *of* read *to.*

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